VOLUME 157 JULY 1928

Harpers Magazine

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH PREACHING?

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

ONE might think that such a subject would presuppose preachers as an audience and that an article on it should appear in a magazine devoted to their special interests. On the contrary, there are only about two hundred thousand preachers in the United States, but there are millions who more or less regularly enjoy or endure their ministrations. Whatever, therefore, is the matter with preaching is quantitatively far more a concern of laymen than of clergymen. Moreover, if laymen had a clear idea as to the reasons for the futility, dullness, and general ineptitude of so much preaching, they might do something about it. Customers usually have something to say about the quality of goods supplied to them.

Of course, there is no process by which wise and useful discourses can be distilled from unwise and useless personalities, and the ultimate necessity in the ministry, as everywhere else, is sound and intelligent character. "You cannot carve rotten wood," says a Chinese proverb. Every teacher of preaching sometimes feels its truth when he tries to train his students. Whether the grade of intelligence now represented in candidates for the ministry is lower than it used to be cannot easily be determined. As we grow older we tend to idealize the state of things in our youth and to suspect the progressive deterioration of the human race. One theological professor, aged seventy, obviously did this when he told his classes that each new generation of students had known less than their predecessors, and that he was curiously hoping to live to see the next one, which he was certain would know nothing.

The best brains to-day are naturally drawn into occupations other than art, literature, music, education, and religion. These spiritual interests are not the crucial and distinctive concerns of our era. We are magnificent in scientific and commercial exploits but mediocre in affairs of the spirit, and one result is the draining of most of our virile minds into scientific invention and money-making. The ministry of religion suffers along with other kindred callings which serve

Copyright, 1928, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

the souls of men with goodness, truth, and beauty. This relative and, I think, temporary inferiority of spiritual callings, however, does not necessarily mean an absolute decline in the intellectual quality of religious leadership; and there is no reason why we should not have much better preaching than we ordinarily get.

One obvious trouble with the mediocre sermon, even when harmless, is that it is uninteresting. It does not matter. It could as well be left unsaid. It produces this effect of emptiness and futility largely because it establishes no connection with the real interests of the congregation. It takes for granted in the minds of the people ways of thinking which are not there, misses the vital concerns which are there, and in consequence uses a method of approach which does not function. It is pathetic to observe the number of preachers who commonly on Sunday speak religious pieces in the pulpit, utterly failing to establish real contact with the thinking or practical interests of their auditors.

Even in the case of a preacher poorly endowed, this state of affairs is unnecessary. No one who has any business to preach at all need preach uninteresting sermons. The fault generally lies, not in the essential quality of the man's mind or character, but in his mistaken methods. He has been wrongly trained or he has blundered into a faulty technic or he never has clearly seen what he should be trying to do in a sermon, and so, having no aim, hits the target only by accident.

No bag of tricks can make a preacher, but if I were to pick out one simple matter of method that would come nearer to making a preacher than any other, it would be the one to which this paper is devoted.

II

Every sermon should have for its main business the solving of some problem—a vital, important problem, puzzling minds, burdening consciences, distracting lives—and any sermon which thus does tackle a real problem, throw even a little light on it, and help some individuals practically to find their way through it cannot be altogether uninteresting.

This endeavor to help people to solve their spiritual problems is a sermon's only justifiable aim. The point of departure and of constant reference, the reason for preaching the sermon in the first place, and the inspiration for its method of approach and the organization of its material should not be something outside the congregation but inside. Within a paragraph or two after a sermon has started, wide areas of any congregation ought to begin recognizing that the preacher is tackling something of vital concern to them. He is handling a subject they are puzzled about, or a way of living they have dangerously experimented with, or an experience that has bewildered them, or a sin that has come perilously near to wrecking them, or an ideal they have been trying to make real, or a need they have not known how to meet. One way or another, they should see that he is engaged in a serious and practical endeavor to state fairly a problem which actually exists in their lives and then to throw what light on it he can.

Any preacher who even with moderate skill is thus helping folk to solve their real problems is functioning. He never will lack an audience. He may have neither eloquence nor learning, but he is doing the one thing that is a preacher's business. He is delivering the goods that the community has a right to expect from the pulpit as much as it has a right to expect shoes from a cobbler. And if any preacher is not doing this, even though he have at his disposal both erudition and oratory, he is not functioning at all.

Many preachers, for example, indulge habitually in what they call expository sermons. They take a passage from Scripture and, proceeding on the assumption that the people attending church that morning are deeply con-

cerned about what the passage means, they spend their half hour or more on historical exposition of the verse or chapter, ending with some appended practical application to the auditors. Could any procedure be more surely predestined to dullness and futility? Who seriously supposes that, as a matter of fact, one in a hundred of the congregation cares, to start with, what Moses, Isaiah, Paul, or John meant in those special verses, or came to church deeply concerned about it? Nobody else who talks to the public so assumes that the vital interests of the people are located in the meaning of words spoken two thousand years ago. The advertisers of any goods, from a five-foot shelf of classic books to the latest life insurance policy, plunge as directly as possible after contemporary wants, felt needs, actual interests and concerns. Even moving picture producers, if they present an ancient tale, like Tristan and Isolde, are likely to begin with a modern girl reading the story. Somehow or other, every other agency dealing with the public recognizes that contact with the actual life of the auditor is the one place to begin. Only the preacher proceeds still upon the idea that folk come to church desperately anxious to discover what happened to the Jebusites. The result is that folk less and less come to church at all.

This does not mean that the Bible has either lost or lessened its value to the preacher. It means that preachers who pick out texts from the Bible and then proceed to give their historic settings, their logical meaning in the context, their place in the theology of the writer, with a few practical reflections appended, are grossly misusing the Bible. The Scripture is an amazing compendium of experiments in human life under all sorts of conditions, from the desert to cosmopolitan Rome, and with all sorts of theories, from the skepticism of Ecclesiastes to the faith of John. It is incalculably rich in insight and illumination. It has light to shed on all sorts of human problems now and always; and, as for the personality of Jesus, if Rodin, the modern sculptor, could feel that Phidias, the Greek sculptor, could never be equalled—"No artist will ever surpass Phidias—for progress exists in the world, but not in art. The greatest of sculptors . . . will remain forever without an equal"—it is surely open to even the most radical of Christians to adore Christ as Master and Lord.

What all the great writers of Scripture, however, were interested in was human living, and the modern preacher who honors them should start with that, should clearly visualize some real need, perplexity, sin, or desire in his auditors, and then should throw on the problem all the light he can find in the Scripture or anywhere else. No matter what one's theory about the Bible is, this is the effective approach to preaching. The Bible is a searchlight, not so much intended to be looked at as to be thrown upon a shadowed spot.

That much insight into contemporary human problems which almost all preachers use in thinking about the practical applications at the end of their sermons might do some good if it were used, instead, at the beginning of their sermons. Let them not end but start with thinking of the auditors' vital needs, and then let the whole sermon be organized around their constructive endeavor to meet those needs.

III

An increasing number of preachers, too modern by far to use the old, authoritative, textual method which we have just described, do not on that account light on a better one. They turn to what is called topical preaching. They search contemporary life in general and the newspapers in particular for subjects. They discover that in comparison with dry, textual analysis there is such attractive vividness in handling present-day themes, such as divorce, Bolshevism, America's Nicaraguan pol-

icy, the new aviation, or the latest book, that they enjoy their own preaching better, and more people come to hear it. It is at least a matter of contemporary and not archeological interest.

The nemesis of such a method, however, is not far off. Most preachers who try it fall ultimately into their own trap. Watch the records of any considerable number of them and see how large a proportion peter out and leave the ministry altogether. Instead of starting with a text, they start with their own ideas on some subject of their choice, but their ideas on that subject may be much farther away from the vital interests of the people than a great text from the Bible. Indeed, the fact that history has thought it worth while to preserve the text for so many centuries would cause a gambling man to venture largely on the text's superior vitality.

Week after week one sees these topical preachers who turn their pulpits into platforms and their sermons into lectures, straining after some new, intriguing subject; and one knows that in private they are straining after some new, intriguing ideas about it. One knows also that no living man can weekly produce first-hand, independent, and valuable judgments on such an array of diverse themes, covering the whole range of human life. And, deeper yet, one who listens to such preaching or reads it knows that the preacher is starting at the wrong end. He is thinking first of his ideas, original or acquired, when he should think first of his people. He is organizing his sermon around the elucidation of his theme, whereas he should organize it around the endeavor to meet his people's need. He is starting with a subject whereas he should start with an object. His one business is with the real problems of these individual people in his congregation. Nothing that he says on any subject, however wise and important, matters much unless it makes at the beginning vital contact with the practical life and daily thinking of the audience.

This idea that we are applying to preaching is simply the project method, which is recognized as the basis of all good modern teaching. The old pedagogy saw on one side the child, as a passive receptacle, and on the other side a subject, like mathematics or geography, waiting to be learned, and, so seeing the situation, proceeded to pour the subject, willy-nilly, into the child. If he resisted, he was punished; if he failed to assimilate it, he was accounted stupid. No good teacher to-day could tolerate such an idea or method. The question now is why the child should wish to know geography and what practical interest in the child's life can be appealed to in the endeavor to have him desire to know geography. Modern pedagogy starts, not with the subject, but with the child. It adapts what is to be learned to the learner rather than vice versa. Even the food which the child eats for breakfast, coming from the ends of the earth, is used to fascinate his interest in other lands; and we find our children getting at their mathematics by measuring the cubic space of the front parlor or estimating the distance per second which they have walked in an hour.

All this is good sense and good psychology. Everybody else is using it from first-class teachers to first-class advertisers. Why should so many preachers continue in such belated fashion to neglect it? The people often blindly know that there is something the matter with the sermon although they cannot define it. The text was good and the truth was undeniable. The subject was well chosen and well developed but, for all that, nothing happened. The effect was flat. So far as the sermon was concerned, the congregation might as well have stayed home. It may have been a "beautiful effort," as some kindly woman doubtless told the preacher, but it did no business in human lives. The reason for this can commonly be traced to one cause: the preacher started his sermon at the wrong end. He made it

the exposition of a text or the elucidation of a subject instead of a well-planned endeavor to help solve some concrete problems in the individual lives before him. He need not have used any other text or any different materials in his sermon, but if he had defined his object rightly he would have arranged and massed the material differently. He would have gone into his sermon via real interest in his congregation and would have found the whole procedure kindling to himself and to them.

IV

The meaning of this method can best be seen in some of its corollaries. For one thing, it makes a sermon a co-operative enterprise between the preacher and his congregation. When a man has got hold of a real difficulty in the life and thinking of his people and is trying to meet it he finds himself not so much dogmatically thinking for them as co-operatively thinking with them. His sermon is an endeavor to put himself in their places and help them to think their way through.

The difference in tone and quality which this makes in a sermon is incalculable. Anyone accustomed to hearing preaching must be aware of two diverse effects commonly produced. One type of minister plays "Sir Oracle." He is dogmatic, assertive, uncompromising. He flings out his dicta as though to say to all hearers, Take it or leave it. He has settled the matter concerning which he is speaking and is not asking our opinion; he is telling us. This homiletical dogmatism has its own kind of influence on credulous and impressionable minds. Such minds are numerous, so that such preaching can go on for years ahead. As Jesus said about the Pharisees, such preachers have their reward.

Their method, however, has long since lost its influence over intelligent people, and the future does not belong to it. The future, I think, belongs to a type of sermon which can best be described as an adventure in co-operative thinking between the preacher and his congregation. The impression made by such preaching easily is felt by anyone who runs into it. The preacher takes hold of a real problem in our lives and, stating it better than we could state it, goes on to deal with it fairly, frankly, helpfully. The result is inevitable: he makes us think. We may agree with him or disagree with him, but we must follow him. He is dealing with something vital to us and so he makes us think with him even though we may have planned a far more somnolent use of sermon time.

Here, too, we are dealing with preaching in terms of good pedagogy. The lecture method of instruction is no longer in the ascendent. To be sure, there are subjects which must be handled by the positive setting forth of information in a lecture, but more and more good teaching is discussional, co-operative. The instructor does not so much think for the students as think with them. From the desire to use some such method in religious instruction has come the forum in modern churches and the questionnaire group after the sermon, where those who wish can put objections and inquiries to the preacher, and discussion groups of all sorts where religious questions are threshed out in mutual conference. The principle behind such methods is psychologically right. We never really get an idea until we have thought it for ourselves.

A good sermon should take this into account. A wise preacher can so build his sermon that it will be, not a dogmatic monologue but a co-operative dialogue in which all sorts of things in the minds of the congregation—objections, questions, doubts, and confirmations—will be brought to the front and fairly dealt with. This requires clairvoyance on the preacher's part as to what the people are thinking, but any man who lacks that has no business to preach anyway.

Recently, in a school chapel, so I am told, the headmaster was only well started on his sermon when a professor mounted the pulpit beside him and offered a criticism of what he was saying. Great excitement reigned. The headmaster answered the objection, but the professor remained in the pulpit, and the sermon that day was a running discussion between the two on a great theme in religion. To say that the boys were interested is to put it mildly. They never had been so worked up over anything religious before. It turned out afterward that the whole affair had been prearranged. It was an experiment in a new kind of preaching, where one man does not produce a monologue but where diverse and competing points of view are frankly dealt with.

Any preacher without introducing another personality outwardly in the pulpit can utilize the principle involved in this method. If he is to handle helpfully real problems in his congregation, he must utilize it. He must see clearly and state fairly what people other than himself are thinking on the matter in hand. He may often make this so explicit as to begin paragraphs with such phrases as, "But some of you will say," or "Let us consider a few questions that inevitably arise," or, "Face frankly with me the opposing view," or, "Some of you have had experiences that seem to contradict what we are saying." Of course, this method, like any other, can be exaggerated and become a mannerism. But something like it is naturally involved in any preaching which tries to help people to think through and live through their problems.

Such preaching when it is well done always possesses an important quality. It is not militant and pugnacious but irenic, kindly, and constructively helpful. How much the churches need such discourses! We have endless sermons of sheer propaganda where preachers set out by hook or crook to put something over on the congregation. We have pugnacious sermons where preachers wage campaigns, attack enemies, assail the citadels of those who disagree, and in general do anything warlike and vehement. But sermons that try to face the people's real problems with them, meet their difficulties, answer their questions, interpret their experiences in sympathetic, wise, and understanding co-operation—what a dearth of them there is!

Yet not only is such preaching the most useful; it is the most interesting. This is the only way I know to achieve excitement without sensationalism. Constructively to state the problem of meeting trouble victoriously, or of living above the mediocre moral level of a modern city, or of believing in God in the face of the world's evil, or of making Christ's principles triumphant against the present international and interracial prejudice is surely not sensationalism, but it is vitally interesting. A breathless auditor came up after one such sermon saying, "I nearly passed out with excitement, for I did not see how you possibly could answer that objection which you raised against your own thought. I supposed you would do it somehow but I could not see how until you did it." There is nothing that people are so interested in as themselves, their own problems, and the way to solve them. That fact is basic. No preaching that neglects it can raise a ripple on a congregation. It is the primary starting point of all successful public speaking, and for once the requirements of practical success and ideal helpfulness coincide. He who really helps folk to understand their own lives and see their way through their spiritual problems is performing one of the most important functions in the modern world.

V

No method of preaching is without its dangers and, of course, this one which I am espousing has perils in plenty. I presented it once to a group of experi-

enced ministers and collected a galaxy of warnings as to its possible perversions. They thought of times when they had tried it with disappointing results. They had endeavored so precisely to deal with a real problem that Mr. Smith had vexatiously waked up to the fact that they were talking about him, or they had wanted to be so fair about objections to their thought that they had overstated the opposing side and then had neither time nor ability to answer it, or they had been so practical in thinking about some definite problem that they had become trivial and had forgotten to bring the wide sweep of the Gospel's truth to bear in an elevating way on the point at issue, or they had been so anxious to deal with felt needs in the congregation that they forgot to arouse the consciousness of need unfelt but real. All these dangers are present in the method which we are suggesting. It can be offensively personal, argumentatively unconvincing, practically trivial, and narrowed to the conscious needs of mediocre people. But these perversions are the fault of just such unskilled handling as would wreck any method whatsoever.

The best antidote to making a wrong use of the project method in the pulpit is to be discovered in the ideal of creative preaching. The danger involved in starting a sermon with a problem is that the very word problem suggests something to be merely debated and its solution may suggest nothing more than the presentation of a helpful idea to the mind. But we all want something else in a sermon than a discussion even about one of our vital problems, no matter how wise the discussion or how suggestive the conclusion. The best sermons, I still maintain, are preached on the project method but, after all, in the preacher's hands it means something more than the same method in a classroom. It is the project method plus.

What this plus is can easily be seen. When a preacher deals with joy, let us say, he ought to start, not with joy in the fifth century B.C. nor with joy as a subject to be lectured on, but with the concrete difficulties in living joyfully that his people actually experience. He should have in mind from the start their mistaken ideas of joy, their false attempts to get it, the causes of their joylessness, and their general problem of victorious and happy living in the face of life's puzzling and sometimes terrific experiences. This is a real problem for everybody, and the sermon that throws light on it is a real sermon. But that real sermon must do more than discuss joy—it must produce it. All powerful preaching is creative. It actually brings to pass in the lives of the congregation the thing it talks about. So to tackle the problem of joy that the whole congregation goes out more joyful than it came in—that is the mark of a genuine sermon.

Here lies a basic distinction between a sermon and an essay. The outstanding criticism popularly and properly launched against a great deal of our modern, liberal preaching is that though it consists of neat, analytical discourses, pertinent to real problems and often well conceived and well phrased, it does nothing to anybody. Such sermons are not sermons but essays. It is lamentably easy to preach feebly about repentance without making anybody feel like repenting, or to deliver an accomplished discourse on peace without producing any of that valuable article in the auditors. On the other hand, a true preacher is creative. He does more than discuss a subject; he produces the thing itself in the people who hear it. As an English bishop said about Phillips Brooks, "He makes one feel so strong."

Obviously, personal quality is the major factor in producing spiritual power. There is a real reason for the halos which the painters have put about the heads of the saints. They are symbols of something intangible but real—an effluence that ordinary men do not possess, a radiance that is not the less powerful because it is ineffable.

Nevertheless, even a moderately endowed preacher, who never would suggest a halo to anybody, may have some of this power to create what he discusses. Whether he does or not depends a great deal upon whether he sees the objective clearly enough to head for it with precision. If he thinks of his sermon merely as a discussion of somebody's problem he will play with a series of ideas, but if he thinks of his sermon as an endeavor to create something in his congregation he will play on motives. There is where much of our modern preaching fails. The old preachers at their best did know where the major motives were. Fear, love, gratitude, self-preservation, altruism—such springs of human action the old sermons often used with consummate power. To be sure, they sometimes outraged the personalities of both adults and children by the way they did it but, for all that, they often showed an uncanny insight into the springs of human action. I often think that we modern preachers talk about psychology a great deal more than our predecessors did but use it a great deal less.

One often reads modern sermons with amazement. How do the preachers expect to get anything done in human life with such discourses? They do not come within reaching distance of any powerful motives in man's conduct. They are keyed to argumentation rather than creation. They produce essays, which means that they are chiefly concerned with the elucidation of a theme. If they were producing sermons they would be chiefly concerned with the transformation of personality.

This, however, brings us back to our major issue. If a preacher is to use the project method, as a preacher should, not simply to discuss the real problems of real people but to create in the people the thing that is discussed, his chief interest must be the individuals in his congregation. He must know them through and through, not only their problems but their motives, not only what they are thinking but why they are acting as they do. Preaching becomes thrilling business when it successfully achieves this definite direction and aim. A sermon, then, is an engineering operation by which a chasm is spanned so that spiritual goods on one side are actually transported into personal lives upon the other.

VI

Throughout this paper we have held up the ideal of preaching as an interesting operation. That is a most important matter, not only to the audience but to the man in the pulpit. The number of fed-up, fatigued, bored preachers is appalling. Preaching has become to them a chore. They have to "get up" a sermon, perhaps two sermons, weekly. They struggle at it. The juice goes out of them as the years pass. They return repeatedly to old subjects and try to whip up enthusiasm over weather-beaten texts and themes. Their discourses sink into formality. They build conventional sermon outlines, fill them in with conventional thoughts, and let it go at that. Where is the zest and thrill with which in their chivalrous youth they started out to be ministers of Christ to the spiritual life of their generation?

Of course, nothing can make preaching easy. At best it means drenching a congregation with one's lifeblood. But while, like all high work, it involves severe concentration, toil, and self-expenditure, it can be so exhilarating as to recreate in the preacher the strength it takes from him, as good agriculture replaces the soil it uses. Whenever that phenomenon happens one is sure to find a man predominantly interested in personalities and what goes on inside of them. He has understood people, their problems, troubles, motives, failures, and desires, and in his sermons he has known how to handle their lives so vitally that week after week he has produced real changes. People have habitually come up after the sermon, not

to offer some bland compliment, but to say, "How did you know I was facing that problem only this week?" or "We were discussing that very matter at dinner last night," or, best of all, "I think you would understand my case—may I have a personal interview with you?"

This, I take it, is the final test of a sermon's worth: how many individuals wish to see the preacher alone?

I should despair, therefore, of any man's sustained enthusiasm and efficiency in the pulpit if he were not in constant, confidential relationship with individuals. Personal work and preaching are twins. As I watch some preachers swept off their feet by the demands of their own various organizations, falling under the spell of bigness, and rushing from one committee to another to put over some new scheme to enlarge the work or save the world, I do not wonder at the futility which so often besets them. They are doing everything except their chief business, for that lies inside individuals.

If someone utterly "sold" to our American worship of size and our grandiose schemes for saving the world should protest that this means individualistic preaching, he would only reveal his own obtuseness. In one sense, all good preaching and all good public speaking of any kind must be individualistic—it must establish vital contact with individuals. Even if one were speaking on the rings of Saturn one might as well not begin unless one could cook up some reason why the audience should wish to hear about them. The failure to recognize this fact explains why so much of our so-called social preaching falls flat or rouses resentment. A man who on Sunday morning starts in to solve the economic question or the international question as though his people must have come that day of a purpose to hear him do it deserves almost any unpleasant thing that can happen to him. He may be a Ph.D. in psychology but I doubt whether he knows enough about the way men's minds do actually act to be a successful grocer's assistant.

His special business as a Christian preacher with economic and international questions is profound and vital, but in so far as he sticks to his last his interest as a minister is distinct from anyone else's and it calls for an approach of his own. The world's economic and international situation is not alien to our personal problems. It invades them, shapes them in multitudinous ways; it undoes in us and around us much that the Christian should wish done and it does much that the Christian most should fight against. Let a preacher, therefore, start at the end of the problem where he belongs. Let him begin with the people in front of him, with what goes on inside of them because social conditions are as they are, with the economic and international reasons for many of their unchristian moods, tempers, ideas, and ideals, with their responsibilities and obligations in the matter, and in general with the tremendous stake which personal Christianity has in those powerful social forces which create the climate in which it must either live or die. Such preaching on social questions starts, as it should start, with the individuals immediately concerned, establishes contact with their lives, and has at least some faint chance of doing a real business on Sunday.

Every problem that the preacher faces thus leads back to one basic question: how well does he understand the thoughts and lives of his people? That he should know his Gospel goes without saying, but he may know it ever so well and yet fail to get it within reaching distance of anybody unless he intimately understands people and cares more than he cares for anything else what is happening inside of them. Preaching is wrestling with individuals over questions of life and death, and until that idea of it commands a preacher's mind and method, eloquence will avail him little and theology not at all.

THE EMERALD

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

THAT evening Monsieur Georges and his little friend Kiki had one of their weekly disputes. It always angered Kiki that she was never able to anger Monsieur Georges; and it was in vain that she hurled astounding epithets at his boyish, blond head—epithets that she had learned during her school days in the gutters of Montmartre. Monsieur Georges remained unmoved—contemptuous and a little disgusted, but without a trace of temper in his voice or on his cherubic, pink-and-white face.

In her exasperation she called him a swine, a camel, a mackerel and, perhaps anticlimactically, a thief. Then, protesting that he loved her no longer, she began to cry; and she cried noisily and dramatically for she had Spanish blood in her.

At that, Monsieur Georges shrugged his shoulders, sighed, and departed to his dressing room. When, at the end of half an hour, he returned, he was in evening clothes.

"I am going out," he told Kiki briefly.

Her answer was a moan, interrupted by a hiccuppy sob. She was leaning over a table, her face buried in her hands.

He contemplated her not unkindly, but he had had enough of her for that evening.

"I shall doubtless be late," he said, "and I shall possibly be drunk."

She lifted her head and saw the magnificence of his attire. Rarely had she seen him dressed in anything but the loose corduroys of the typical stage Apache.

"You're not working to-night?" she asked. "Working" was the euphemism she employed to express any and all of his illegal operations.

"No," he answered, "I intend to mingle for a while with respectable people."

She flamed up again at this. "You're going to play the gentleman, are you?"

"Oh," he said airily, "I shan't have to *play* the gentleman. I shall merely be my normal self. You know well enough, my sweet, that this is not my true *milieu*."

"And that I'm not of your class!" she suggested angrily.

"Precisely—and that you are not of my class."

He moved to face the cheval glass and busied himself with his white tie.

"You are a barbarian," he observed. "You are uneducated, you have no self-control, you employ a scurrilous vocabulary, you are motivated entirely by your senses rather than by reason. In short, you greatly resemble a pretty black and white cat—except that your lips are redder. When you cry you even make noises like a cat."

"*Salaud!*" she spat at him. "If you are so grand, so much above me, why do you stay with me? And if you are a gentleman why do you live in this quarter and mix with thieves? And why are you, yourself, a thief, and, for all I know, perhaps a murderer?"

"No," he said serenely—"not a murderer. A thief, yes, but not a murderer. And the reason that I am a thief and mix with thieves and live up here with you in

the Montmartre is, gentle one, absolutely none of your business. And so, good-night. I trust you will not stay up for me and I trust, too, that blessed sleep will restore your equanimity—smooth down the angry fur on your back, if you will permit me to revert to my comparison of you and the cat."

He went out of his surprisingly beautiful apartment and descended the dark, dank stairs to the street. It was May and there was a moon and an army of stars blinking behind the chimney-pots. Behind and above him the dome of the Sacré-Cœur shouldered the sky.

He walked aimlessly down the hill in the direction of the Place Pigalle, where he knew he should find gayety. As he walked he heard the bells of a hundred churches announcing midnight.

"I am a little early," he thought, "but better the cheerful streets than Kiki's hot Spanish tantrums."

At the Rue Lepic the sign of a small Russian cabaret, of which he had heard scandalous reports, caught his eye.

As he was on the point of entering, a taxi drew up at the curb and two men and two women descended. Even before he heard them speak he knew them for Americans—loud Americans out to see the lascivious sights. He stood on the sidewalk, watching them with idle amusement. One of the men was having an altercation with the chauffeur about the fare. He was trying to call the chauffeur a thief, but his French was apparently inadequate. Monsieur Georges did not offer his assistance until he perceived that one of the women was young and very pretty and a little frightened; then he promptly stepped forward and said in his ultra-correct English, "Is it possible, monsieur, that I could be of service to you? These chauffeurs rob strangers without shame. It is a disgrace."

The American said, "Thanks awfully. Awfully good of you. The fellow wants a *supplément* or something, and I'm damned if I'll give it to him. I'll give him what's on the meter and not a cent more, and no tip either now that he's tried to get away with murder."

Monsieur Georges nodded in agreement, said a few quick, sharp words to the driver, gave him exactly the sum that the meter indicated, told him he was a *voyou*, and waved him away.

"Much obliged to you, I'm sure," the American said, and the women murmured that he was very kind indeed.

They mounted the stairs to the restaurant together.

"Say," said the American while they were leaving their coats with the *vestiaire*, "say, if you're alone, how about joining us? I don't know much about this joint, but they tell me it's pretty rough—eh? I'd like to have you with us—I mean you'd be doing us a favor if you would. My name's Hardy—James B. Hardy, of Des Moines."

He paused expectantly, his hand already laid in a friendly fashion on Monsieur Georges' shoulder. Monsieur Georges hesitated perceptibly. Then he said, "It will give me pleasure to join you, monsieur. My name is Vicomte de Chenavard—Georges de Chenavard."

Instantly he regretted having said it. He had not used his name or his title during the last four years, for the very good reason that during most of those years the police under the able leadership of Monsieur Javel were, he knew, eagerly searching for the young Vicomte. Why, he asked himself, had he now been such a reckless fool? He answered his own question instantly, for he was always very honest with himself.

"You did it because you wished to impress the young American girl, triple imbecile that you are. You wanted to see her large brown eyes grow larger at the sound of a title. Well, you have succeeded. The large brown eyes are larger. They are like wet brown saucers. Are you now satisfied?"

As he looked at the girl he was not, at least, dissatisfied. She was undeniably pretty in the rather vivid, brazen way of the American *jeune fille*. Her hair, the color of antiqued gilt, was short and

studiously waved; her lips were violently red; her arms and her legs were slender, and her figure was fashionably flat. Her gown was striking but not quite first class.

"Copied by some clever little dressmaker from a Patou model," thought Monsieur Georges shrewdly.

He was aware that he was being introduced—first to the older woman.

"Emma, I want you to know the Veecount—the Veecount—er—"

"De Chenavard," supplied Monsieur Georges.

"Thanks," said Mr. Hardy jovially. "You'll have to excuse my French, eh? Well, anyway, Emma's my wife, Mrs. Hardy; and this little flapper here's my niece, Doris Simmons; and this young rummy's Ned Fowler. Now, I guess we're all set. Let's go."

The next morning Monsieur Georges awoke late and with a headache. He heard Kiki puttering about in the little kitchen and he called to her to bring his coffee and *brioches*.

"These barbarous Americans," he said to himself, "drink too much champagne," and he groaned a little and rolled over in the bed and closed his eyes.

Presently Kiki appeared, bearing a breakfast tray in a holier-than-thou manner.

"*Et b'en, mon ami*," she said, "*tu as pris une belle cuite hier soir—hein?* You're content, I hope."

"I warned you that I should probably be late and drunk," he reminded her placidly. "At that, I was not as drunk as my host. What is the sacred hour?"

It was half-past twelve, Kiki told him.

He sprang out of bed with a cry.

"Half-past twelve, and I who have an appointment at half-past one! Make haste, Kiki, and lay out my morning coat while I bathe."

In three-quarters of an hour he was in a taxi, flying down the hill toward the Madeleine and the Restaurant Larue.

He was five minutes late for his appointment with Doris Simmons, but she was five minutes later than he. She was fresh and radiant in beige, with gardenias at her shoulder.

"Not extremely rich or she would not economize on her clothes," he decided. "Not rich, but spending more than they can afford on their first trip to Europe."

He bent to kiss her hand and was amused to see her pleasure at the gesture.

"She likes that," he thought. "One must be as Latin as possible."

He conducted her to a table at the back of the restaurant.

"I adore this place!" Doris said. "I suppose you think I'm horribly unconventional to come here to lunch with you like this, especially when—well, we weren't exactly formally introduced, were we? Uncle is *so* funny! And he has *such* a hangover! He's actually not out of bed yet."

"And the young man, Fowler? Is he, too, not out of bed yet?" ventured Monsieur Georges.

"Oh, Ned? No, he's all right. He snaps back quicker than uncle."

"He loves you," observed Monsieur Georges placidly. "Shall you marry him?"

She fluttered her eyelashes over her splendid brown eyes. "Well, now, Vicomte, I must say—aren't you rather curious?"

"No," he disclaimed, "not curious—interested. I am interested in everything that concerns you. I find you adorable, you see, and I am very jealous of your young Monsieur Fowler. Moreover, I do not find him worthy of you—he has not your *finesse*, your fineness. He is, if you will pardon me, crude where you are subtle."

"Oh, I don't know," she said, flattered. "Ned's all right, only he's not seen the world."

"He is very rich, I suppose," said Monsieur Georges, and he glanced surreptitiously at her rings—inexpensive stones but genuine.

"Well, not very. He works for Uncle James, out in Des Moines."

She had to spell it for him before he understood.

"Ah," he exclaimed!—"Des Moines! *La ville des Moines*—the city of the monks! I understand. And you—are you, perhaps, a little pink and gold nun?"

She giggled. "Well, not so you'd notice it," she said.

He took her hand beneath the tablecloth and pressed it gently.

"I trust not," he said. "Nor am I a monk."

Yes, she was very pretty—and not at all *difficile*. She was a blessed breath of air after the hot-house atmosphere of Kiki.

Doris found both the luncheon and her companion delicious. By the time the salad was served he was making open but expert love to her; and he was just audacious and improper enough to be exciting.

"He's nice," she thought, "and he says nice things, but I don't suppose for a moment he's thinking of marriage. They say the French never do with an American girl unless she's terribly rich. But wouldn't it be grand to be a vicomtesse!"

He was paying the check when two men entered the restaurant and chose a table near the door. Although they were at the other end of the room and scarcely visible, Monsieur Georges did not fail to notice them, for one of them was Monsieur Javel, the Prefect of Police.

"Come," said Monsieur Georges quickly, "if you have finished let us go. Do you not find the air stifling in here?"

They left by the private entrance in the rear.

"You *are* a little pale," said Doris as she put her arm through his.

She suggested that he accompany her "window shopping" if he had nothing better to do, and so, inevitably, they presently found themselves on the Rue de la Paix, in front of Cartier's.

Now, in one of the windows there lay cushioned against black velvet, an emerald pendant. It was a large oblong emerald set with small diamonds and hung, as if it were a thing of no great value, on a simple black cord. At sight of it Doris uttered a long, rapturous "ooo!" and was instantly its slave. Monsieur Georges who, in his profession of thief, had acquired the eye of an expert, regarded it closely and pronounced it good—not flawless, of course, but a beautiful and valuable work of art.

"That, as you say in English, makes one's mouth water, does it not?" he said, amused at the covetousness so plainly expressed in her face. "What would you not give the man who could hang that about your whiter than ivory neck?"

"Body and soul," she replied promptly, and only half jokingly.

He smiled down at her. "At least," he said, "you do not hold yourself cheap. Shall I buy it for you?"

At this she came back to earth.

"Yes," she laughed, "please do. Buy two or three of them, won't you?"

"No," he said, "I am serious. I can afford but one. And that only if you want it very much."

She now became embarrassed. These Frenchmen, she said to herself, were "funny." You never could tell what they would say next, and when they said it you never could tell if they meant it or not. If this young man was not only a vicomte but rich—why, gracious, wouldn't the girls in Des Moines be envious! Still, as she had told herself before, he probably didn't mean marriage. His intentions, as her uncle would have said, were doubtless dishonorable. She didn't know, even, whether he was married or not.

"No," she said, moving reluctantly away, "I'm sure you'd better give it to your wife."

She saw all trace of amusement go out of his eyes, and she was vouchsafed the information she had so crudely angled for.

"I am separated from my wife," he said gravely.

For want of anything better to say, she said she was sorry; and they left the

pendant for other eyes to covet and sought treasures less precious but less unsettling.

Monsieur Georges saw Doris thereafter daily. Occasionally he was forced to see also Mr. and Mrs. Hardy and Ned Fowler, between whom and himself little love was lost. But usually Doris arranged that they should be tête-à-tête, for, of course, it was only then that he could make love to her. She found his love-making strange but fascinating —passionate but noncommittal. He never spoke to her of either his relations or his friends; she never saw him nod to an acquaintance; and she early discovered that he avoided going with her to places where they would encounter well-bred crowds. He refused, for example, to take her to the races or to the opera or the theater.

"They bore me," was the only excuse he made.

It was the same with society. "*Je déteste le monde soi-disant chic.*"

"But your own family," she protested. "Do you detest them?"

"We do not speak," he answered shortly. And then he added, "You see, I can do nothing for you socially. All I can offer you is my poor heart and the emerald pendant."

Daily they stood before Cartier's window to admire the pendant. She desired it so intensely that at the very sight of it her pulses quickened. And daily he calmly offered it to her.

"Tell me," he would say, "when will you accept it from me? I beg of you not to delay or someone else may purchase it and then—"

"Well, and then—?"

"Ah, and then, why, you will not have your pendant and I shall not have my Doris, and that would be a very great pity."

This should have shocked her, but somehow it did not. In Des Moines they would have said that she was playing with fire. She admitted it. Of course she was. But she enjoyed playing with fire far more than she enjoyed playing, for instance, with Ned Fowler, whose technic of love-making she now considered primitive and gross.

She told herself constantly that she had no intention of accepting the emerald, much as she lusted after it. Two or three hundred thousand francs it must be worth at least. Even the gallant Vicomte Georges de Chenavard would not think seriously of paying such a sum to satisfy a transient whim.

In this last conjecture she was correct. Monsieur Georges had no intention of paying for the emerald; but Monsieur Georges' agile brain was busy devising a possible method of stealing it. Difficult; ah, most difficult! It is not the work of a child to steal an emerald from Cartier's window on the Rue de la Paix.

Fortune, which did not always favor Monsieur Georges, made on this occasion nothing short of amorous advances to him.

He was standing one late afternoon contemplating meditatively the emerald and instinctively counting and appraising the diamonds in its setting. He had counted as far as twenty-three when a black-clad arm was thrust into the window and the carefully tended fingers of a salesman seized the pendant and removed it from its couch of velvet.

Monsieur Georges said "Ah?" interrogatively to himself, waited half a minute and then entered the shop. The emerald lay imperially on a little plush mat on top of a little table, and it was guarded openly by two suave young gentlemen in morning coats, and not so openly by a rather burly fellow who was no gentleman. Seated in front of the table was an exquisite woman. Monsieur Georges promptly chose a chair two tables away and asked to be shown cuff-links.

"A man can never have too many pairs of cuff-links," he assured himself gravely.

The salesman in attendance found him difficult to please. Indeed, he was almost as long in making up his mind as was the lady near him in making up hers.

It was not difficult to perceive that the exquisite lady was well known in the shop, and that she would not be forced to pay for her purchase in cash. Wealth shimmered about her like an aura—was stitched into her gown, was aglow in the rings on her fingers and the buckles over her toes. Monsieur Georges had eyes and he saw, and ears and he heard, but he failed to hear either her name or her address. He dallied over the assortment of cuff-links which was laid before him until he was assured that madame had made up her mind that life was not worth living without the emerald pendant, and that she would take it with her around her slim, proud neck. Then he, too, decided on his purchase, entered the price of it under the item of "overhead," and preceded the lady from the shop. He hailed a taxicab and waited for her.

She came out with a becoming flush of excitement on her face and stepped into a tremendous limousine. Monsieur Georges had a fleeting glimpse of the emerald adequately pillowed on her breast.

"Follow the Hispano," said he to the chauffeur.

"*Chouette*," said the chauffeur with a libidinous gleam of understanding.

The Hispano led the way down the Rue de la Paix, across the Place Vendôme to the Rue de Rivoli and the Place de la Concorde. Then, as Monsieur Georges had prophesied to himself, up the Champs-Elysées.

"It will be a rich neighborhood without doubt," he thought. "Probably the Etoile district."

He was right. The sleek limousine stopped in front of a large, new apartment house on the Avenue Marceau. The taxicab stopped a little beyond it. The lady alighted. Monsieur Georges alighted. The lady entered, and Monsieur Georges was there to hold open the door for her. They passed the glass door of the concierge's room, and the lady nodded and smiled at the concierge's wife, and Monsieur Georges, behind her, was at pains also to nod and smile. He bowed her into the lift as if she were a queen entering the royal box. The lift, being French, was operated by a series of electric push-buttons.

"I go to the top," said Monsieur Georges. "And you, madame?"

"The fourth floor, monsieur," she said, and looked at him for the first time. She had damp, dark eyes. He pushed button number four. The tiny box of an elevator shuddered and wheezed and bore them aloft in a cloud of—yes, it was jasmine that she used.

She was not very young but she was very beautiful and, unlike the little American girl, *soignée*. The little American girl, thought Monsieur Georges, would have appeared uncouth beside her. After all, nobody as splendidly approached perfection as his own countrywomen. Even so magnificent a thing as the emerald pendant was at home on her breast.

The lift clicked and sighed and stopped. Monsieur Georges manipulated doors. The lady thanked him with a smile that was friendly without being provocative and, taking a huge iron key from her bag, inserted it in the lock of the double door directly opposite and disappeared. Monsieur Georges, the scent of jasmine still pleasant in his nostrils, ascended to the top floor, where he pressed the requisite button to dismiss the lift. Then, very cautiously indeed, he returned on foot down the stairs to the double door that guarded the lady and the emerald.

The lock, as he had suspected, was a simple, old-fashioned one that he could probably have opened with his pocket-knife.

"Why," he questioned himself, "do they guard such precious things so carelessly? Behind that flimsy lock lie two great temptations—a beautiful woman to tempt a lover and a beautiful emerald to tempt a thief. It is a pity that I cannot permit myself to be both at the same time."

It was fortunate for Monsieur Georges' health that the night was clear and warm

for he had laid out for himself a program which involved a great deal of standing about in the open air. At seven o'clock he had begun to patrol his beat opposite the apartment in the Avenue Marceau. At five minutes to eight he had seen a motor drive up to the door, and a middle-aged gentleman with a top hat and white gloves alight. At eight o'clock the lady appeared dressed for the evening, the emerald no doubt beneath her opera cloak. She drove off with the gentleman.

"It is as I thought," Monsieur Georges said to himself. "She goes to dine and then, perhaps, to the theater—a revue, probably, since they are dining late. In that case she will not return until midnight at the earliest. Moreover, it is reasonable to suppose that there is no husband living in the apartment with her. If there were, why has he not shown himself—why is he not now in attendance on so beautiful a woman and so valuable a jewel? No, there is no husband. She is doubtless a rich divorcée. So much the better."

Abandoning his vigil for a while, he wasted a few hours at the Folies Marigny and returned to the house on Avenue Marceau at half-past eleven. The windows of the fourth floor, he noticed, were dark. Madame was not yet home.

"It is quite probable," he thought, "that she will be taken somewhere to supper, and in that case I shall be forced to wait here beneath her balcony like an uninspired and unrewarded Romeo until dawn."

Uninspired, he had said, and unrewarded. That was not like him when working at his profession; but in this case he almost regretted the necessity of separating the emerald pendant from so adequate an owner in order to hang it on the fashionably flat breast of the little American girl.

It was typical of him that as far as the theft itself was concerned he foresaw no great difficulty. He had in his pocket a skeleton key, a flashlight, a revolver, and a few small simple tools. The lock was old-fashioned, the lady was unprotected save, perhaps, for a timorous maid or two. The task was so easy as to be actually unexhilarating. But, decidedly, he was not in the mood.

Shortly after midnight the lady of the pendant arrived with her escort, who bade her good-night, kissed her hand solicitously, and drove away. Presently Monsieur Georges saw shaded lights make orange rectangles of three windows on the fourth floor.

"*Madame est chez elle*," he murmured. "But madame is not aware that she is receiving to-night. Let us hope that she will not linger over her toilet, for this waiting becomes wearisome."

It was more than half an hour before the lights on the fourth floor were extinguished and the façade of the building became once more an uninterrupted mass of darkness. Five minutes later Monsieur Georges rang the concierge's bell. The door clicked ajar, and Monsieur Georges passed through to the lift, muttering an imaginary and unintelligible name as he did so for the benefit of the concierge, half asleep in his hermetically sealed room off the vestibule.

The lock, as he had foreseen, presented little difficulty, and he had it open in thirty seconds. He entered noiselessly into a long, narrow hall that offered him three doors from which to choose. Of these, one, directly facing him, was a double door, one wing of which was open. That, he surmised, led to the living room, and the emerald, he knew, would probably not be there. No, the emerald would be in the lady's bedroom, in a safe if she were a cautious lady; in a jewel box on her dressing table, if she were a careless one. Experience had taught Monsieur Georges a great deal about the likely location of articles of value.

He turned, at a guess, to the right down the hall. He flashed his light briefly on the door and turned the knob, very slowly, very quietly. Then, with his flashlight and his revolver both aimed toward the center of the room, he entered.

It was a small room, furnished as a boudoir, with a chaise-longue and a multitude of silk cushions, and hangings and a carpet of old rose. At the left was a second door, screened by old rose portières. A faint scent of jasmine lingered like a souvenir.

And now Monsieur Georges made a momentous mistake: he replaced the revolver in his pocket while he examined the room closely with the aid of his flashlight.

"If she possesses a safe for her jewels," he said to himself, "it might well be here."

He knelt before a cabinet that stood beside the chaise-longue, and almost at once perceived that it contained a small safe, not too cleverly concealed behind a rosewood door. This door he had opened and he was engaged in experiments on the combination when, with no warning, the boudoir was flooded with light, and a woman's voice said a little tremulously, "If you move I swear to you that I will shoot."

Now the very fact that the voice was unsteady gave him cause for anxiety, for he knew very well that a nervous, frightened woman is far more likely to pull a trigger than is a calm and reasoning one. And so, solicitous of his safety, he said reassuringly, "Please do not be afraid, madame. I have no intention of injuring you, except perhaps financially. May I not turn my head in order to see the person upon whom I have intruded?"

"You may not," she said decisively. "And," she added, "besides, I am behind the portières. But I have you covered with my gun and—and what impudence you have to tell *me* not to be afraid! I shall telephone at once for the police, my good man."

"Precisely," he agreed, "but how are you going to telephone without coming into the room? The telephone, I observe, stands on top of this cabinet, before which I am so uncomfortably kneeling."

She appeared to think this over, and then she said triumphantly, "Yes, but there is another instrument beside my bed."

"How fortunate," said he. "I shall be sorry to have you leave me even for an instant; and I am sure that you would be sorry if I were not here when you returned."

"I had not thought of that," she admitted.

"No," he said reprovingly; "it seems that I have to do the thinking for both of us. You have, by your folly, placed yourself in a very awkward position, madame, and me in a very uncomfortable one. May I, at least, straighten my legs out a little?"

"I'm not sure," she said dubiously, "that I ought to let you do that. I cannot afford to run the risk of your getting at your revolver."

"But," he pointed out, "I do not reach for my revolver with my legs."

There was a silence. Then she said reluctantly, "I think that I must come in and search you."

"Why not?" he inquired. "That is according to rule."

"Well," she said, "for one thing, I have nothing on but my nightgown."

"*Multum in parvo*," he murmured.

There was another silence. Perhaps she was mystified by his Latin.

"That means, 'much in little,'" he explained cheerfully.

"I know it does," said she, and he thought he heard her laugh.

"I beg of you not to laugh," he urged —"you might pull the trigger by mistake and the noise, besides upsetting you horribly, would rouse the entire house."

"I am coming in to disarm you," was her answer to this.

He heard a swish of silk portières and the whisper of light footsteps on the velvet carpet. The scent of jasmine became more intense. Still, obedient to orders, he remained motionless on his knees, his head turned away from her.

Two hands went awkwardly through his pockets. When she found his revolver she exclaimed, "Ah!" trium-

phantly, and her breath was on his cheek and her fragrance about him.

"Now," she said, "you may get up, but you must not turn around until I say so."

As soon as she gave the word he turned and saw that she had installed herself on the chaise-longue and that she had wrapped a quilt about her. Her revolver was pointed in the general direction of his heart. His revolver she had hidden somewhere.

"You may sit down over there while I telephone," she said, and then, scrutinizing him closely, she cried, "But you are the man who was in the lift with me this afternoon!"

He bowed. "I had that pleasure," he said. "Also I was in Cartier's when you bought the emerald. I venture to felicitate you on your good taste, madame. It is an exquisite stone."

"Isn't it!" she exclaimed, almost friendly in her enthusiasm. "Isn't it just adorable!" Then, remembering, she added in a tone of sorrow and of reproach, "And so it was for the emerald that you broke into my apartment. It is the emerald—my new emerald, bought only a few hours ago—of which you would have robbed me! You should be ashamed of yourself. You seem to be a person of some—some culture, let us say, and yet you are brutal enough to be willing to rob a woman of something that she has coveted for weeks and only now acquired." She grew indignant. "I shall have no mercy on you," she said. "I shall telephone for the police."

"The instrument," he said, "is at your elbow, madame. I have nothing to say in my defense except that there is another woman who also has been coveting the emerald, and it was to her that I intended to give it. It is, however, perhaps as well that I have failed, for she is a blonde, and emeralds are not as becoming to blondes as to brunettes. The pendant, madame, will lie more beautifully on your breast than on hers."

That she was not deaf to flattery was evidenced by the fact that her hand—the hand which did not hold the revolver—paused on its way to the telephone instrument. There was a moment of silence during which she contemplated him with a dubious interest.

"Who are you?" she demanded.

"I am known as Monsieur Georges."

She tossed up her head, a little vexed.

"That means nothing to me. I don't care about your—your *nom de guerre*. I am asking you who you really are."

He raised his shoulders and his eyebrows.

"For that matter," he said, "who, madame, really, are you? A maid, a wife, a divorcée, or a widow? A *virgo intacta* or a tarnished dove? A saint or a sinner, an anarchist or a royalist, or, that amorphous thing, a stanch believer in the Republic and in the laws devised by majorities of ignorant scoundrels to be executed by corrupt officials?"

She suddenly laughed—so musically that he was rejoiced, so heartily that he was surprised.

"You truly don't know who I am?" she asked. "You came to rob me, not knowing who I am?"

Unable to resist the infection of her mirth, he smiled back at her and said, "I am utterly at a loss, madame. For all I know, you may be the wife of the President of the Republic."

She shook her head at that.

"No," she said, "I am not the wife of the President of the Republic, but I *am* the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris."

"*Bon Dieu!*" he cried, and slapped his forehead and stared at her. "In that case, you are—let me think a moment. Whom did the daughter of Monsieur Javel marry? Ah, I have it! You are Madame Félix Simonet, are you not? And your husband is—" He stopped abruptly and then said, "I beg your pardon, madame," for he remembered having read in the newspapers that Madame Simonet was divorcing her rich and rather outrageous husband, the Félix Simonet who manufactured bathroom fixtures *à l'Americaine*. His re-

luctance to be divorced had unfortunately resulted in a deal of unpleasant publicity for the daughter of so conspicuous a man as the Prefect of Police of Paris.

She accepted Monsieur Georges' apology with a gesture of her hand.

"It matters nothing," she said. "My private affairs have become public through no fault of mine. I told you who I was merely to impress upon you the height of your impudence. It is not every thief that would have the audacity to attempt to rob a member of Monsieur Javel's family. . . . What—what is it? Sit still, or I swear I will fire!"

Monsieur Georges had leaned suddenly forward in his chair—so suddenly that she feared he was about to attack her.

"Hush!" he commanded. "I hear something."

She listened, but could hear nothing but the beating of her heart.

Presently Monsieur Georges spoke in a whisper. "There is somebody standing in the hall outside your door. I heard his footsteps approach and I did not hear them pass. Is it possible, madame, there should be another thief with the audacity to attempt to rob the daughter of Monsieur Javel!"

He saw her face go paper-white. She gave a grievous little moan and threw her arm across her eyes with the gesture of a tired child about to cry.

"He is trying the lock," said Monsieur Georges, quietly. "I suggest, madame, that, if you can trust me, you give me the revolver. I am less reluctant to pull a trigger, perhaps, than you. But I recommend that you be quick about it."

"I am frightened," she faltered—"I'm so frightened! Not of a thief—but of my husband. It may be he. Don't you understand? He has come before at night. He spies on me—to prevent my divorce."

Monsieur Georges had climbed high in his profession mainly because of an agile brain, and he grasped the drama of the situation in an instant. The setting, a lady's boudoir; the time, one o'clock at night; the characters, a lady in her nightgown and a strange man who was obviously a gentleman, sitting beside her. There could be but one interpretation possible unless he could conclusively prove himself a thief and not a lover.

"Give me both the revolvers at once," he commanded, and without waiting for her consent, he rose and crossed to the chaise-longue and took them from her—one from her unresisting hand, the other from beneath the cushion. As he did so they heard the lock of the hall door click, and the stealthy scraping noise of the door opening over the rug.

"Appear as distressed as possible—as if it was I who had had the upper hand—as if I had brutalized you—dragged you about by your hair—twisted your wrists—tortured you—threatened to kill you."

He had time for no more admonitions. With a revolver in each hand, he moved rapidly over to the door that led to the vestibule, flung it open, and found himself face to face with a fat man in evening clothes. Monsieur Georges placed the muzzles of the revolvers against the fat man's shirt-front.

"Now—you—" he began in the vernacular of his Montmartre friends—"species of fat white slug—march a little into the room where I can examine you."

The man obeyed, sputtering but terrified—an unpleasant object. He saw his wife, sobbing heartbreakingly, on the chaise-longue. There could not be the least doubt in the world that she was terrified—but of what? he asked himself. Or, rather, of whom? His little, suspicious eyes darted from his wife to the good-looking young man who handled the two revolvers, and back again to his wife.

"Giselle," he said, frightened but malevolent, "what does all this signify?"

She moaned convincingly. Then, unexpectedly she sat up straight, and answered him.

"Isn't it quite plain what it means? This scoundrel—this brute—broke into

my apartment to steal my jewels. I tried to shoot him with my revolver, but he wrenched it from my hand before I could fire. And then—then he twisted my arm so that I almost fainted from the pain. For God's sake, Jean, can you not do something? Can you not cry for help?"

"If he does," asserted Monsieur Georges brutally, "I'll put a bullet in his paunch. I've a gun in each hand, remember, and I shoot as well with my left as with my right. What's more, I've wasted a lot of time on you two beauties —too much time. If the little lady—the pretty little lady in the pretty little nightgown—will give me the combination of her safe, I'll take what I want and clear out and you can both go happily to bed. Come on now—out with it, or I'll do a little more arm-twisting."

The "pretty little lady" cried "Oh!" covered her face with her hands, and murmured between sobs, "The numbers are seven and three."

"Ah," said Monsieur Georges, "as simple as that? A mere toy for a child."

"Why in the devil did you tell him the numbers?" demanded Simonet of his wife. "Have you no courage?"

"Have you, you lump of flesh?" asked Monsieur Georges, and he pressed the muzzle of one of the revolvers against Simonet's shirt-front.

"Bandit!" was all the man could find to say, but he took care to say it softly.

"And now," continued Monsieur Georges, "I don't want any disturbance while I'm at work—see? It oughtn't to take me long, but I'd rather not have to do any shooting. So remember to keep still and to keep your mouths shut. And you, beautiful species of pork, stand over there by your wife, if she *is* your wife, and if she is you don't deserve her. *Allez—heup!*"

Monsieur Simonet obeyed. His face was a mottled purple and he was breathing hard and sweating.

Monsieur Georges, as he had promised, was not long in opening the little safe. He took from it only the emerald pendant, which he flourished before their eyes before putting it carelessly in his trousers pocket. Then, with both revolvers again in his hands, he backed slowly toward the outer door.

"Good-night, m'sieu', m'dame," he said cheerfully. "I hope you won't make any noise until I'm out of the house, but if you do I'll run right back up the staircase and put a bullet into each of you. Your wife is adorable, m'sieu', but you—you are a useless piece of fat that encumbers the earth. A religious man like myself can't help wondering what *le bon Dieu* was thinking about when he let you be born."

By now he was at the outer door. He bowed, threw a kiss with one of his revolvers instead of his finger-tips, sprang out into the hallway, slammed the door behind him, and ran down the stairs with the speed and agility of a cat.

On the following day a note was delivered to Madame Félix Simonet.

"Madame," it read, "I regret that the arrival of your husband forced me to do something which I had just made up my mind not to do. I mean, of course, stealing your emerald pendant. You will understand that if I had not done so, it is very possible that your husband could have prevented your divorce by bringing a counter-suit. I chose what I believed to be for you the lesser of two evils. It is my desire, now, to return the emerald to you. If you should find it convenient to join me this afternoon at the Thé-Dansant in the Place Vendome at five o'clock, I shall consider the pleasure of your company ample reward for the return of a 'lost article.' I regret that I may sign myself only as Monsieur Georges."

Madame Simonet read the note with feelings compounded of surprise, interest, doubt, amusement, and pleasure. Then she read it again. Then, although her eyes were still puzzled, she smiled. Then she began to consider what dress she should wear for the rendez-vous.

THE MOCKERY OF AMERICAN DIVORCE

BY STEPHEN EWING

FOR the past twelvemonth a rather unpleasant nightmare has been disturbing the slumbers of the guardians of our people. That nightmare, evoked so rudely by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, is the vision of a society in which childless couples would be as free to divorce as they have been to marry. Now the reaction to any nightmare must be—the Freudians to the contrary—as symptomatic as the nightmare itself. It is of interest, therefore, that society should have taken this one seriously, instead of rubbing its eyes and laughing at the incongruity of the picture. Indeed, it is hardly the kind of nightmare which can be dispelled by the strong light of reality; for any person of common sense can see that, although we may not have divorce by mutual consent technically speaking, we have something very akin to it in actual practice. Why is it, then, that the pillars of our society—and by them we mean not only the pillars of the churches, but the greater part of those citizens who concern themselves in one way or another with the public weal—should have delivered themselves of the unalterable opinion that *the enactment of such a law would cause a cataclysmic change in our social mores, if not morals?*

It is true that divorce by mutual consent presupposes an entirely different conception of marriage than our Anglo-Saxon laws have ever countenanced. Indeed, it is a harking back to that Roman system of "free marriage" which was wiped out by the establishment of Christianity and the Church's gradual assumption of control over every aspect of man's temporal life. For many centuries, as Mrs. Bromley has already pointed out, the dogma prevailed in western Europe that marriage was an indissoluble state, St. Jerome himself having pronounced: "So long as the husband lives, whether he be an adulterer, or a sodomist, or be steeped in all manner of crime and the wife has left him on account of those crimes, he is still to be regarded as her husband and she is not to be allowed to marry again." As the Church lost its temporal power, however, this theory of marriage gave way in western Europe—and later in our own country—to civil laws which permitted divorce when *one party had seriously injured the other.* That is to say, an overt act, an offense on the part of husband or wife, was the only thing which could break the bond.

This theory has never been superseded by any other, either in this country or in England. It follows, therefore, that when two people deliver themselves up to the church or to the civil authorities to be united in wedlock they forfeit forever their fundamental freedom of action so far as their relationship with each other is concerned. The law becomes the final arbiter of their marital destiny, determining, if called upon to do so, whether an alleged offense on the part of one spouse is sufficient to entitle the other to an absolute divorce and the corresponding privilege to remarry, or whether the so-called innocent party should be allowed only the relief of a separate existence. If there is no alleged offense, and the two have simply discovered that their union is a grievous

mistake, devoid of positive values—then the law, paradoxically enough, denies them a divorce. The law married them upon their mutual desire, treating them as adults who knew their own minds; but it will not divorce them upon their mutual desire, for it now presumes that they no longer know what is good for them.

Obviously the law—or society—has maintained this strangle-hold upon marriage for the same reason that the Church maintained it for centuries—to ensure its own preservation. Society claims, however, that its responsibility in the matter is somewhat more ideal: it must create an ordered existence for its members and it must protect the fate of helpless children—for humanitarian as well as for biological reasons. These ends are justifiable, and yet we beg leave to inquire whether society has chosen the best means to attain them.

II

Interesting sidelights on the experience of other peoples might be gained from an exhaustive study of the Roman "free marriage" system and its social effects as mirrored in the literature and history of the period. For to Rome belongs the honor of having been the first civilization to evolve the theory that marriage was an equal partnership between husband and wife, depending for its inception and continuation upon the free will of both parties. This "truly high and altogether worthy conception of the institution"—to use Lord Bryce's phrase—gave rise to a splendid type of marriage based upon mutuality of interests and lifelong affection. But by permitting divorce with no legal restrictions whatsoever, the system later encouraged a rapid succession of divorces among the wealthy and ambitious, who came to use marriage solely as a means to a life of pleasure and worldly advancement. For as Lecky puts it, "A vast wave of corruption had flowed in upon Rome, and under any system of law it would have penetrated into domestic life."

We cannot, therefore, judge the validity of divorce by mutual consent from the experience of the Romans. For they are too far removed from us in both race and era.

Of the countries which to-day allow divorce by mutual consent—Russia, Austria (for non-Catholics only), Belgium, Roumania, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Japan, and certain provinces of Mexico—the Scandinavian nations would seem to offer us the most fruitful field for inquiry, since they are inhabited by a Nordic people like ourselves, and since they have made an exhaustive study of the problem in the light of modern conditions.

Divorce probably never wore the same sinful aspect in the Protestant Scandinavian countries as it did in other sections of western Europe where the Church held the reins of temporal power for many centuries and was consequently able to enforce the doctrine of sacramental marriage. Be that as it may, these nations display to-day a far more realistic attitude toward the institution of marriage than we Anglo Saxons have ever attained. It was this realistic attitude, no doubt, which led to the formation in 1910 of the Scandinavian Commission for the Reform of the Marriage and Divorce Laws. Unlike the Royal Divorce Commission appointed the same year in England, the Scandinavian group very logically put the horse before the cart, and first attacked the problem of marriage. After long and exhaustive study they drew up a new code based on the twentieth-century idea—as well as the Roman idea—that marriage is "a union between two free individuals with a mutual duty to respect each other's needs and desires." The laws of the code were framed to create "complete legal equality between husband and wife," in contradistinction to the old laws which accorded the husband indisputable control over the wife's property and services, as well as over the

children. The new code, incidentally, not only gives the wife "a married right" in the common property, but at the same time makes her jointly responsible for the support of the family—her contribution to be made in work if not in money. By such even-handed justice the law-makers sought to minimize marital discord.

The code further safeguards marriage by requiring, first, that all candidates for matrimony present birth certificates to prove that they are at least twenty-one years of age or, if under that age, they must show that they have the consent of their parents; second, that every marriage be announced by the publication of banns in church or in the official gazette at least two weeks before the ceremony; and third, that every candidate make a solemn declaration in writing that he or she is not suffering from epilepsy or a venereal disease.

The divorce code allows for divorce to be granted not only on grounds of adultery, desertion, cruelty, etc., but also for reasons of "deep and lasting incompatibility" i.e., by mutual consent. But in the latter case the law requires that a couple first discuss their differences with either their parish minister or a designated government official. Then if they cannot be reconciled, and if they have reached an agreement on the division of their income and children, they will be given by the state a decree of legal separation for the period of one year (in Denmark, a year and a half). At the end of that time, if they have consistently remained apart, they may petition for an absolute decree and obtain it without further ado. Thus there is necessitated no humiliating publicity, no vilification of one by the other in open court, no payment of large legal fees.

If only one of the parties wants the divorce he or she may follow the same procedure on the ground that mutual good relations no longer exist; for the law is based on the assumption that "it is morally indefensible to maintain a marriage relationship by legal statute where all the bonds between the parties have been broken"—to quote ex-Premier Zwahle of Denmark. In such a case, however, the decree of divorce will not be granted until two years have elapsed (in Denmark, two and a half). Thus it never becomes necessary for husbands and wives to attack each other in order to gain their freedom.

Curiously enough, this divorce code which seems so radical to Anglo-Saxon law-makers, has resulted in no cataclysmic changes in the Scandinavian social order. Having been the law in Norway since 1910, and having been enacted into law by Denmark and Sweden not long after the Commission made its report in 1918, the code may now be said to have stood a fair test of time. In none of the three countries has it materially affected the divorce rates, which are incidentally very low as compared with ours. Sweden, for instance, had in 1926 only .29 divorces per thousand of the population as against our rate of 1.52. Norway shows an even lower rate—.21 per thousand; while Denmark, with its larger urban population, shows .57 to every thousand —which is only a little more than one-third of our percentage.

But more significant than the figures is the fact that divorce is not looked upon as a great social problem in any of the three countries—according to the testimony of a number of ex-residents. They say that divorce is less frequent among the lower and middle classes there than here, for the reason that thrifty couples are loath to divide their property. Among the well-to-do classes it is said to be no more prevalent than here—if as prevalent. For one thing, their society is not honeycombed with "gold-diggers" and adventuresses, for the wife is seldom given the lion's share upon the dissolution of a marriage. In fact it is not the custom for either party to penalize the other greatly, no matter whose the fault. If, for instance, a husband has been unfaithful and wishes to marry

the other woman, the wife, instead of suing him in court and getting as much money as she can, will accept a reasonable settlement and join him in an application for divorce by mutual consent. On the other hand, if the wife is the one who wants her freedom, she will be given her share of the marital property, as well as the guardianship of some or all of the children, depending upon the circumstances. Indeed, reason would seem to prevail to a remarkable degree in these Scandinavian divorces. When a well-known man in Norway, for instance, learned that his wife was about to bear another man's child, he used his influence to obtain for her an immediate divorce by special permission from the king, so that she could marry the other man without delay and without publicity. This story reads very differently indeed from the widely advertised and scandalous suit of a well-known New Yorker who openly accused his wife of having foisted an illegitimate child upon him. Norwegian society expects a man and woman "to do the thing decently," and it would be quick to ostracize a couple who accused each other in court of cruelty or adultery instead of coming to terms privately and then waiting a year for their final decree. Indeed not more than thirteen per cent of all divorces granted in Norway are the outcome of suits in court, while the remainder are obtained by mutual consent.

Nor, we are told, has divorce by mutual consent led the Scandinavian young people to look upon marriage as a trial affair, despite the fact that they are as free to choose their own mates as young Americans are. On the contrary they approach the business quite soberly, and generally delay marriage until they have the wherewithal to set up a small establishment. It is interesting, too, to hear that the children of divorced parents are as a rule well-trained, seemly young people who are anxious not to repeat their parents' mistakes.

All in all, one gathers the impression that the mutual-consent law has not materially affected the number of divorces, but has merely established a highly civilized procedure. Most of the Scandinavian divorces of which one hears occurred as the result of some fundamental antipathy or continued infidelity, rather than from the whim of the moment. For we are assured on all sides—M. Maurice Bedel's recent novel to the contrary—that the Scandinavians do not look upon divorce lightly, or as a mere means of changing partners "after this dance." On the contrary, they consider divorce a regrettable and painful operation, but one that frequently cannot be avoided; for they firmly believe that if two people are loath to live together intimately it is immoral to force them to remain married. Whether such a romantic attitude toward marriage leads to as stable a social order as does the realistic attitude of the French who tacitly recognize extramarital unions, is still another question —although our American moralists would consider the French system no less an evil. The Scandinavian and the French agree, however, that one's reasons for divorcing are as much one's own business as one's reasons for marrying. The governments of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark accordingly supervise the granting of divorces with the same scientific detachment that they regulate marriage. Thus far, and no farther, do they deem that they have a right to interfere with the individual's private life.

III

How different the situation in this country! Here we have a much greater percentage of divorces, many of them obtained by fraud and perjury, few of them devoid of unpleasant publicity, and all of them based on the technical assumption that one party has wilfully or maliciously wronged the other. In a number of our states, furthermore, divorce can be obtained with much greater despatch than it can in the Scan-

dinavian countries—provided that one can afford to pay the piper.

To begin with, it may as well be admitted that in a great majority of instances the decree is acceptable to both parties—if not actually desired by them. There were, for example, in this country in 1925 as many as 146,069 uncontested cases, or 84% of all divorces granted. Even if one were to subtract those cases in which the defendant was not actually notified, or was such a derelict as to have no defense, it would still leave a large percentage of suits in which the defendant did not care to contest the issue. In this connection Judge C. W. Hoffman of the Domestic Relations Court of Cincinnati, found from an investigation in his court that at least 75% of the defendants had valid grounds for a defense, but did not choose to stand upon them. The inference to be drawn is that the majority of divorces are the result of either a tacit or an open understanding between husband and wife. Furthermore, many judges tell us, when suits are contested it is for the sake of the property and the children, and nothing else, in nine cases out of ten.

It would seem rather fortunate that a husband and wife can at least agree to disagree. Yet if they agree to divorce they must create between them the necessary evidence, and that in itself constitutes the crime of collusion. They may go about committing this crime in a number of ways. The husband may allow himself to be caught in an act of adultery, or one spouse may "desert" the other, or the wife may accuse the husband of failing to support her—it being understood in any event that the offending party will not deny the allegation.

Collusion of an especially flagrant variety is rampant in New York State, where a divorce can be procured only on evidence of adultery. The law, it is true, will permit a husband to confess to an act in the past and to supply his wife with the necessary witnesses. But such witnesses do not grow on rosebushes, for when a man departs from the straight and narrow path he will in all probability seek the greatest possible degree of privacy. It is generally necessary, therefore, for the husband and wife to come to at least a tacit understanding. He may, for instance, conspicuously leave in his smoking-jacket an addressed letter to a lady-love making a rendezvous with her on such and such a night, at such and such a hotel. The wife finds it, notes the facts, and sends detectives to apprehend the pair. Later she turns over the evidence to a lawyer, and, if he is not too scrupulous a member of the bar, he starts suit without inquiring very closely into the methods whereby she obtained the information.

In due time the case is heard as one of many on a crowded calendar; the plaintiff makes her formal complaint by answering a series of routine questions put to her by her lawyer, and *by swearing that she has not connived with her husband to obtain the divorce;* the detectives recite their evidence; the husband puts in no appearance; the plaintiff's attorney makes a request for alimony and counsel fees (already agreed upon by the husband's and wife's attorneys), and the judge must perforce grant the decree since the lawyer has presented a case that is technically perfect. The procedure appears to be a very simple one, and yet it should be noted that it called for collusion between husband and wife as well as downright perjury by the latter.

Or if the husband has no lady-love, or does not care to compromise the one he has, he may procure through a firm of detectives a paid co-respondent to appear with him in a shocking situation. Or he may fall into the hands of a firm of shyster lawyers who will cut corners by hiring several professional perjurers to swear to the necessary facts.

This, then, is the divorce law on which the Empire State prides itself, the law which has kept the divorce rate down to .41 per thousand, as compared with the national rate of 1.52. Yet it is hardly

surprising that New York's rate is comparatively low, since most decent people, with the amazing exception of certain figures in society, shrink from resorting to such methods, as they likewise shrink from the ugly publicity which follows. As an alternative they much prefer to obtain their decrees in some other state if they can spare the necessary time and money.

Of the various grounds specified by the laws of the other states desertion is the least offensive and accordingly one of the most popular—32% of all divorces in 1925 having been obtained on this ground. The percentage would probably run still higher if there were more than twenty-one states which granted divorce for one year's desertion, or more than nine which granted it for two years' desertion.

Yet even when a suit is based on this simple ground a couple automatically break the law if they agree beforehand that the husband is to desert and the wife to sue him later for that act. Furthermore, when the case comes up the wife will have to swear falsely on the witness stand or by affidavit that the desertion has been "wilful" or "malicious" and that it has been prolonged for the specified time. The writer knows of one case, heard in Chicago, in which two women friends of the plaintiff's testified that her husband had deserted her two years previously. That happened to be a fact, but it was also true that the couple had lived together subsequently. That matter was not inquired into, however, and the decree was granted in less than five minutes. In another Chicago case the pair had agreed beforehand to separate, and the wife's father, being the only witness, testified merely to her residence.

Chicago, as everyone knows, is famous not only for its machine-gun politics, but for its swiftly whirring divorce mill, inasmuch as the Illinois law now waives the one-year residence requirement when a suit is based on two successive acts of cruelty which have been committed within a short period of time—from three days to three weeks. In these cases very slight evidence is required, the witnesses as a rule being members of the plaintiff's family. Furthermore, the evidence presented is often of a very tenuous nature. One witness, for instance, testified that she had seen a man strike his wife, when she had only been told that such a thing had happened.

Despite the widespread perjury in Chicago divorce courts it is the rarest occurrence in the world for a judge to detect perjury or collusion, we are told by several reputable attorneys of that city. A judge himself, Judge Joseph David, recently expressed the opinion in print that at least 50% of the divorces granted involved perjury; while Judge Harry A. Lewis, who hears a great many cases in Chicago, declares that 50 to 60% of all decrees are obtained through fraudulent testimony, generally on the fictitious grounds of cruelty, "while as a matter of fact there was nothing but incompatibility which had become so unbearable that the wife would perjure herself in order to get relief."

Certain counties of Pennsylvania also offer attractive features to the divorce-seeker, inasmuch as the one-year residence can be easily simulated, and all cases are heard in private by a special master, so that little or no publicity results. Recently one of the New York newspapers made an exposé of a divorce mill that has been running full tilt in Bradford County, just over the state line from New York. There the special masters appointed by the judge to hear the various cases are also practicing attorneys who try their own cases on other days; so that it is *noblesse oblige* all along the line. As a result, out of three hundred cases heard in 1926 and 1927 all but one were reported favorably. In a number of suits the plaintiff alone was the sole witness to the cruelty or desertion alleged, while in the majority of cases the only witnesses heard were blood relatives of the plaintiff, and the

offenses named were of the most tenuous nature. One husband, for instance, testified without corroboration that the sound of his wife's voice so irritated him as to injure his delicate health, while another claimed that "his wife was disagreeable in words, although she didn't fight."

In this county of Pennsylvania, as in other states where the divorce laws are laxly administered, residence has been proved in the most sketchy fashion, the testimony of rooming-house landladies being generally accepted as sufficient evidence—just as in Paris. A case in point was that of Mrs. W. who sued for divorce in Bradford County, stating in her affidavit that she had lived there for the past year, that her husband had deserted her wilfully and maliciously two years previously, and finally that "the complaint for divorce was not made by collusion between her and her husband." The decree was granted, with no further evidence of the desertion or of her residence required. It was subsequently revealed that during the two years of the supposed desertion Mrs. W. and her husband had been living together in New York State—at least according to his income tax return—and that, furthermore, he had gone with her to see the lawyer about the divorce.

The Nevada laws, when all is said and done, necessitate a minimum of fraud. In the first place only three months' continuous residence is demanded, but that requirement is now strictly enforced. In the second place the judges demand very slight evidence to prove mental cruelty. A woman may obtain her freedom on the ground that her husband has been intolerably cool to her, or told her to go to hell once too often. On the other hand, a husband may complain, as one did recently, that his wife has worn him out by making him get up five or six times every night to look after her cat—or that she nags him in public. Such stories of petty irritation may be literally true, so that the plaintiff need commit no perjury in swearing to them. In short, the Nevada legislators appear to have reasoned that since people are bound to get divorced in one way or another, they might as well expedite matters for them—and incidentally line the pockets of the business and lawyer folk of the state.

Indeed, it is the lawyers who profit the most from our divorce laws—despite the fact that they run the danger of disbarment if they handle collusive cases with full knowledge of the facts. A canny lawyer, however, will accept evidence at its face value and not encourage his client to go into details. He is then at liberty to arrange an amicable settlement between husband and wife without technically violating the law. Some lawyers are more cautious and scrupulous than others, and many of the firms of high standing fight shy of all divorce business. But there are plenty of lawyers to be found who know how to steer their way between the shoals of collusion. In certain jurisdictions they dare to be very bold, as in Chicago, where a famous divorce lawyer, now dead, was wont to ask a new client when the latter inquired about the fee, "Will you supply the evidence, or shall we?" In this connection Justice Callaghan of the New York Supreme Court remarks that, "it is almost impossible for a judge to prove collusion even though he strongly suspects its existence, for the attorneys are always careful to satisfy every technical requirement of the statute."

It is true that there are certain jurisdictions, especially in the East, where the divorce laws are more strictly administered. But the fact remains that a couple determined to be divorced can secure relief in one state or another—if they have the necessary means. Furthermore, by basing their suit on any ground but desertion they can obtain their freedom practically immediately in a number of states which grant final decrees without imposing an interlocutory period.

To sum up, the divorce laws of our states would seem to work a hardship on

two classes of people only—those who are too poor to migrate into another jurisdiction, and those who would prefer not to sacrifice their sense of honesty and decency.

IV

If we are going to have laws that work a hardship upon the self-respecting minority who have reason to believe that they are capable of directing their own lives, we must at least make sure that these laws are beneficial to the great run of people. Indeed, that is the big argument advanced—justifiably or otherwise—in favor of the Eighteenth Amendment. Can it be advanced in favor of our divorce laws?

A number of eminent jurists in the East answer emphatically in the affirmative. Even while admitting the necessity of divorce in many instances, they insist that marriage would go to wrack and ruin if people were allowed to part by mutual consent. Nor are they particularly scandalized by the wholesale corruption which goes on in our divorce courts, nor by the fact that the law forces self-respecting citizens to perjure themselves. Indeed, one jurist went so far as to say that if he himself felt entitled to a divorce he would not hesitate to take the necessary steps to get it. All such evading of the law is considered a minor evil. For the jurists think we must have laws that will at least fool the people into thinking that marriage is more difficult to get out of than it really is.

Yet there are numbers of judges, especially in our Middle-Western and Western states, who hold quite opposite views. From long experience they have learned that the law serves neither society nor the family by forcing two people to remain together when all concord has gone out of their lives. Furthermore, they have seen with their own eyes the wholesale perjury, the frantic dashing from one state to another—in short, the inflexible determination of individuals to free themselves of irksome bonds. They have seen, too, the tragic results of hundreds upon hundreds of hasty matings, and they know that marriage could not be approached much more lightly than it is to-day. And so they have arrived at the conclusion that divorce is often a necessary remedy and that, furthermore, no manner of divorce laws can hold marriage together.

For one thing, the realists among the judges have come to believe that incompatibility justifies divorce beyond the shadow of a doubt. "Indeed," says Judge Grier M. Orr, of St. Paul, "I know of no better reason for the granting of a divorce than deep and constant discord. For I consider that there is no physical cruelty to the human body greater than that of mechanically carrying on the marriage relationship after all feeling is cold." He goes on to say quite frankly that when a couple come before him whose chief plea is incompatibility, mental or physical, he satisfies himself that the facts are as presented, and grants them a divorce on the technical grounds of mental or physical cruelty.

Of a similar opinion is another Middle-Western judge who says that in cases which are obviously based on incompatibility he overlooks the perjury of witnesses attempting to prove cruelty, because he knows the situation and has made every possible attempt at reconciliation.

Undoubtedly the trend among judges is to interpret the divorce laws more and more broadly to conform with changing public opinion. In this connection Judge C. W. Hoffman of Cincinnati, who has probably made as thorough a study of the sociological aspects of marriage as any judge in this country, declares that to-day "the divorce codes are not administered so much in the light of the laws prescribed by the statutes as in the light of the prevailing philosophy of the bench, the bar, and the community, concerning marriage."

As long ago as 1910 the President of the Cleveland Bar Association made this same point, in addressing a com-

munication to the Royal Divorce Commission in England. He said:

"I believe it is the view of the majority of people in this city that where husband and wife cannot live in some degree of harmony they are better divorced. This leads to a loose interpretation by the courts of the statutes on the subject. For the most part suits are uncontested, and I believe that practically anyone who wishes for a divorce can obtain it."

More and more judges are coming to look upon divorce as an individual problem, each case to be decided as seems wisest, regardless of the dictates of the law. For this reason conscientious judges make very earnest attempts at reconciliation. Judge Sabath, who is a leading exponent of the method, firmly believes that no complaint should be filed until the pair have discussed their differences with the judge in his chambers. For he has observed that it is often the charges made in a moment of anger by the husband or wife on the bill of complaint that alienate the other and destroy all possibility of reconciliation. He has, therefore, taken the time to interview in his chambers all plaintiffs who have children, and he reports remarkable success in reconciling them with their spouses—although it is impossible to tell whether they have subsequently remained together. In any event Judge Sabath feels very strongly that couples should first discuss their differences with a tolerant judge rather than with lawyers who too often whet a husband's and wife's resentment against each other.

Judge Hoffman's Domestic Relations Court in Cincinnati has also done remarkable work along this line, for it is equipped with an Adjustment Department that has a psychological clinic and a trained staff of experts attached. Miss Mary Edna McChristrie, who is the Referee in charge, reports in a recent article in the *Survey* that, out of 400 men and women who came into court threatening to sue for divorce, only 36 actually went ahead with their suits. Most of these cases, it is true, involved poor people who were living in too cramped quarters and were harried by economic worries, which the court helped them to remove in one way or another. But Miss McChristrie also tells of a cultured college couple whose marriage was fast going to pieces merely because the husband liked to philander innocently and the wife had never developed the technic necessary to hold his interest. Miss McChristrie came to the rescue and taught her a little feminine psychology, with the result that the man was actually brought to the point of fearing that he would lose his wife's affection! Their marriage today is quite sound and intact, and the children are enjoying the privilege of living with both parents.

Other judges, however, are a little more pessimistic about the possibilities of reconciliation. Judge Orr of St. Paul has found that in the majority of instances the cause of infelicity has become so chronic that it cannot be forgotten. However, when the grievance is based on adultery, he has occasionally been able to convince the husband or wife that the offense was only a passing one and that it has not fundamentally harmed their relationship. In Chicago Judge Lewis, despite a few very gratifying successes, has found most couples unreconcilable—especially those who have been married five years or more. He has found, too, that there is a very real danger in reconciling couples with children, for in many instances the home breaks up later anyway, and then there may be three or four children instead of one or two to bear the brunt of the tragedy.

Judge Orr stresses this same point when he declares, "The children are decidedly better off with either one parent or the other than in a home where the husband and wife clash openly and often. The latter is one of the worst moral environments a child could be raised in. In fact in such a case it is practically the parents' duty to divorce in order that the child may be brought up to some extent in the peace and harmony to which he is entitled."

V

With a vast deal of evidence at hand, the realists among the judges have concluded that tragic marriages are the result, not solely of selfishness and materialism as the moralists are fond of asserting, but to a large extent of *early and hasty matings*. They also blame the appalling ignorance of young people regarding the functions and responsibilities of marriage; but this presents a problem in education that is outside the domain of the law.

The judges complain that our marriage laws are shamefully lax. The marriageable age without the consent of parents is eighteen for a woman and twenty-one for a man in most of our states. But this is easily circumvented, since no birth certificates are required to prove the candidate's age. It would seem, too, that the girl should be twenty-one, as she must be in the Scandinavian countries.

Then again there are twenty-six states that require no delay whatsoever after the license has been issued, and only eleven states that require as long an interim as five days for residents. In this connection Judge Sabath inveighs bitterly against the night-club marriages which take place in Chicago.

"A couple meet each other," he explains, "on a dance floor and imbibe several drinks of gin or bad whiskey. They hunt up a Justice of the Peace who marries them in his pajamas. The newly married couple go back to the dance hall and when the sun rises discover that they are actually married with no place to go. Such hasty marriages are an everyday occurrence in Chicago."

The judges are convinced that marriage must not only be slowed up, but that something must be done to prevent the spread of venereal and mental diseases. Judge Hoffman, for one, believes that either physical or mental unfitness lies at the root of most disastrous marriages; and there are a number of judges who agree with him. Judge Orr would have the law require a health certificate from both the man and the woman, while Judge Lewis would also require a Wassermann test. They do not believe that a mere affidavit such as the State of New York requires is sufficient, for affidavits, as we know, are all too easily sworn to, especially in as large a country as this where a man may be totally unknown in a strange city or state.

Our marriage laws cry out for revision. How they should be revised, what effective safeguards could be set up to prevent undue haste and to forestall the marriage of the physically, mentally, and financially incompetent might well be made the subject of exhaustive study on the part of a national commission of sociologists, judges, and experts of all kinds. Until they have been so revised we must expect to see the divorce rate mount higher and higher.

VI

But quite apart from a revision of the marriage laws, we obviously need a more civilized divorce procedure—one that will put a premium on decency rather than on perjury. Whether we should follow the Scandinavian system and impose a "cooling-off period" of one year or so; whether the granting of divorces should be left entirely to the discretion of the judge; or whether each divorce court should be equipped with a highly organized Adjustment Department such as Judge Hoffman's in Cincinnati are questions calling for profound study.

Judge Harry A. Lewis of Chicago, however, has the following concrete suggestion to make:

"I believe all charges for divorce should be eliminated, allowing the complainant to file her bill setting up her reasons for wanting a separation, and to appear before the chancellor to whom it is assigned; and if he thinks there is sufficient reason for the two to be separated he should sign a decree. This would do away with all fraud entirely,

and as a court has power to marry two people upon their mutual request, it should have the power to separate them. Such a system would mean less legal tangle, less expense, less difficulty and sordidness."

This would be an excellent system if we could be sure that all judges would be both wise and human. Whether the law should go a step farther and automatically grant the privilege of divorce to two people, after they have submitted themselves to a reconciliation session and have lived apart for a given period of time, is a matter for debate, perhaps. It seems to the writer, however, that such a system would not greatly increase the number of divorces being granted to-day, except among the poor who cannot now afford the expense involved. In fact, it is quite possible that the great run of divorce-seekers would have to be educated to wait a year and get their decrees by mutual consent rather than sue their spouses in open court; for it is a sad commentary that even in those states which allow for divorce on grounds of one year's desertion, there are still a great many suits based on charges of cruelty. Perhaps divorce by mutual consent would eventually set a more civilized standard.

For the good of society men and women must not be forced—or allowed—to recite before the public all the intimate facts of their married life and personal distress. It is nothing short of barbarous to cut open people's hearts and expose them to the public gaze. And it is nothing short of race-suicidal to fill our newspapers with columns and columns of unhealthy divorce scandals. Private hearings under the present laws would hardly solve this particular problem, for they would only open the door to even greater corruption and perpetration of fraud by one party on the other, as happened in Bradford County, Pennsylvania.

Certainly no system of divorce should be countenanced which allows a husband or wife to obtain a decree without the knowledge of the other—as occasionally happens to-day when the plaintiff goes into another state, and the defendant is served by publication. If only one spouse wants a divorce the law should at least make sure that the other has been personally notified of the impending change in his or her marital status; and perhaps it should also, as in the Scandinavian countries, impose a still longer waiting period than it does when the two are agreed.

Divorce by mutual consent does not necessarily mean that both parties are equally anxious for the decree, but it does mean that they have not parted angrily or furtively. Yet the latter is the technic prescribed by law. It would almost seem as though our lawmakers delighted in putting a premium upon indecency and cruelty. Which action, for instance, is the more decent: for a man to "light out" without warning to his wife, leaving her perhaps without sufficient funds, and exposed to the pity of all the neighbors, or for him to discuss his plans with her and break up the home in a dignified fashion?

The current legal theory seems to be that divorce is not to be allowed until one party—the presumably innocent one—shall have been deeply wounded. The underlying Puritanic principle would seem to be that no human being shall find his salvation in freedom until he has walked through the valley of the shadow of death. But is it not pitifully apparent that every man and woman—with the exception of the very shallow—who feels his marriage going to pieces, walks through the valley of the shadow of death? Why must the law, like a heartless surgeon, drive the knife still deeper?

And why must the law, too, destroy our respect for it, by forcing us to break it at every turn? That is one important consideration which the framers of the Capper Bill for a national divorce law have completely overlooked. They consider that they have made their proposed law very liberal, by including one year's desertion as a ground. Yet desertion, if

agreed upon as it so often is, involves collusion and dishonesty before the law.

We are told that our present divorce laws serve the great purpose of preserving marriage. Yet the judges tell us that many marriages are not worth preserving, and Judge Orr even goes so far as to say that it is sometimes the parents' *duty* to divorce each other for the sake of their children; while Judge Hoffman says that "we can no longer, without danger to society and the state, penalize for life a man and woman who are guilty of proven incompatibility." Furthermore, such an authority as Edouard Westermarck considers that a high standard of marriage can be evolved only through liberal divorce laws. He says, in Volume II of the latest edition of his *History of Human Marriage:*

"It would seem that a contract entered into by mutual consent should be dissolved by mutual consent. We have seen that such a law has been introduced by some modern states and it is not known that any evils have resulted from this concession. . . .

"I look upon divorce as the necessary remedy for a misfortune, and as a means of preserving the dignity of marriage by putting an end to unions which are a disgrace to its name. The existence of marriage does not depend upon laws. If marriage is not an artificial creation, but an institution based on deep-rooted sentiments, conjugal and parental, it will last as long as these sentiments last, and should they ever cease to exist, no laws in the world could save marriage from destruction."

Fifty years ago Herbert Spencer voiced the same truth when he wrote, "There will come a time when the union of affection will be held of primary moment and the union by law as of secondary moment."

When that time comes to America, the divorce laws of to-day will seem as barbarous to our descendants as the old English law which inflicted the death penalty on child thieves now seems to us.

GROUP PRACTICE IN MEDICINE

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

"BIG Business" has been in the saddle in this country for more than a generation. It sits tight and steers straight and, thanks to its mount, it makes goal after goal. It was hoisted into the saddle by organization. Were it not for organization neither the United States Steel Corporation nor the Roman Catholic Church would be what it is or where it is to-day. Nearly every industry, every great institution, every profession has been subjected to organization save medicine. Every forward movement of civilization has been initiated by individuals and effected by groups.

Organization in medicine at first sight would seem to deny the rule of the jungle, the hovel, and the palace. But in reality it makes not only for the self-preservation of the physician but for his self-betterment. An individual can practice medicine successfully but not satisfactorily. In the first place, the field is too extensive for him to survey alone and the equipment required for its cultivation is too varied and complex for one man to operate, even though he be as versatile as Albrecht von Haller was. In the second place, the price the patient has to pay for individual medical service is a hardship for the majority, and particularly for those of the so-called middle class.

It cannot be denied that man's right and duty to be healthy and happy can be facilitated and enhanced by organization. That makes it the more difficult to understand why the medical profession has not organized. Some will say that it has, and cite the American Medical Association to prove their case. But the primary object of that guild has been the improvement of medical education and the elevation of the whole profession. Though much altruism has seeped into it in latter years, we must admit that it was founded and fostered for the benefit of the physician and only indirectly for the good of the patient. The sick, to be sure, have profited from it enormously, for the doctor of to-day is in training and equipment quite unlike his predecessor. When the passing generation of physicians took up the study of medicine no scholastic equipment was necessary save ability to read and write; and the student could have the degree of doctor in medicine conferred upon him without ever having attended a clinic, lecture, or demonstration. All he had to do was to sign up with a preceptor, pay for two courses of lectures, each of four months' duration, and pass an examination. Now he has to have a definite amount of schooling before he can register as a medical student; he must work in college, clinic, and laboratory for thirty-six months; and to feel really qualified for his job, he must supplement this with eighteen months' residence in a hospital. The American Medical Association helped us to realize the lamentable inadequacy of our medical training and brought about this reformation. To-day physicians are as well trained in this country as they are anywhere; but they persist in practicing medicine individually, and the result is increasing dissatisfaction on the part of the public and growing discontent on their own part with the rewards of their profession. There are few other fields of human ac-

tivity, save teaching, in which the material reward is not greater from the display of similar energy, industry, and intelligence. No one ever succeeds in medicine unless he has some native ability, and few succeed unless they have also a dominant urge to work and great strength to permit them to do it. No other profession makes such demands upon time and vitality. Hence, comparatively few physicians make what is called a great success, or in other words, make sufficient money to be able to loaf and invite their souls occasionally and to put their children on the high road to self-realization.

One hesitates to say again that only the rich and the poor get proper medical service. Like all popular sayings, it contains an exaggeration. It is only a portion of the poor who receive appropriate treatment, those who are prudent and intelligent enough to go to a hospital when they are ill or to a clinic when they are indisposed. The rich choose their physicians so often for their bedside manner that they frequently get second- or even third-class service. The bedside manner is not inconsistent with intuition, insight, and judgment, but they rarely go together.

Yet it is true that the man who is neither rich nor poor—the self-respecting, self-supporting, substantial member of the community—is often denied the medical service to which he is entitled because he cannot afford it. The trouble is not that the physician exacts a fee beyond the patient's means, but that the patient must go to so many physicians before he can find out what is the matter with him, and then to so many more, or their subordinates, to get cured. If the first physician consulted by him combines insight with experience, he may be able to make a right diagnosis, but it will often be little more than a shrewd guess. This is not because modern medicine is ignorant; it is because a single individual can know so little of what medicine has learned. We frequently hear it lamented that the good old family physician exists no more. It is as easy to get sentimental about the family doctor as it is about the pangs of despised love. He would be as much out of place to-day as the two-wheel gig that he used to ride in. One of the great glories of medicine is that it has been able to conquer so many devastating diseases; another is that it has made the majority of painful experiences painless; but not the least of them is that it has taken its practice from the realm of guesswork to the realm of certainty. We have not traveled the whole road yet, but we are well under way, and we can hasten our arrival by rational organization which will enable us to do team work expeditiously and efficiently and thus serve the patient better than any individual possibly could.

We physicians might add to our prosperity by taking a look at other professions, and the first one that we should scrutinize carefully is the law. All lawyers, who are neither obese nor indolent, achieve material prosperity if they are temperate in everything save work and if they become associated with well-organized firms. One member of such a firm makes himself competent in corporate law, another in the trial of cases, another in the drawing of mortgages and contracts, another in trusts and wills, another in finance and its vagaries. A client who goes to such a firm to get a divorce is not turned over to the corporation expert; if he goes to have his will drawn he does not meet the trial lawyer. And when he goes there to have the articles of incorporation of a company or a consolidation written and submits his request to the corporation specialist, he does not expect to get information and instruction immediately. In such an instance the matter is turned over to juniors for investigation. When their work is done, it is submitted to the Chief. He acts upon it with or without conferring with his associates, and in due time the client gets what he is after or is denied it.

On the other hand, a man who is ailing goes to see a physician and expects to be

examined on the spot and immediately told what he should do to feel well again. It is preposterous. The physician is constantly given credit for insight and knowledge that no one individual can possess. Fortunately for him, there are methods of examination that reveal or deny the existence of disease with such accuracy that he can rely upon them. The trouble is that he alone is neither competent to make them nor to pass upon them. He would have to have several lives to acquire such competency.

II

As an illustration of the point I am making, let us take the patient who consults me as I write these lines. His complaint is of dizziness and disturbed equilibrium, followed by nausea and vomiting, occurring at irregular intervals. I know that this association of symptoms is frequently due to encroachment upon the contents of the small semi-circular canals which are carefully packed away in one of the most protected portions of the skull and whose function is to maintain bodily equilibrium. I hear his story and make what is known as a physical examination, which reveals that a constant accompaniment of the disease which his symptoms seem to indicate—namely one-sided deafness—is lacking. Moreover, he tells me that there seems to be a relationship between the condition of his digestion and the occurrence of attacks. I note also that his face is lacking in symmetry, one side being distinctly larger than the other.

I think I know the nature and seat of the lesion that is causing his symptoms, but before I am justified in sharing that knowledge with him and advising him to submit to the only treatment that holds out a prospect of relief, I have to get the report of a physician competent not only to examine the hearing apparatus but to make a test which requires much skill and elaborate equipment. I must also have an X-ray of his head, and if this is to be of any value, it must be done by a man who is expert in making plates and interpreting them. I must likewise have chemical and microscopic examinations of his blood and spinal fluid and complete analysis of the gastro-intestinal tract and its contents. In other words, this patient must spend two or three hundred dollars and perhaps much more before he can find out what he should do, and all because I am incompetent to make the necessary examinations. Why do I thus parade my limitations? Because they are shared with me by every member of the medical profession, and because I am convinced that we can surmount them.

This patient is a man of letters. He considers himself fortunate when he earns eight thousand dollars a year. He has a family, and he is ambitious to see that they are properly cared for. Had he twice as many fingers and toes as he has they would not suffice to count the number of physicians he has consulted. The experience that he should have when he seeks medical advice is somewhat as follows:

He should go to the consulting rooms and laboratories of Smith, Jones, Brown, and Levy. Here he would be received by a discerning, affable person who would seek to get enough information about his symptoms to lead him to the appropriate hopper of the medical mill. Before he is taken there it should be ascertained whether he is a wage-earner or a wage-payer. If he is a wage-earner, the firm should then and there collect the equivalent of one week's salary. If he is a wage-payer, one hundred dollars should be collected with similar dispatch, and he should be told that he may anticipate supplementary charges should his case require extensive investigation. Then the patient should be given an appointment with a member of the firm in whose province the symptoms would seem to be, who would examine and pass him on to as many others as are necessary to get a complete report. The patient is now ready for the verdict. The man who gives it to him should know not only the disease but the diseased, and he

should always have in mind that man's fears are magnified by illness, his hopes minimized.

When it has been decided what treatment the patient should follow the person who effects it should have nothing to do or say about what it will cost, nor should he profit by the payment save as it increases the revenue of the firm and thus his percentage of the receipts. There should be one charge for the wage-earner, a minimum, and a maximum for the *rentier*.

The surgeon should have his percentage of the firm's revenue just as the trial lawyer has. He may say that he consults his own interests by practicing individually. Doubtless this is true but, save in exceptional instances, he is dependent upon other doctors for his clientele. Bricks are even more essential to the house than bricklayers. If the needs of patients are properly and masterfully met by the surgical members of medical firms, the surgeon who insists on practicing individually, unless he be possessed of unique skill and great resourcefulness, will sooner or later find it to his advantage to do team-work.

At present the golden apples of medicine are within the reach only of the surgeon and surgical specialist. Possibly that is a reason why there is an excess of them and a dearth of physicians and therapeutic specialists.

As things are arranged now it happens frequently that the physician who should get the lion's share gets the lamb's. A man seeking relief from headache goes to an eye specialist who, finding certain changes in the optic nerve, makes the diagnosis of brain tumor and sends him to a neurologist who locates the tumor and advises that its removal be attempted. The ophthalmologist and the neurologist get twenty-five dollars each—the surgeon gets twenty-five hundred. It may be said that the surgeon could also have made the diagnosis himself. There is one man, possibly two, competent to do this in a country of one hundred and twenty million inhabitants.

It is an old story that the physician has the little end of the stick, the surgeon the big; but that is no reason why this state of affairs should not be changed. Were it done properly, the kind of group-practice I have in mind would do away with fee-splitting. It is unethical for a surgeon to hand a percentage of the fee he gets for an operation to the physician who brought the patient. When one meets, on the street or in a club, a surgeon thus addicted it is good form to see him first. The worst feature of fee-splitting is that it promotes bad surgery and precipitates unnecessary operations. But those who get most wrathful and indignant when fee-splitting is discussed are those whose pockets are well lined, just as the harshest judges of the oversexed are those who have no sex urge and those who have it but have been denied opportunity to display it.

It may be said that group practice is adapted to ambulatory patients, but not to those who are seized suddenly and even violently with illness. It should be peculiarly adapted to them. There are three reasons for diagnosticating acute disease correctly and promptly: that the patient may be submitted to operation; that he may be immunized; or that he may be segregated. The diseases that require segregation may be diagnosticated by the individual; but satisfactorily to detect and interpret the majority of those who require operation or immunization one must have the services of a laboratory. The municipality or private enterprise provides it, but it would make for the patient's advantage were it provided by the firm.

Suppose one has a chill followed by fever, pain in the abdomen, violent vomiting or a splitting headache, what would be the procedure? The same firm of physicians or one like it should be called on the telephone, and the affable person who answers should be told what the symptoms are. She will send a diagnostician who will know not only how to examine a chest and palpate an abdomen, but to puncture a vein or prick a finger; not only

how to take a culture or tap a spinal canal, but how to examine the specimen. Or if it is not in his province to do all this, he will have a colleague who makes a specialty of doing what is outside his field. The man who makes the examination may be the one who should take care of the patient, and he may not be. The case may turn out to be one of pneumonia. Then what must be found out as soon as possible is the variety of organism called pneumococcus that has caused it. The ideal doctor to take charge of the patient, then, is one who can foresee danger signals before they are apparent to the average eye, and who has a wholesome distrust of drugs but knows how to use them when necessary.

There is nothing new about this plan. The most successful medical organization in the world, the Mayo Clinic, is conducted in this way. It is a huge affair now, with scores of physicians and hundreds of assistants, but a few years ago it was a very small group. One of the reasons it has taken on such vast proportions is that the quality of service which it renders is unexcelled.

No one, I fancy, maintains that the Mayo Clinic has injured the reputation of American medicine and surgery or that it has stolen the bread and cake of the profession. I venture to say that every physician of that institution receives just compensation. If such an ornament to our profession and our country could be developed in a climate and location not particularly attractive or convenient, why could it not be done elsewhere? It can be. All that is needed is head and heart, the former for administration, the latter for co-operation.

The training and experience of the physician seem to unfit him for teamwork. It is easy to see that such work deprives him of something which nourishes his vanity. As team-workers, men must share praise, adulation, appreciation; and their individual skill, discernment, intuition, sense, and judgment do not stand out so conspicuously. There are many men in the Mayo Clinic who are either in Class A, or on the way to it, and are known only to the profession. Yet they have no clamor for the approbation of the laity; their hands are not weak, and their work is rewarded.

Team-work encroaches also upon a privilege that many of us seem to enjoy, that of being a dictator, but it transfers the bulk of our work from the realm of guesswork and conjecture to one in which certainty and exactitude may be at least approached. And above all it insures that patients shall be thoroughly examined. It is probably no exaggeration to say that seventy-five per cent of those who seek medical counsel receive it without having had to remove their clothes. It is still considered an indication of common sense to remove the pig from the poke before making the purchase, but we seem to imagine that abnormalities of concealed human organs can be detected, not only through their natural covering, but through clothing!

The chief obstacle to successful group practice is the temperament of the doctor. The more of a "prima donna" he is, the less desirable he will be as a member of the firm. Physicians come to power so early in life that it often takes longer for them to acquire a salutary amount of humility than it does for others whose work is "checked up" from the beginning. For this reason candidates for medical firms should be caught while still plastic and malleable. Group practice, they will find, will tend to correct some of the physician's deformities such as jealousy, envy, and covetousness. It is a great culture medium for humility.

III

Group practice will accomplish another thing sadly needed in this country. It will develop doctors who know how to care for sick people—therapeutists they are called. We have our share of keen and reliable diagnosticians, but in the field of treatment we do not make

such a brilliant display. The number of physicians one encounters in a lifetime who are skilled in the use of water, heat, light, electricity, massage, exercise, and diet, and who know how to utilize the fundamental principles of psychology is astonishingly small. Yet if these measures are put in one pan of the therapeutic scales and drugs in the other, the drugs kick the beam promptly. The more experienced and expert one becomes in the practice of medicine the fewer drugs one uses. Aside from immunizers, antitoxins, and parasite killers, a man may practice medicine satisfactorily to himself with two drugs, opium and digitalis; and if he knows how to use properly the physical measures I have just enumerated he can practice it satisfactorily to patient and public.

One of the commonest complaints I hear as I go among physicians throughout the country is that the osteopath and masseur, the irrigationist and vibrationist, the hydropath and the naturopath, the new thinker and the old doer are bidding for their patients and in many instances getting them. My colleagues have only themselves to blame.

Osteopaths and chiropractors have an erroneous conception of disease, but their ministrations help nature cure disease. No one who has had opportunity to see water used to combat disease will deny its potency, and the benefits that result in chronic disease from the proper use of massage, active and passive, and manual and mechanical movement are often enormous. Something good may be said for all the non-medicinal therapeutic measures. But the physician must know how to use them, and he must tell the world, not with immodesty and vainglory as the quack tells it, but with dignity and assurance, that he knows not only their virtues, but when and how to use them.

A few months ago an able young lawyer addicted to overwork and overeating developed paralysis of one side of the face. Inflammation of the sheath in which the motor nerve of the face is enclosed had practically severed its continuity. He consulted an eminent physician who advised him to apply heat to the face, to protect with a shield the eye whose lids would no longer close, to take salicylate of soda, and to have electricity applied. There being no improvement after three months, he was easily persuaded to go to a chiropractor, who promised to cure him in a few treatments. The promise not being fulfilled, one of the partners of the firm which employed him took him to a young doctor trained in an institute where non-medical therapy is taught. The doctor put him on a diet that took off twenty pounds overweight, submitted him to daily application of massage and electricity, made him practice grimace-making before a looking glass (aiding the crippled side of the face with his fingers), and advised him to put a support in the sagging corner of the mouth while he slept. The result is that to-day the function of the nerve is fifty per cent restored. Three months hence the patient will have gained another thirty per cent, and if neither patient nor doctor falters he is likely to make a satisfactory recovery.

Had this patient remained under the care of a physician who gave him medicine and desultory directions about electricity he probably would carry a profound facial deformity to the grave.

The treatment of disease is the art of medicine. As in all arts, a certain proficiency in it may be acquired, but to become a virtuoso one must have a genuine flair for it. The therapeutist of the medical group should be selected with great care. The essential qualities for him to possess are personality and a logical mind.

The ideal doctor-group should have as many trained assistants, not physicians, as it can use. The more the assistant knows about what is popularly meant by "medicine" the less fitted he will be for the job. The men and women who use water and massage most expertly in Aix-les-Bains are peasants who work in the fields when the "cure season" is over. The men and women who give carbonic

acid, baths, fango applications, resistance movements, zander exercises, and various other applications in scores of the cure places of Europe know nothing of physiology and pathology; but as a result of their contacts some of them become experts. They are trained attendants who are humiliated rather than puffed-up if someone, seeking to engage their favor, addresses them as "doctor"—a ruse which works here with chiropodists, bath attendants, masseurs, and irrigationists. The therapeutist of the doctor-group would have to teach most of the assistants himself; for aside from a few sanitaria there is no place in this country where adequate and proper training is given. It is enormously to the credit of Yale University that it has taken steps to remedy this state of affairs. The department of therapeutics of any university that does not compel its students personally to experience the application of non-medicinal remedies does not fulfill its duty. The only way to learn how to use such measures is to try them out on one's self. The therapeutist of the group should spend one holiday in Marienbad, another at Nauheim, another at Aix, another at Lourdes, another at Salssamaggiore, and so on. Should he choose to help patients to expiate some sin of youth he should pass a few weeks in Lamalou.

After he has familiarized himself with European spas, he should remind himself that his own country has at least one, and probably more, that is unexcelled. Until the potentialities of Saratoga Springs are transformed into actualities we shall be nationally humiliated.

It is strange with what indifference, even antipathy, many of us look upon the restorative powers of light, heat, water, electricity, and the different forms of active and passive exercise, and stranger still how little we know or strive to know about what is meant by "diet." Medical schools are silent about it, and in hospitals it is in the hands of a person called a "dietitian." Therefore, the young physician must get information about it by his own effort. The first thing he should do is to provide himself with a rosary of different shaped beads. On the round ones he should say every morning, "One man's meat is another man's poison." On the square ones, "According to the life one lives depends the variety and amount of food." On the triangular, "Some do and some do not eat too much. Those who overeat and under-exercise—women—outlive men." And on the flat beads he should pray twice a day, "Let me not be tempted by fad or faddist."

He will now be ready to find out for his patients what they should find out for themselves were they not indolent or stupid: namely what kind and amount of food agree with them. "Yes," says the patient goaded by the accusation, "but how do I know that my blood pressure won't go up if I take salt?" No one knows. Sodium chloride agrees with some persons, not with others. When I hear a confrère extolling the virtues of a salt-free diet I remind him that the man in New York who practiced medicine most successfully both from a material and scientific standpoint during the earliest years of this century gave patients almost as a routine measure salt and soda every morning, from a half to a whole teaspoonful of each.

To be successful as a dietitian, a physician has to know what the man who tends a furnace or stokes an engine knows. Some fuel burns rapidly, some slowly. Some has far greater heat-producing capacity than others. Some produces ash and clinkers, others not. Then there are questions of draft, of stoking, of removal of ash, of banking, of smothering. Some furnaces burn more than others and produce less heat; some require much attention, others little. It all resolves itself into a matter of the furnace, the coal, the draft, the clinkers, and the ash. The stoker must know about them for his house, the doctor for his patient.

It is too much to expect that a man shall be abreast of the times in his knowl-

edge of the causes and symptoms of disease and at the same time be a psychologist with a predilection toward telling persons who have lost their health how and where to find it. The born diagnostician is never a resourceful therapeutist, and the more deeply versed one becomes in pathology, the more pessimistic one becomes about the potentialities of treatment. The specialist needed now by the medical profession is the therapeutist. He should know something about disease and everything about its possessor. Above everything, he should realize that hope is man's friend and fear his enemy, and that we all have the same desire: *Vivere ardendo e non sentire il male.*

IV

When the group replaces the individual the public will get better medical and surgical service. It will be within the means of all save the poor, who—it is universally admitted—are cared for now in every self-respecting community. The rich, I suppose, may continue, if they wish, to have individual doctors who "understand their constitutions," who are "such a lamb" or "such a comfort," and who are more skilled in finding out what the patient wants than what he has, more determined to see that he gets it than to make him learn the rules of health and conform to them.

It is difficult now for people out of health to know how to find a "good" doctor. It will be easier to find a good group than a good individual, and when it has been found the seeker after health may be satisfied that a bad doctor will have little chance of getting into it, or that if he should get in he will not stay long. Few stupid men are taken into partnership in the greatest of our banking houses, and one cannot imagine that an incompetent lawyer would be tolerated for long in an equally great firm of corporation lawyers.

Individual doctors are often chosen for their manner; groups will be chosen for their matter. When a patient sets out for the Mayo Clinic he does not know which of the one hundred and thirty-seven doctors he is going to see. The one who will finally minister to him is the one who is most capable of dealing with his particular disease.

When group practice becomes popular, a man falling ill in a hotel, a newcomer to a community, a stranger to disease will not have to rely on the subsidized room clerk, the interested drug store, the wily advertiser, or the nepotistic clergyman to find a competent doctor; nor will the absence of an individual doctor on holiday or on duty cause consternation among apprehensive parents. The sick man will be able to get the address of a medical group from the telephone central, just as one can now report a fire or call the police; or Academies of Medicine and County Medical Societies will provide the information. It would, of course, be testing the truth to say that every group will be competent, for a number of medical crooks or incompetents might organize. But that would simply be another of life's hazards which we have to endure.

Group practice would also do away with the hokum and buncombe, the pretense and esotericism of medical practice. There would be fewer people "threatened with pneumonia" and fewer patients with a "touch" of typhoid fever. There would not be so many doctors who "just saved my life," but there would be a vast increase in the number of those to whom the detection of disease is a problem to be solved like any other physical problem.

A sick person wants to be made well, or as nearly well as possible; not only to have life prolonged but to have it free from pain. If he has confidence that this can be done, his improvement is facilitated enormously. Thorough examination is a great confidence-inspirer; few things destroy confidence more quickly than to be told, "You will be all right in a few days" when the statement is not based upon searching examination.

The day of the oracle in medicine has gone; the day of the investigator has dawned. Competency is what patients want in a physician; if they can get it blended with kindliness, culture, and understanding all the better. They get it thus blended from "born" doctors and from doctors who have experienced shattering illness. If the group-doctor selects his coadjutors prudently, they will get it from the group.

If a patient wants a doctor to coddle him he should go to an individual; if he wants one to cure him he should go to a group. The reason why hospitals and pay clinics are so successful is that they practice group medicine. The reason why such a small proportion of physicians are successful and affluent is that they have not fully emancipated themselves from being mystics and medicine men.

Organization has thrust efficiency upon medical education, and now it should do the same for practice.

V

I admit that group practice is not the ideal method of practicing medicine. The ideal way—and I wish it were not generally impracticable—would be for the physician to have his own laboratories and as many assistants to make examinations and investigations as necessary, leaving for him that upon which so much of the success of practice depends, namely the personal relation with the patient.

One can take care of a patient without caring for him, but there never was a good doctor who did not find something in a sick person that aroused his sympathy, excited his admiration, or moved his compassion. The good doctor is interested in humanity. Every candidate for the profession should be asked before taking the Hippocratic Oath, "Do you like children and dogs?" If the answer is in the negative administration of the oath should be delayed while the candidate is told that his chances of becoming a good clinician are slim. The person who likes children and dogs will be tender to those who suffer or fear, and this tenderness brings the physician greater rewards than money or position; it earns him the affection, esteem, and confidence of his patients. Not of all of them, but of enough to compensate him for the time, sympathy, and understanding which he lavishes upon them.

If the practice of medicine consisted only in detecting disease and applying measures to combat it, group practice would be ideal; but frequently the person, not the disease, needs examination and treatment. To accomplish this the physician must have a heart as well as a head.

There is no reason why the therapeutist of the group should not have them. But it cannot be denied that the chief objection to the group system is that it might minimize the personal relationship of patient and physician. If we are to have the group system for efficiency's sake—and I believe we must have it—group physicians must be always on their guard against impersonalizing their service.

They must remember that a considerable proportion of the physician's work is not the practice of medicine at all. It consists of counseling, orienting, extricating, encouraging, solacing, sympathizing, understanding. There is nothing in his education that prepares him for this work. To do it successfully he must have a natural inclination for it; and he must learn from experience and from intuition. It is not only the malign microbe that the physician has to combat; it is the unclean spirit. The successors of the twelve disciples ought to have power over the latter, and doubtless if clergymen were able nowadays to win the confidence of human beings to the degree that physicians do, success would attend their efforts more frequently than it does. But although clergymen are often consulted by the cripples of fate, ignorance, and misrepresentation, so many of them look upon the source of

the sufferer's symptoms as sin that the confidence of the patient is alienated rather than gained.

The chief reason why physicians are consulted so frequently about matters seemingly beyond their province is that there is a tradition that they are deserving of confidence, and one of the glories of the profession is that its members seem to be deserving of it. What they are told in darkness they do not speak in light, nor are they commanded to preach upon the housetops what they hear in the ear. One of the hardest tasks of group physicians will be to maintain this high tradition, based as it is upon the personal relation between doctor and patient.

Even so, I believe that the advantages of group practice will heavily outweigh its possible dangers. One of our great national assets in this time of prosperity is that there is comparatively little discontent in the brawn of our nation. There is discontent, however, in its brain. Anyone who wishes to perpetuate his name and at the same time contribute enormously to dispel this discontent may do so by endowing hospitals and clinics to which persons able to pay fifty dollars a week may go when they are ill or threatened with illness and get complete, competent medical and surgical service. There should be at least twenty such hospitals in New York City alone, and the physicians who serve them should be adequately compensated, not by the patient, but by the hospital. Such a plan would do away with the baneful financial relation of physician and patient, promote the personal relation, and give the man of moderate means what he is entitled to when he falls ill: the most competent medical and surgical care that the community he adorns or encumbers can provide.

GRANDFATHER

BY JACQUELINE EMBRY

O PODDY, of the piercing sapphire eyes
Under snow-stormy brows, the straight thin nose,
The sharp mustache, blue-white, worn Kaiser-wise,
The gorgeous swearing—all the thundering pose
That fooled your tall sons never once fooled me.
Your lamp burned steadily those old nights through,
Lest chased by my dread Chinaman I'd flee
Down the dark hall to creep in bed with you.
You're probably the Golden Streets' best sight:
Swinging your long blue cape and looking vain!
Is Heaven's coffee hot? The spoon-bread light?
Do angels fly fast when you pound your cane?
And have you found a small red-headed lass
To feed the sugar from your toddy glass?

THE MURDER AT MOOSETAIL

A STORY

BY HARVEY O'HIGGINS

"I CAME up here with you," he said, "to *kill* you," and he said it, thrown forward across the little table, holding to the sides of the table-top with both hands and glaring with a drunken venom; but there was a maudlin moisture in his eyes, as if his very rage were exasperated to the point of tears, or the horror of his murderous confession had made him sorry for himself.

His brother smiled at him, comfortably alcoholic. "Yes, I know," he said. "That's why I wouldn't let you get behind me with a gun."

They were both dressed in sweaters and leather shooting jackets. They had been eating supper on a rustic table, before an open fire, in the living room of a little hunting shack. Two stuffed birds eyed them glassily from the mantelshelf, and the head of a deer watched them from the chimney wall. Outside the windows a cold moon was shining on the sparkle of a mountain lake and on the pine and white birch of the Maine woods.

The first man leaned farther across the dishes, his chin thrust forward, stretching his neck. "You *ought* to be killed!"

"I guess that's true enough," the other replied tolerantly, "from *your* point of view."

He was a handsome wreck of a man with regular fine features much wrinkled and deeply lined, so that he looked keen and shrewd; yet he smiled so easily and so often that he gave a general effect of irresponsible sagacity, of being mischievously wise. He was perhaps forty years of age, but he had evidently been athletic in his youth, and he wore his sweater, his canvas trousers and his shoepacks with as much lean power and grace as if they were a military uniform. He sat leaning back in his chair, at once erect and relaxed, just drooping his head a little to look out from under his eyebrows humorously at the tearful malevolence of his brother Martin.

And he made Martin seem ridiculous, too fat, too bald, too colorless, too weak with his scanty eyebrows and his little enraged eyes and his plump cheeks that were pale and trembling with murder and emotion.

"You think I haven't the nerve to do it," Martin said hoarsely.

"No," he replied, "I think you merely realize it wouldn't do you any good to do it."

They were evidently both aware of the terrible seriousness of the situation, though they spoke without any melodramatic gestures and in low and guarded tones, because they could hear a murmur of voices through the closed door of the kitchen, where their cook and their chauffeur were finishing supper. Neither of them was trying to belittle the shocking gravity of the moment. But, with mankind's incurable gift for being human, they accepted this horror, too, as a part of the day in which it had arrived, and they subdued it to the color of the commonplace as they would have subdued any other reality that had to be faced.

Martin struck a blow on the table. "You *ought* to be killed! You're no

good to anyone, alive. You're a drunken loafer and you always were. If it hadn't been for the War you'd've been in the gutter by this time. All you could ever do was shoot."

"And be shot at," his brother said. "You forget that a lot of Germans have been after me in my day, and they were better shots than you are."

Martin continued pounding the table, working up his rage, but he struck weak blows, fat blows, guarded blows that were not too noisy; and though he was evidently trying to keep himself screwed up to the thought of murder, he looked astonishingly like a naughty child beating on the table with a chubby fist. "You've always hated me. You've always taken everything away from me. Always. Always. Even with mother and dad. And you tried to take Connie away from me before we were married, and you never forgave me because she turned you down. You were jealous. You kept on trying to make trouble. And now you've helped her to leave me. You've got her to go. *You* did it. I know you did. You did. You *did*."

The other merely shook his head. "No one could've got Connie away from you if she hadn't wanted to leave. She came to me for help, and I helped her. That's all there is to *that*."

Martin stopped pounding the table. He clutched the edges of the table-top again with both hands. "Why did you help her? Why? To get her away from me. That's why. You were in love with her from the first. You wanted her. You wanted her and *I* got her. You hated me for that. You've hated me ever since. That's why you helped her. To hurt me. To disgrace me. To take her away from me."

He clung to the table-top, lying on it as if he were trying to drag himself across it towards his brother who sat back watching him. A bridge lamp had been arranged to shine on the supper, and the shade had been adjusted so that the light should not glare in their eyes; but with Martin sprawling forward on the tablecloth, the lamp shone full on his face making a naked exposure of his rage and his hatred.

His brother turned the lamp aside on its standard, so as to put Martin's face in the shadow—in case a servant should come in. "I was never in love with Connie," he said. "She was in love with me."

"You damned liar!"

"I'm as damned as you please, but you know I'm no liar."

It was evident, from the change in Martin's expression, that he knew this to be true. He glared at his brother silently, as if he were refocusing his mind to a new point of view.

"She was in love with me," the brother went on, "but I never liked her. She's not my type. She has no loyalty. She's a crazy little egotist. She showed it when she married you out of pique and because you hated *me*. She's probably told you all sorts of lies about me. Certainly someone has. Someone's kept you stirred up against me." He nodded to himself. "Well, that's all right. I didn't mind. I was sorry for her. At first, when she came to me for help—a year ago—I sent her back to you, but she made me feel responsible for her because she accused me of having ruined her life, and I realized there was a certain amount of truth in that, so I undertook to help her out. That's all there is to it."

Martin began to pound the table again. "She's lying. She's lying. Her life wasn't ruined. Not by marrying me. Suppose she'd married you, where'd she be? With you drinking and gambling and living around with any damn' woman who'd have you! How could she be in love with that? How could any woman? She knew you. She knew what you were. How could she be ruined by not marrying *you*? You'd have driven her crazy."

"Well," the other said cheerfully, "that's the way women are."

Martin stormed ahead, uninterrupted, "How have I ruined her? I've given

her everything. I've done nothing but work for her. Every day. All day. And worried all night. Getting those damn' investments on their feet. Getting them there and keeping them there. For her. So we'd be rich. So she could have everything she wanted. So I could give it to her. What did *I* ever get out of it? What have I had for myself but clothes and food and a place to sleep? Who was I working for if it wasn't for *her?*"

A servant tapped on the kitchen door and entered. It was the cook, the wife of the chauffeur, and she came with a tray to gather up the dishes. Instantly, Martin straightened up in his chair, his face composed in an expression of drunken dignity. He became Martin J. Beekman, president of the Camford Woolen Mills, the Camford Trust Company, the First National Bank of Camford, the Camford Union Traction Company, and so forth. His brother did not have to look so dignified. He was merely Major Lawrence Beekman, commonly known as "Captain Larry," a man of leisure on a small income, a citizen soldier with no military duties since he had been demobilized. He rose from his chair to give the servant easy access to the table, and he began to walk up and down the room, holding the lapels of his coat with both hands, his shoulders squared, the weight of his arms drawing the coat collar tight against the back of his neck, his head bowed thoughtfully.

In the silence the whole scene had become domestic, peaceful, snug. In the huge fireplace of field stones the flames and the smoke were released rejoicing up the chimney from a pile of blazing pine logs, and their dancing light glowed through the room in a happy animation. That light warmed and comforted the easy-chairs in figured cretonne, the lounge and its cushions, the tables and their lamps, the rugs on the floors and the hunting pictures on the varnished ship-lap of the walls—all turned as gratefully to the hearth as if they were basking in its radiance, and the framed glasses on the pictures twinkling as they watched the fire. Martin Beekman at the table, and his brother pacing up and down the rugs, looked like tired hunters after a hard day, contentedly silent in the sheltered warmth of their woodlodge; and there was no more the atmosphere of murder about them than there was about their servant, a plump and motherly little woman in a neat apron.

Larry stopped, once, to ask her, "Has Tom got the fire going in your cabin?"

"Yes, sir," she answered, "he has."

"Better air your bedding in front of the fire," he said, "before you try to sleep in it."

"Yes, sir," she replied. "We've been doing that."

"All right," he ended. "That's all for to-night."

He resumed his meditative pacing up and down. She had cleared the table and loaded the tray and covered the dishes with the folded tablecloth. She put back on the bare table a bottle of rye, a siphon of water, and two glasses. "Good-night, sirs," she said, with a furtive glance at Martin.

He remained silent. "Good-night, Mary," the Major answered. "Breakfast at eight."

"Yes, sir."

She bustled out nervously and closed the door. He took a log from the woodbox and threw it on the fire. Martin reached for the whiskey bottle.

"If you were a drinker," the Major said, "you'd know that whiskey'll never help you to do what you can't do without it."

Martin grasped the bottle as if he were about to throw it. "What do you mean by *that?*"

"Why," Larry answered, sweetly, "I mean just what I say. Whiskey doesn't change a man. It steps up his weaknesses as well as his strength. You'll not kill me on whiskey, Mart, because you can't kill me without it."

Martin hammered the bottom of the bottle on the table, egging himself on again. "I'll kill *you* or I'll kill *her*. I'll

kill somebody. I'll kill you both. Some way or other. I'll work up a case against you. I'll ruin her. I'll sue for divorce and name you as co-respondent. I'll swear you admitted she was in love with you and you helped her to run away. I'll get detectives to swear anything I damn' please about you both. I'll disgrace you with every decent person that ever knew you."

Larry shook his head, unworried. "No decent person'll believe a word of it."

"Won't they! Won't they! I'll show you where you get off with this community. You drunken loafer! There isn't a politician in the state that I can't handle, and there isn't a judge that doesn't play with the politicians. No, nor a newspaper. I'll frame you good. I'll show you that it pays to be a part of the community you live in. I'll set these people after you as if you were a mad dog. I'll have them throwing things at you in the streets. I don't care if it costs every penny I've got in the world. I'll put you both in the gutter and keep you there. I'll do it. As sure as you live, I'll do it."

"I believe you would." He sat down to confront his brother, with a soft and smiling intentness, studying him.

Martin was exultant. All the tearful weakness had gone out of his expression. He looked fiercely spiteful.

"It's just occurred to you," Larry said, "but I believe you'd do it. It's just the sort of thing you *would* do."

"You're right I'll do it." He thrust forward the face of an enraged boy, grimacing, showing his teeth. "Yah!" He all but stuck out his tongue. "You're damned right I'll do it."

Larry laughed. "Well, then," he said, "I guess the murder's up to me. I'll have to make it look like suicide, so there'll be no scandal, but I can't let you leave here alive, can I? It'd be no use killing you after you'd done it, and I couldn't trust any promise you'd make not to go through with it if I gave you the chance. We'll have to end this thing, up here, and the only way to end it is to end you."

He proposed it as cheerfully as if it were some sort of spirited prank. Martin made a contemptuous gesture. "You can't scare me."

"It makes me feel like old times." Larry folded his arms on the table. "I never talked to you about the War, did I?" he asked, a little shyly. "I served part of my time as a sharpshooter. I used to take food for a couple of days and crawl out, at night, through the German lines, and start pot-hunting them at dawn. After I'd picked off two or three, they'd get a line on me and the fun'd begin. You know, Mart, there's no hunting like man-hunting. There's no other animal as cunning or as dangerous as a man. He makes even big-game shooting feel like target practice. I couldn't tell, half the time, whether I was the hunter or the hunted. It has a great kick, and I'd like to get it again, so I'm going to take you over to the woods below Moosetail Mountain to-morrow morning, and give you a gun, and go after you, eh? You'll have all the best of it, because you can lie low and wait for me to come and get you, and whatever way it ends, it'll be one of those accidents that are always happening to deer hunters. 'I saw something moving in the bushes and I thought it was a big buck. He wasn't supposed to be off in that direction.' *You* know. And, either way it ends, the survivor'll have a good conscience, because he'll know he killed in self-defense."

His manner had grown pleasantly jocular. The wrinkles of his smile were amiable wrinkles. His alcoholic geniality was almost affectionate. As he leaned forward, more and more confidentially, on the table, Martin drew farther and farther back from him, blinking, as if he were trying to keep him in focus.

Larry went on, "I don't understand why people are so afraid of getting killed. I've been over the edge twice myself, and it's a lovely feeling. It's

like falling asleep when you're so exhausted that you can't keep your eyes open another minute. It's the perfect escape. You realize that all your worries are over and done with, absolutely. I can't describe it. You feel like a tired baby that's got back to his mother—to be tucked into his cradle. I'm sure that half the boys I saw die felt just that way about it. They curled up and snuggled down in the mud as if it were a feather bed, as peaceful as an infant full of warm milk. It's a great sensation, Mart. You'll like it."

Martin said palely, "You can't scare *me*."

"Whereas, if you kill the other man," said Larry, "you'll find yourself sitting on the top of the world. It's immense. Here's a man who's been worrying you and worrying you till the whole world seems to be full of him, and you take up a gun, and—puff!—he vanishes. You wipe him right out, and you wipe out every worry that came with him. You own the whole world again and you've put him out of it. It makes you feel like a god. You say to yourself, 'It took all Creation thirty years or more to make that guy, and I flattened out the whole job in a split second.' You've chopped down trees, haven't you, Martin? You know the feeling you have when a hundred-year-old oak comes crashing down in front of you? Well, that's nothing to the sensation you get when it's a man that falls. Talk about a sense of power! Boy! It's tremendous."

Martin had stiffened back against his chair for support, and Larry held him there with a gaze that was kindly, candid, and hypnotic. Martin said weakly, "You can't scare me."

"I'm not trying to," said Larry. "I'm trying to reassure you. I'm trying to tell you that if you get killed, you'll like it, and if you kill *me*, you'll feel like a king. Not that I think you'll kill me. I don't want to deceive you. I don't believe you have a chance. I'm sure I'll get you, and I'll tell you why. I don't believe you really want to live any longer, Mart. You're struggling against some sort of impulse to kill yourself, and you think it's an impulse to kill me or Connie. You've ruined your life, and you know it. Connie was about the only thing you had left, and you've lost her, so you've got nothing to live for any longer. That's what's the matter with you, and you might as well face it, old-timer. Here. Take a drink. You're going to need it."

He poured his brother a stiff glass of whiskey and water benevolently and slid it across the table to him. "What're you trying to do to me?" asked Martin.

"Well," he said, "I don't suppose I'm trying to do anything but tell you about yourself. You should've been told long ago, and it would've helped you, but nobody liked to do it, because we were all more or less sorry for you. I remember, when mother died—even as long ago as that—we talked you over, and she asked me to bear with you and try to help you, because it wasn't your fault that you were such a mess. She blamed herself. She said she'd never been able to like you from the day you were born. She hadn't wanted you. And she didn't nurse you. You were brought up on a bottle, and you were a frightened crybaby from the beginning. She believed that was why you grew up to be such a timid boy and such a little liar. She couldn't help but despise you, and she tried to hide it from you, but she knew you realized it, and it made you worse."

"You took her away from me," Martin broke in hoarsely. "You took them both away from me—dad, too. They did everything for you and they never did a thing for me. They sent you to college and *I* had to go to work. They left you every cent they had and they left me nothing—"

"Now, now, Martin," Larry soothed him, "try to be fair. You know they left you nothing because you didn't need it. You were already getting rich. And they couldn't send you to college because you wouldn't *go* to college.

You wanted to make money. Even then, just out of school, you wanted to make money because you were afraid to be without it. That's been your trouble all your life. You've wanted security. You've wanted to feel safe against every chance in life. And, unfortunately, that's one thing nobody can get in this world—security. I found that out, years ago. I went after adventure because it's the only thing life is sure to give you, and I wanted to get used to it, maybe. Anyway, that's why I jumped into the War. I knew I was afraid to die, and I wanted to get used to *that*. You've been timid and frightened and afraid of life, and that's what licked you."

Martin had taken a gulp of whiskey. "Licked!" he cried, in a voice that cracked. "I'll show you whether I'm licked or not."

"Yes, licked." Larry wagged his head, sagely smiling and pitiful. "Life has licked you in every way, old dear. You've no friends because you wouldn't take a chance on anyone, and you've no children because you were afraid to have children. At first, Connie tells me, you felt you couldn't afford to, and then, when she got ill you were afraid it might kill her. That's the excuse you gave her, anyway. As a matter of fact, Mart, I believe you were so jealous of her that you didn't even want her to have a baby to love. You've spent fifteen years trying to make a sort of hermit crab of her and keep her shut up with you in your shell. You couldn't feel safe about her any other way. You've tried to wall her up in a little domestic prison of your own, and she's ended it by climbing out forever. She'll never come back. She hates you. She says you're timid and crooked and cruel and yellow in every way."

"You go to hell," Martin said.

"And you're licked even in your money-making. You can't fool me, Mart. I've been watching you too long. When you started in, the safest things that you could see in Camford were ice and lime. They'd always made money, so of course you figured that they always *would;* and by the time you got a hold on the ice export, artificial ice knocked the bottom out of the whole business, and by the time you got well landed in the lime, your pits were so deep it scarcely paid to work them. It was the same way with lumber. You started playing safe. You cut the timber nearest the mill first, and now that you have to compete with the South and the West, you have to go the farthest for your trees and make the longest haul. You got control of the street railway about the time that the automobile cut out all your real profits. You've starved your woolen mills for new machinery till you can't compete with the modern mills that're putting you out of business. If you're not bankrupt already, you soon will be. You've always bought with your eyes on the past instead of the future. It's a surprise to me that you don't own a carriage factory, Mart. These smart boys are always loading you up with a safe old business that's just about to become extinct. You'll never take a chance on a new one."

Martin had listened to that unmoved, his eyes on the table. "Don't you worry," he muttered thickly. "I got the whole town in so deep with me they can't let me sink."

Larry shrugged his shoulders. "*I'm* not worrying, but I think it's time *you* were. Judge Gaffney's begun to."

"Gaffney?" It was as if the name had stung Martin. "What do you know about Gaffney?"

"Well," Larry said, "I had to see him about your wife's affairs. She gave me the key of her deposit box so I could get out her securities for her, and when Gaffney heard what those securities *were* he realized that you'd been protecting yourself by carrying all your sure things in her name. He also realized, little one, that you'd loaded up the trust company with a lot of deadwood that wouldn't be worth the match to set fire to it if things went wrong with you, and

he decided to take advantage of your absence up here in order to trim the boat."

Martin had partly risen from the table. It was with a dry mouth, in a very small voice, that he asked, "What do you mean by 'trim the boat'?"

"Evidently, by trimming the boat," said Larry, "he meant throwing you overboard."

Martin sat down as if his legs had failed to support him.

"He was to call a meeting of the trust company directors the day we left. They were going to sell their stock in your woolen mills to Chisholm on condition that he took their street-railway holdings too. Then, if that deal went through, they were going to turn over their part of your lumber company to a syndicate, with Connie's stock added to give the syndicate a controlling interest. That's all I heard; but if you're counting on these people to keep you afloat, Martin—"

"You've ditched me!" Martin said. "You've sold me out, you and Connie!"

"No. I'll tell you what happened. When Gaffney went through those papers of yours in Connie's box he found that you'd been double-crossing the trust company. I don't understand the details, but he declared there was enough to base a case on. Well! If they were going to prosecute you they had to get you first where you couldn't cut their throats, so Gaffney decided to clean you out to the point where you couldn't fight, and then start an action to put you in jail. They've probably got it all rigged for you by this time, and they're just waiting for you to come back to Camford."

Martin had begun to rub his forehead, with fumbling and drunken hands, in a desperate effort to clear his befuddled brain; and evidently something became horribly clear to him, for drawing both hands down his cheeks, he covered his mouth with his fingers and stared ahead of him, transfixed. He was looking right through Larry, without seeing him, pale, his mouth open behind his fingers; and after a moment Larry rose softly, watching him, and moved aside as if he were afraid of obstructing Martin's view of whatever horror he was confronting.

"Here," Larry said. "Here are the keys of my rooms in Boston. Take the canoe and paddle across the lake to Patchin Point. The road comes in there to within fifty yards of the shoreline. You can walk to Derry in two hours—if you make any sort of time—and catch the midnight to Boston. They'll never think of looking for you in *my* place. The bank stock you put in Connie's name's enough to take care of you both. I'll see that she sends you a check every month. We'll get you abroad some way. I'll arrange all that when I join you in Boston. But beat it now. They're liable to be up here, after you, in the morning."

Martin did not move. He answered only with a shuddering flutter of sound in his throat, as if he had been holding his breath, and now drew a stealthy inhalation, terrorized and grief-stricken.

Larry took an automatic from his hip pocket and slowly slid it across the table towards him. "Better take that with you. You may need it."

Martin did not look at it, and Larry began to back away quietly toward the varnished staircase that came down in one corner of the room beside the kitchen door. The wood fire steamed and chuckled to itself in the silence, and he could hear the subdued click of dishes from the kitchen where the servants were washing up. He waited, his foot on the bottom step of the stairs, looking back over his shoulder, till he saw Martin's eyelids flutter and his gaze fall on the pistol in front of him. Then he mounted the steps, two at a time, noiseless in his shoepacks, with a swift stealthiness.

He had his coat off before he reached his bedroom door and, having locked himself in, he continued hastily to undress, without striking a light, in the dim radiance of the reflected moonshine.

His room overlooked the lake, and a glass door opened on a sleeping porch that overhung the water. Standing at that door, he could see the canoe tied at the landing place below him; and he undressed there, like a boy beside a swimming hole, balancing on one foot while he raised the other to unlace his shoepack, watching for Martin to appear and listening alertly for any sound from the room beneath him.

Nothing happened. He got into slippers and a dressing gown, threw back the clothes on his bed, punched his pillow, and roughened up his hair with both hands. Then, having established that appearance of having been disturbed in his innocent repose, he went back to his post of observation at the porch door, standing aside in the shadow, stretching his neck, crouching a little.

He heard, from below stairs, a muffled thud of sound.

He stiffened and threw up his head like a startled animal that scents danger.

Someone screamed.

He walked quite slowly to his bedroom door, unlocked it and drew it open. "What was that?" he called.

A confusion of frightened voices answered him from the foot of the stairs —the voices of the cook and the chauffeur at the kitchen door. When he came to the turn of the stair-landing he could see them, clutched together in the open doorway, staring at something that was hidden from him in the living room. He descended calmly, his hands in the pockets of his dressing gown, with an air of military composure—till he could see Martin at the supper table, fallen forward on his face, his arms folded under him as if he were hugging something to his breast. Without moving his eyes from that still figure, he said, "Tom, get your car. Bring Doctor Roberts from Derry. Mary, fetch me that first-aid kit from the bathroom." He spoke with the authority of an officer in the huddle of a night alarm, and they hurried to obey him.

He crossed the room and stood beside Martin, looking down at him. He did not take his hands from his pockets. He leaned over to put his ear to Martin's back, between the shoulder-blades, and he was still in that position when Mary returned, running, with the bandages.

"Is he dead?" she cried, under her voice, as if she were afraid that Martin would hear.

He did not answer. He did not need to. When he straightened up, she saw his answer in his face. He was saying to himself, "He's found it. All his life he's been looking for it, and he's found it at last."

He turned to her with a strange smile. "Security," he said.

SHALL WE FLY THE ATLANTIC?

BY CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

ONCE more the clamor of airplane motors is rising on both sides of the Atlantic. Despite the sober warnings that came last year when plane after plane tumbled into the sea, we are likely to witness this summer many another attempt to follow the year-old Lindbergh trail. Popular enthusiasm for transoceanic flights is enormous; apparently the public is convinced that only through such attempts can aviation come into its own. Yet perhaps this is an appropriate time to consider soberly and without prejudice the whole question of the hazards and value of such exploits.

It may be that behind our present fervor for long-distance, non-stop flights over water in land ships there is a sincere and commendable desire to enhance the prestige of the airplane and to hasten a new era in transoceanic communication. But the fact remains that most of the responsible authorities in aviation are opposed to undisciplined attempts; that the industry foresees more disasters and a weakening of the public confidence built up at such a cost; and that if the coolest heads in the aëronautical world had their way they would call for control.

Colonel Lindbergh, who has never been known to talk too much, advises caution. It is still hazardous, we are reminded by Commander Richard E. Byrd, whose flight to France was one of the toughest battles ever fought in the air. It can be dangerous, advises the sober-minded Clarence Chamberlin.

When Lindbergh flew three thousand six hundred and ten miles and reached his precise objective the heavier-than-air land plane justified the wildest promises of the Wrights. When Chamberlin, two weeks later, carried a passenger to Germany to a new distance record the justification became more certain. And when Byrd's tri-motored Fokker, with four men aboard, pushed through fog and storm for nineteen hours and held brilliantly to its course we were offered the final evidence that an airplane can be successfully navigated to its goal under the most distressing conditions.

Yet in spite of these successful crossings and that of the *Bremen*, the industry sanely recognizes the limitations of the heavier-than-air craft for such long journeys. It concedes that the hazards still remain and that for some years to come, at least, any non-stop flight across the Atlantic in a land plane, particularly a single-engined plane, must be considered *spectacular*.

Charles L. Lawrance, president of the Wright Aëronautical Corporation, a calm and dispassionate critic, called attention to the unbridged gap between the heavier-than-air craft of to-day and its perfected successor of the future when he said:

"The equation between motors and men has not yet been adequately balanced to justify a repetition of long-distance non-stop flights over water in land planes. It is unwarranted, of course, to criticize motors alone for failures. It is equally unwarranted to blame the pilot.

"But somewhere between the two lies a problematical area of failure—you might prefer to call it a factor—which must, in the interest of public confidence

and passenger safety, be replaced by a known quantity of safety.

"This can only be done by sound, careful fact-finding and experimentation."

The more articulate men in aviation take the attitude that the first flights—and here, of course, the emphasis falls on Lindbergh—were necessary. Pioneering effort is necessary in any new field. These flights proved spectacularly to the public the possibilities of the heavier-than-air machine. The fact that not once, but six times since 1919, this type of craft covered the one thousand nine hundred miles of ocean, in uninterrupted flight between Newfoundland and England and the Continent, demonstrated that such flights are feasible.

But just as spectacularly, too, the successful flights, as well as those that failed, demonstrated the manifest limitations of the airplane for such a dangerous venture. Before it can hope to take its place as a commercial competitor of the steamboat it must be brought to the stage of development where reasonable safety can be guaranteed.

Therefore, aviation looks with growing disfavor upon new attempts which, it is contended, can add little more to what the pioneers have already shown, and are altogether too likely (the chances of failure being what they are) to destroy public confidence. It believes that we should engage in more research before we think seriously of establishing commercial service across the ocean.

II

Probably the question most frequently put to any authority in aviation is "What happened to those poor devils?" What happened to Nungesser and Coli? To Bertaud, Hill, and Payne? To Hinchliffe and the Hon. Miss Mackay? To the seven Pacific flyers? And to half a dozen others? Such questions come into the mind of any layman when the future of transoceanic air service is discussed.

I have asked the question half a hundred times, and as many experts have tried to answer it. Not always have the answers been the same. Some blame the motors. But the motor builders deny that there is any basis for indictment. The messages that came from missing planes which carried wireless sets, they point out, never complained of motor trouble. No, they say, the fault must be elsewhere. Perhaps the plumbing (the gas and oil lines) broke. Perhaps the pilots were at fault. Perhaps the planes were too heavily loaded. After all, any answer must be speculative. Only one plane that failed last year—Miss Elder's Stinson-Detroiter—ever was rescued, and not too much was to be learned from that.

But from all the speculative replies it is possible to build up a sound and comprehensive hypothesis in which not only the motor builders but the flyers concur. It is that the failures cannot be traced exclusively to one source, but that the blame must be distributed among many factors—the weather, the pilot, the motor, and perhaps the plane itself.

There was altogether too much excitement last summer to permit a scholarly study of the facts. Success overlapped failure and failure, success so rapidly that the calm detachment so necessary to fact-finding was impossible. Much that was significant escaped notice, and much that should have been told, I dare say, never came out in the newspapers.

For one thing, the Lindbergh legend was so firmly rooted in the minds of the newspaper editors that any "pointing with alarm" would have been repudiated as high treason. Lindbergh had made the crossing! Within a day and a half he had endowed the airplane with infallible resourcefulness. Not even the failures could dim that legend.

Even that sober young man, whom no praise can rob of a proper judgment of values, found himself fettered by it. When the Dole flyers were lining up at Oakland Beach, California, for the race which was to glorify the pineapple, he

sadly remarked to a friend, "Some of those fine fellows are going to kill themselves. They don't know what they are up against." But naturally he couldn't come out with this publicly. How would such a statement have sounded, coming from the man whose feat was responsible for the legend?

What Lindbergh knew then—what Byrd, Chamberlin, Noville, Balchen, and Acosta knew—was that ambition and courage are not sufficient to guarantee success. These men had poured months of labor and study into meeting the problems of their flight. But at best it proved little more than primer book-learning when they confronted the actualities of an ocean crossing by air: the ear-deafening, mind-deadening harmony of the motor; the unending fight to keep sleepy eyes upon instruments hour after hour; the strain of holding to a course and watching, ever watching, the half dozen vibrating needles that bridge the gap between life and death; the pitiless cold and the threat of ice-forming sleet. They learned how all-important was the human element in the equation. Even a perfect motor could not alone bring success if the human mind failed in its terrific task.

III

The transatlantic flyers and Maitland and Hegenberger, who made the first flight to Hawaii, experimented carefully. None of these men took off until he had tested every part of his ship—motors, instruments, and plane. But still they recognized unplotted gaps in performance. For one thing, there was the question of load.

Newspapers made a great deal of ballyhoo over "load tests" during the preparations for flight, but it is doubtful if many readers realized what they involved. By load is meant the weight the motors are forced to carry. In its broadest sense, the term includes everything—plane, motor, pilot, gas, oil, supplies, and equipment. Naturally, the efficiency of the motor, or rather its capabilities, vary with the amount of load carried.

Only by careful testing, by calibration of motor performance at increasing loads, could the flyers estimate how much fuel they would have to carry to complete the trip; and, above all, whether or not their planes could lift from the limited runway at Roosevelt Field such heavy loads as were required for the Atlantic crossing.

It was a comprehensive study of the problem that they made, and it necessitated correlating a whole system of aëronautical learning; they had to take into account the need of special protection for motor and fuel lines against vibration, the meteorological conditions that the loaded plane might meet, and a thousand and one seemingly obscure but vital details.

Yet for all this planning, Lindbergh could hardly have foreseen the difficulty that attended his take-off on May 20. To those who saw it and who could imagine themselves riding with him in the cramped cabin of the *Spirit of St. Louis*, it will always seem like a terrifying dream.

Out of the mist, from the far end of the runway, like a ghostly, dust-tossing bird, came the tiny monoplane. It seemed preposterously slow. Its tail skid clutched the ground. It slithered past the first danger point—the man who crouched beside a fire extinguisher; it trundled past another, and another. It looked as if it could never get up in time to escape crashing into the fifty-foot mound Byrd had built for the *America's* take-off.

It did—but barely in time to clear the stack of a steamroller by ten feet, a row of telegraph poles by twenty feet. Then the plane lumbered out toward the sea, fighting for altitude.

That picture gives an idea of what the problem of load means to the flyer. Nature has decreed that in the airplane the load cannot exceed a certain limit. The "power loading," as it is technically called, cannot exceed twenty-five pounds per horsepower without sacrifice of

maneuverability, speed, and safety. Loaded much beyond that, the plane cannot fly at all. The greater the load, the greater the power required to lift it and sustain flight. The power output remaining constant, naturally the load must be limited.

Now for the transatlantic flights, because of the great distance to be covered, the great volume of load capacity had to be allotted to fuel and oil; not only enough fuel to make the flight, but also a margin of five or six hours' worth in the event of unfavorable storms or winds. As a result, these planes took off with a power loading which touched the last thin rim of safety.

If Lindbergh's start was exciting, Byrd's was no less so. Even the added advantage of the start from the crest of the mound, which was calculated to add a theoretical distance of five hundred feet to the runway, failed appreciably to diminish the hazards. By not more than five feet, the eight-ton plane cleared the gully into which had plunged Rene Fonck's tri-motored Sikorsky the year before.

Dramatic, yes. But the full drama was not known until several days later when it was vividly documented by Noville. He told how he had crouched behind Acosta and watched for the snap of the pilot's elbow which was to tell him to dump the fuel supply—a gesture, he knew, that would come when a crash was inevitable.

But Acosta's hands never wavered from the controls. With that dare-devil skill for which he is famous, he guided the Fokker from the ground, although a ground speed of ninety miles an hour was needed to do it. It is not difficult to imagine what might have happened within another second. The fate of the Sikorsky is not forgotten.

Whether it was excess load or faulty handling that brought Fonck's ship to its untimely end has never been satisfactorily determined. With its three 425-horsepower Gnome-Rhone-Jupiter motors straining against a load of 28,000 pounds, it bumped down the runway, laboriously gathering speed. Half-way down one of the rudders gave way with a crash. The motors were wide open, but the plane couldn't gather enough sustaining wind under its 101 feet of wing spread to get off. It scaled over the crest of the gully, flopped to the ground and, when its right landing gear collapsed, slithered on its wing and burst into flames.

The question of load, then, remains a pressing one if land planes are to continue long-distance flights without stops for refueling. To achieve increased distance, they must carry more fuel. And the greater the fuel loading, the greater the strain on motors. The proportions are fixed.

But the problem of excess loading does not end at the take-off. For many hours during the flight, while the plane is working off a percentage of its fuel load in actual consumption, the mechanical and mental hazard continues. Here, it seems, is a source of danger to which not a few of those who attempted transatlantic flight failed to give proper attention.

Most of the planes which took off last summer were admittedly loaded to the critical point. Naturally, during the first ten hours at least, while the motors were disposing of a quantity of fuel and oil, they were sluggish to the controls. The climbing speed, controllability, and horizontal velocity of the plane vary in inverse proportion with the power loading.

This sacrifice of maneuverability for maximum fuel loading is particularly dangerous in view of the peculiar meteorological conditions generally prevailing over the North Atlantic, and may have tended to bring disaster to several of the planes. I refer specifically to the dangers of meeting storms or ice-forming temperatures.

Byrd's experience is worth citing. While three hours east of Newfoundland, with one thousand four hundred miles of its journey behind it, and preparing to

plow into the night and fog, the *America* was still struggling with its heavy load. Fighting for every inch of altitude, it was pushing ahead under full throttle in a desperate effort to hurdle an impending storm. But it seemed slow and sluggish to the four men in her cabin.

A chilling storm at that juncture, bringing with it a critical temperature, while the *America* was physically unable to climb clear of it, might have brought the flight to an end. Hours later Byrd did see the first warning encrustations on the wing and fuselage, and he ordered Acosta to climb clear.

One is reminded of the circumstances of the loss of *Old Glory*, the Fokker monoplane, powered by a Bristol Jupitor motor, in which Lloyd Bertaud, "JD" Hill, and Philip Payne went to their deaths. For some reason a fatal premonition always hung over that plane. For weeks it waited at Roosevelt Field for a down-the-runway wind to assist the take-off. Finally it was flown to Old Orchard, where the beach offered a two-mile runway, and winds were generally favorable for a take-off. That the plane was loaded to the breaking point was generally admitted. Indeed, it was doubted whether Payne could be carried along. The additional weight that he represented, it was feared, might mean the difference between success and failure.

"She's loaded to the hilt," Hill told a friend just before the take-off. "And a bucket of ice will bring her down." How near right he was is a matter of conjecture.

Like the other eastward-bound flyers, Bertaud had counted on a generous amount of altitude by the time he reached the "corner" at Newfoundland, to capture the benefits of the prevailing westerly winds which would sweep them toward Europe and save fuel. But toward nightfall on October 6, *Old Glory* lumbered over the steamer *California*, a few hours from Halifax, not three hundred feet over her decks.

At 4 A.M. the next morning *Old Glory's* wireless sputtered "SOS. Three hours east of Newfoundland." Then came silence. Perhaps storm brought the plane down, or ice, or even motor trouble.

The experience of Mrs. Grayson's Sikorsky amphibian is equally to the point. The two 220-horsepower Wright Whirlwinds were called upon to lift a maximum load. Three times, last fall, it started from Old Orchard. Each time, after a fruitless struggle to gain a reasonable altitude, Stultz, the pilot, ordered the fuel dumped and returned. The plane was loaded beyond all reasonable expectation of safety, he insisted. He resigned.

Notwithstanding this, Mrs. Grayson took off from Roosevelt Field on Christmas Eve, with Oskar Omdal, a Norwegian flyer, at the controls, on a non-stop flight to Newfoundland, where the plane was to be refueled and was to start again for Copenhagen. Into the plane she loaded several hundred pounds of personal belongings.

Like the others, it vanished. Perhaps load brought it down, or perhaps it was Omdal's lack of experience at night flying and in a ship that was new to him. At any rate, its hull did not prove sufficiently staunch to survive and tell the story of what happened.

IV

There is no intention here to indict the pioneering impulse that motivated these particular flights. Still it must be remembered that even in 1927 there was plenty of precedent to show the dangers of flying with a maximum load. In the excitement of the past year we have been inclined to forget the lessons so painfully learned in the first transatlantic attempts in 1919: in the first crossing of the Atlantic by the *NC-4;* the subsequent non-stop flight by Alcock and Brown from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Ireland; the abortive attempt of Captain Hawker, whose miraculous rescue in mid-sea was similar to that of Ruth Elder and her pilot, George Haldeman, in 1927; and

the failures of the single-motored Martinsyde scout and the four-engined Handley-Page bomber.

In that year aviation, flushed with its war reputation, decided to exhibit its wares in a broad front window, and chose Newfoundland as its show-place. The reason for the choice was principally geographic. It was the nearest point to Europe on this continent.

The British, Canadian and American teams, with a common goal, lined up on the Newfoundland coast within a hundred miles of one another.

Let us review what happened in 1919, bearing in mind the parallel with what happened in 1927. These men were flying with 1919 motors. They were true pioneers. The two bombers, Alcock and Brown's twin-engined Vickers-Vimy and the Handley-Page, seemed to have the best chance. It was felt that they could be counted upon for thirty hours of flight without refueling. But the single-engined planes were considered a "long shot."

The three American naval flying boats, the *NC-1*, *NC-3* and the *NC-4*, which were planning a series of hops to Lisbon with stops in the Azores, made their base at Trepassey. Only by desperate resort to load-trimming were they able to take off from the water. Of the four which started from Far Rockaway, only Commander Read's *NC-4* actually reached its journey's end.

Then Alcock and Brown in their open-cockpit bomber, a strangely antiquated ship beside the modern stream-lined cabin planes, hopped off from St. John's and, after a battle with fog and storm, came down in a crash in a desolate bog in Galway, Ireland. Hawker's single-engined Sopwith descended in the mid-Atlantic, its engine burned out by a clogging of the water-cooling system.

Load—it was as critical a problem in 1919 as it was in 1927. The heavy, water-cooled Rolls-Royce engines used by the British flyers, and the Liberties used by the Americans carried a maximum horsepower loading.

Scarcely by ten feet did Alcock and Brown clear the row of trees at the end of the runway; a man who was there tells me that a spectator beside him, in the excitement and fear of watching the start, bit his lips until the blood ran.

We seem to have forgotten, by the way, that it was Alcock and Brown who made the first non-stop transatlantic flight, and that their two 375-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines drove them across the water in sixteen hours and twelve minutes, at an average velocity not since surpassed in a transatlantic trip. We seem to feel, too, that only a fluke carried these men through—that they took a gambler's chance, and were fortunate enough to win. Ironically enough, many of the safety devices used by the latter-day transoceanic flyers, and generally considered new discoveries, were conceived by these men. Their plane carried a detachable gravity fuel tank, equipped with a dump valve, to be used as a raft in the event of a forced landing. It carried a radio sending and receiving set, flares for navigation, and rockets.

Let it be recognized now that these men were the pioneers among transatlantic flyers, and that their flight served as a model for those that were to come. They did not gallantly place their destinies in the hands of the gods; with such weapons as science at the moment equipped them, they planned their flight carefully and intelligently; and they met the same odds which flyers must meet to-day.

To meet the problem of load, Hawker and Grieve dropped their landing gear immediately after taking off. If their flight was to be successful, it meant a crash on landing, anyway. In 1927, Nungesser and Coli, with the same problem, followed the same method. It was excess load, too, which brought about the two crashes of the single-engined Martinsyde in 1919. Unable to get off on the first try, Raynham and Morgan reduced their gasoline load from 370 gallons to 350—the irreducible minimum

on the basis of engine consumption—and tried again. Again the plane crashed.

No more successful was the Handley-Page, a monster bomber with a 127-foot wing-spread and four 250-horsepower Rolls-Royce engines. Empty, the plane weighed 16,200 pounds; the fuel estimated to be necessary weighed 12,240 pounds. But with that load Branckley, Grant, and Kerr could not get off. By heart-breaking sacrifice of weight—and here it was a matter of critical pounds, not hundredweights—the flyers succeeded in reducing the total load to 27,000 pounds. Then they gave up; by that time they had jettisoned too much fuel to have a reasonable expectation of reaching Europe.

The immediate limitations of the airplane and the uncompromising limits of power loading were as clearly shown in 1919 as in 1927.

V

Important as it is, however, as a factor of danger, excess loading should not receive all the blame for failure in transoceanic flights. Three other factors undoubtedly have contributed. We may call them the meteorological, mechanical, and human factors.

I have already pointed out the decrease in maneuverability imposed by over-loading, the sacrifice of climbing power and speed for fuel. Not until it has flown for ten or twelve hours and worked off thirty per cent of its gasoline cargo does the transatlantic plane have a safe and practical margin of control.

Now suppose the plane meets a heavy storm, as the *America* did. For one thing, the fight against the storm necessitates a wide-open throttle and a costly consumption of gas. Again, if the wind is strong enough, it may force a heavily loaded plane out of control. Clearly, then, the plane must have speed and power enough either to climb out of the storm or circle around it.

So, too, in the matter of ice-forming sleet. All the transatlantic flyers encountered sleet, probably the greatest menace of all. It solidifies on the wings, changes the wing curve, adds resistance and, in time, will bring a plane down.

How many were brought down by sleet alone we can, of course, only guess; but this would seem particularly likely to have happened to Hinchliffe and Miss Mackay, and to Nungesser and Coli. They set out in the face of unfavorable weather conditions—storms and freezing temperatures. Even if the motor functioned perfectly, storm and sleet, according to Dr. James H. Kimball, government meteorologist and authority on Atlantic conditions, might have been enough to bring them down. He is supported in this opinion by the majority of flyers.

There is too, of course, the possibility of motor failure, but the facts do not altogether support the indictment of the motor builder in newspaper headlines which speak of "motor trouble" as probably responsible for any and every airplane disaster.

As a matter of fact, says Kinkade, the Wright engineer who tuned up Byrd's, Chamberlin's, and Lindbergh's motors, any one of a dozen things can cause what is commonly known as motor trouble. The most common is a failure of the "plumbing"—or in other words the fuel and oil lines. Unless these are in order, no motor—and by this is meant the operative mechanism as distinct from the accessories—can function.

An airplane motor being a high-speed unit, there must be a certain amount of vibration which affects the less solidly fixed accessories. Naturally, the slender gas and oil lines come in for an unavoidable amount of strain, and under transatlantic flight conditions, the danger of breakage or stoppage is fairly high.

For instance, Chamberlin took the precaution of encasing all oil and fuel lines with tape and rubber hose. Not only did this serve to strengthen them, but it also insured a minimum amount of seepage if the line itself should give way. Byrd followed the same principle but carried it farther. He installed

a system of parallel lines by which the motors could be fed from all tanks or from each tank separately; and a dual system of lines insured an emergency reserve in the event of one line being stopped or broken.

Brock and Schlee, the round-the-world flyers, ripped out the entire feeding system on their Stinson-Detroiter before they started. A stock model, it came to them directly from the factory with the main gas line hanging in a great loop beneath the wing. They buried the line within the wing, thereby cutting down resistance and the tendency toward vibration.

Not so wise, it seems, were Tulley and Medcalfe. They accepted their plane as it was delivered, put it through a series of load tests, and hopped off from Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on the same day that steamers were looking for *Old Glory*. Ruth Elder's *American Girl*, a sister-ship, was forced down by the breaking of an oil feed pipe.

While it is obviously unsound to blame the motors for such failures of plumbing, the motor builders make no claim that motors are infallible under all conditions or that the fool-proof motor has yet been created.

"For all the advance made in aëronautical engineering," declares Mr. Lawrance, "the equation to-day remains about sixty per cent motor and forty per cent pilot in a given flight. The recent endurance flights, for example, have proved that, provided a pilot knows his business and recognizes motor limitations, the airplane power plant can be counted upon for perfect performance up to fifty-three hours, uninterrupted, at least.

"But a motor is like the heart mechanism. It can stand so much punishment. Pushed beyond a reasonable limit, something must go."

VI

What of the human factor? What is transatlantic flying like to the man in the cabin of the plane? What sort of a strain is it?

Bert Acosta, admittedly one of the greatest pilots in the country, a man with the physique of an ox, crumpled under the strain after piloting the *America* through nineteen hours of storm and fog. It was a dramatic incident that never has been adequately told.

The *America* soared over Brest at one-hundred miles an hour, and Paris was only three hours away. Another storm came in its path, bringing the torment of rain. Acosta, fatigued after unbroken hours of piloting through dense fog, was at the controls.

Fog and rain had so drenched the glass that vision was impossible. For the same reason, he couldn't wear goggles. In a desperate effort to see, he had slid open the window on his left, and a hundred-mile-an-hour wind was howling through it, tearing at his eyes. He would duck his head out the window for a minute or two at a time, hold it there as long as his eyes could stand it, then draw back.

Byrd stood behind him, his eyes on the instruments. Byrd was worried. Two hours had passed, and they should be nearing Paris. But in the midst of that storm he could see nothing. He checked his compasses.

"Acosta," he cried, "You are off your course; you are flying in a circle."

The pilot turned. His eyes were swollen and red.

"I can't see, Dick. I'm going blind," he muttered. His voice carried even above the roar of the motors. His last bit of strength gone, he suddenly toppled from his seat and fell to the floor. The burden of piloting that heavy ship, and the punishing beat of the rain against his eyes had been more than human endurance could bear. Balchen was at the controls when the ship finally landed off the French coast.

Brock tells of the utter weariness that comes from watching the instruments, the bank and turn indicator, the compasses, the tachometer, and half a dozen

others. The eyes grow fatigued tracing the movement of flickering needles. The rise and fall of the engine becomes a singsong. Yet wakeful attention to the instruments is imperative. In the night they alone show where the horizon is, how high the plane is flying, how far it has gone. Little can be distinguished in the blackness outside the cabin window.

On his second night of flight Chamberlin turned over the controls to Levine while he tried to get a few moments of sleep on the top of the gas tank. He had scarcely closed his eyes when he felt the plane gathering a breath-taking momentum. He scrambled down, glanced at the instruments, and grabbed the controls.

They were dropping at two miles a minute—in a tailspin.

I doubt if Chamberlin got very excited, but he says he got the Bellanca under control in a hurry. A few moments more and the plane would have plowed a hole in the German landscape.

Byrd, too, recounts a similar instance in which the *America* fell out of control. Alcock and Brown had one of the narrowest escapes of all. Spinning through a fog bank in which they had become lost, they flattened out barely fifty feet above the water.

Here, it must be conceded, is an element in transoceanic flying which has been underemphasized. The conditions require not only a high technical knowledge, an ability to fly "blind" in fog and storm, but a finely attuned physical and mental mechanism.

It was for this reason that the industry protested against the preparations for the Dole flights to Hawaii last August. But not even the rigorous measures of the Bureau of Aëronautics of the Department of Commerce could temper with reason the ambition of some of the flyers. It was accused of meddling when it compelled contestants to submit their planes for examination as to fitness.

One man was ready to take off although his plane couldn't carry enough fuel to carry him within three hundred miles of the goal. Three of the entrants had done little flying since the War. As for navigational equipment, most of the compasses were found to be defective. Only a few of the flyers had done much flying at night.

Yet they were about to meet one of the most difficult navigational problems which an aviator could possibly face: to fly over two thousand four hundred miles of open sea and find an objective seventy miles wide in the middle of the Pacific.

Certainly it cannot be said that the race contributed much constructive information to aviation. Three flyers were killed before the start. Of the fifteen planes entered, only eight started. Two reached Hawaii, two disappeared, and the others either failed to get off or turned back.

But the negative lesson taught by the Dole flight was a sweeping one. The importance of the human factor in night flying was vividly suggested in the radio messages from Captain Erwin, who set out in the *Dallas Spirit*, a Swallow monoplane, a day later, to look for the missing flyers.

"SOS—SOS," his radio called from the Pacific darkness. "We are in a tailspin." A moment later came a reassuring message that they were out of it. Then another distress call followed, only to be cut short—presumably by the crash.

VII

To some extent the meteorological problem can be solved. Doctor Kimball sees no reason why the hazard of unexpected weather changes should continue provided certain suggested facilities for the gathering of weather data are created. A meteorological organization made up of properly distributed ships and land stations could easily furnish to a central headquarters enough data for the plotting of a serviceable weather map for flyers.

This information is, and should be, a

most important part of the transatlantic flyer's equipment. But if flights across this stormy area are to be continued with reasonable assurance of a safe crossing, it will be necessary to provide pilots with a more comprehensive weather chart than was available to the pioneers.

Few people realize the difficulties that beset Doctor Kimball and his assistants last year. They had to adapt a skeleton machinery to their difficult task. Yet it is to be said to their credit that they performed wonders. Every flyer who sought their services found weather conditions on his course pretty generally what had been predicted.

For instance, when Doctor Kimball reported to Lindbergh clearing conditions over the Atlantic, he had received specific reports on wind velocities, barometer, sea, and visibility from five ships. Although all were south of the Great Circle course, they were sufficiently scattered to give a fair picture of what weather prevailed over the sea, and what was impending.

But at best the method was haphazard, and there remained of necessity great gaps where unknown conditions prevailed. If the day is to come when passengers and valuable freight are to be transported by air across the Atlantic a more thorough method of meteorological fact-finding must be established.

As a matter of fact, a recommendation has been made at Washington, I have learned, for the establishment of seventy-five ship weather stations, made up of ships regularly plying the Atlantic, which will be required to furnish a daily report of conditions along their course. At least twenty to twenty-five of these ships would probably be at sea at a time—enough, if uniformly spaced, to provide a broad daily report on air and sea movements.

But it would cost about one hundred thousand dollars a year to maintain this service; and while steamers would benefit by it as much as airplanes, it is doubtful whether the budget-makers will approve it at present. For the moment pilots will have to make the best of very limited facilities.

Contrary to the general impression, Doctor Kimball does not believe that prevailing conditions over the Atlantic militate against the inauguration of a regular service, provided some latitude be allowed in the choice of routes. As a general rule, Doctor Kimball says, the winds and temperatures are fairly propitious for a flight between Newfoundland and Ireland between May 15 and October 15. It is a rare day when they are perfect, for storm and fog can usually be found any day in some part of the North Atlantic. But with proper equipment, he believes, these can be located and the pilot shown how to avoid them—if his plane has sufficient fuel and is not too heavily loaded.

What is more important, the fuel requirements being what they are, is the fact that twenty-five days out of thirty-one, the prevailing wind is westerly. To the east-bound flyer, this means a following wind and a proportionate saving of fuel. Lindbergh and Chamberlin benefited by an average of more than fifteen miles an hour and Byrd by more than twenty-five. At times, Byrd estimates, the tail-wind must have lifted their speed as much as thirty-five miles an hour.

By the same token, the west-bound flyers on the Great Circle course must accept a proportionate handicap. The west wind becomes a head-wind for them. Estimating a flying speed of one hundred miles an hour over the approximately two thousand mile course, a twenty-five-mile-an-hour wind would reduce the actual speed twenty-five per cent. It will, therefore, require five hours more flying—and enough additional gas to last those five hours—for the west-bound flight than for the east-bound.

"In my opinion, weather conditions during the summer months," Doctor Kimball says, "constitute no insuperable barrier to transatlantic flights. With a reasonable amount of patience

at the take-off and proper safeguards, the flyer can get flyable weather.

"But between October and May, any attempt must be considered dangerous. Storms, fog, and freezing temperatures prevail along the Great Circle course, and I would advise against such a flight, at least until we know a great deal more about weather conditions in the upper atmosphere and have developed better technic in transoceanic flying."

VIII

With these facts before us, we face the question: what is the future of the heavier-than-air plane as a commercial transatlantic carrier? Can we reasonably expect the inauguration of a fast and efficient passenger and freight service over the Atlantic?

For all the tall talk of optimists, it seems doubtful for some time at least. The fundamental requisites of practical transportation are assured and consistent performance, plus a reasonable guarantee of safety. Besides, the uncompromising laws of power-loading fix the limit of the "pay" load—or passenger and freight capacity—and, naturally, limit the margin of profit of the heavier-than-air vessel as a potential carrier.

Not one of the transatlantic planes of 1919 or of 1927, with the single exception of the *America*, took off with an excess pound of weight. Like old ships of line, they were cleared for action. Only Byrd took what might be regarded as the equivalent of "pay load." His half ton of equipment, which included radio, rubber boats, and supplies, might have been translated into taxable freight. But surely it cannot be expected that passengers would undertake the flight, as a regular thing, without similar safeguards! Byrd's own experience proved that. The multi-motored plane, then, facing the same power-loading limitations as the single-engined craft, does not promise a spectacular future as a transoceanic vehicle. Though three times as powerful as the Bellanca, the *America* actually had a smaller cruising range and carried little greater proportional load.

In the face of these facts, if transatlantic service by air does come—and I am convinced it ultimately will—it most certainly will not begin with non-stop flights. The more logical course will be one with stops at fueling stations at Newfoundland, the Azores, and the Continent. At no time will the plane following this course need to carry fuel for more than twelve hours of flight. The smaller the fuel load, the greater the allowance for freight. And if the service is to be economically practical and efficient, freight, or passengers, must be carried.

But even if such an interrupted flight is economically practicable, what guarantee is there that the flight will be safe? In flight there can be no compromise. Unlike the steamship, the land plane cannot float in its element when its motor breaks down. Its propelling force must give unbroken performance. This alone, it would seem, would rule out the land plane as a reliable carrier in transatlantic service.

Proponents of the amphibian and the seaplane argue that their vehicles will solve the problem. If the motor fails, very well, the plane will come down, and the radio will bring help. Locatelli, the Italian flyer, floated for eighty hours in the North Atlantic when fog brought him down on his attempted non-stop flight to Greenland in 1924. But the seaworthy hulls with which the amphibian or seaplane must be provided mean added weight, and this means less margin for pay load.

Possibly a solution is provided in the seadrome invented by Engineer Armstrong of the Du Pont de Nemours Company. He proposes to establish a chain of landing stations, eight in number, across the Atlantic. They will be staunch enough to withstand storms, he says, and will be equipped to handle planes and passengers. Stops can be made to permit passengers to rest and planes to be refueled. It is an ambitious project and no less than forty million

dollars, it is estimated, will be needed to put it into operation; yet a number of practical men, including Captain Fonck, believe it to be the soundest plan yet advanced.

But in all the recent ballyhoo over the airplane we seem to have lost sight of the possibilities of the dirigible as a long-distance transoceanic carrier. Have we forgotten that the British dirigible *R-34*, under command of Major Scott, flew from England to Mitchel Field, New York, in four days, and safely returned home in three; and that five years later, the Zeppelin *ZR-3*, subsequently named the *Los Angeles*, was flown from Friedrichsafen, Germany, to Lakehurst, New Jersey, a distance of 4,060 miles, in 81 hours and 18 minutes?

Within the past few years, the governments have awakened to the broad promise of the lighter-than-air vessel, and their technical departments are expending much study and vast sums of money in experiment upon it. Germany is now building a 774-foot Zeppelin which is intended to circle the world in thirteen days; Great Britain is building two with a gas capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet each, designed to carry one hundred passengers; and Congress has ordered the construction of two in this country, one-fifth as large again as the British vessels, and more than twice as large as the *Los Angeles*.

What is to prevent these lighter-than-air craft from challenging the airplane as the great commercial carrier of the future? Of course they are not so fast, but their unquestionable superiority in endurance and reliability (over great distances) are more impressive economic factors. That the airplane will rise to the challenge is inevitable; but no matter what the brilliant exploits of the heavier-than-air vessel may be in 1928 and 1929, it is doubtful whether they will overturn the already established conclusion: that the airplane, with its present definite limitations, is more eminently qualified for fast, efficient overland service.

Perhaps unseen inventions of the future—the invention of a super-power plant, the discovery of a more energetic fuel—may effectively overcome the limitation of power-loading. It is risky to try to circumscribe the future. But in the meantime, in view of the facts, it would seem more reasonable to develop the airplane in its obvious field, overland service, than to call it into the more spectacular and hazardous service to which its enthusiasts are directing it.

IN DEFENSE OF CYNICISM

BY ERNEST BOYD

IT IS commonly assumed that cynicism is the mark of embitterment and that a cynic, in consequence, is a man who cannot enjoy life. Women, for some reason, are never credited with being cynical, but it would be rash to assume that they get more enjoyment out of life on that account. On those rare occasions when the mere male gets a momentary glimpse of a woman's real conception of life, when he is shown the world about him as it appears to the feminine eye, he usually thanks God that the struggle for existence does not seem to him quite so fierce as that—that is, if he is a cynic. If he is not he probably spends the evening at his club in the company of unhappy sentimentalists like himself. Women, apparently, can take refuge neither in cynicism nor drink; they are pure realists.

Thus, at the very outset, one is confronted by the first tangible evidence of the advantages of cynicism: it is the secret of true masculine happiness, of that happiness which women once imagined they could attain by voting, wielding a latchkey, and refusing to call themselves by their husband's name. A man—cynically—would be perfectly willing to call himself by his wife's name in the circumstances, since he would derive a sardonic pleasure from the thought that, in so doing, he was supposed to be imperilling his personality (if any). The true cynic, so far from resenting, welcomes all opportunities of cheerfully sacrificing the shadow for the substance. He is probably the one person in the world who really enjoys and appreciates the society of the other sex. The cynicism of men is the only moral equivalent of the realism of women.

No man is born cynical, nor—contrary to the popular belief—can cynicism be thrust upon one: it must be achieved by experience. Yet at the same time it is not a conscious aim; one cannot speak of the pursuit of cynicism as one speaks (so ingenuously) of the pursuit of happiness. A cynic if asked to account for himself would have to reply, like Topsy, "I just growed." To the right kind of temperament it is a benign, painless, and almost insensible process whereby the corrupting influences of idealism are lost, the fierce intolerance of youthful optimism is softened, the unprincipled arrogance of constructive thinking makes way for a sweet and natural disbelief in human nature. A beautiful serenity is the skeptic's reward as he views without indignation the ever-charming spectacle of human folly, while on his happily deaf ears fall the appeals which have immemorially stirred hapless men to futile action. Not for him the facile tears, the wasted emotion, the puerile hopes, and the childish despairs which are the sum of that vicious circle known as the story of mankind. It is unnecessary to address to him that warning which Diderot uttered against Rousseau, "Beware of that man, he believes every word he says."

That is the instinctive attitude of the cynic who has realized the deadly perils of sincerity. On the whole, society knows how to deal with the patent charlatan: we throw him to the mob for

its solemn delectation or put him out of the way if his charlatanism appears to be inopportune. But it requires all the highest resources of cynicism to deal with that subtlest of menaces to life, liberty, and happiness—the absolutely sincere man. It is he who has a constructive program, or is the frenzied supporter of one. It is he who will selflessly labor for the good of his fellow-men, while they groan in helpless resentment, and the immortal gods laugh sardonically. He is the male counterpart of the good woman, whose devastating righteousness is more obvious, but less fatal, because it is practiced in the more restricted field of domestic and personal conduct. Where the good woman may wreck a family or two, the sincere man will cause rioting, civil war, and the desolation of continents.

The cynic knows well the monstrous egotism of selfless devotion and the ruthless cruelty of pure idealism. He has looked with clear eyes on the victims of the hallucination which prompts these phenomena, and prefers the product of a generous and tolerant skepticism. He applies in the realms of ideas, morals, and conduct a code which is almost universally accepted as a matter of superficial social routine so long as it is restricted to matters of passing convenience. The humblest purchaser of the book of etiquette knows that social life would be impossible if everyone were perfectly honest and truthful, and that one must be prepared not to take certain conventions too seriously, or to seek behind them for eternal verities. But people who are willing to make a garden-party a success on those terms will make existence unendurable by ignoring them, as if it were more important and more intelligent to put up with the conversation of a bore at dinner, or to refrain from asking indiscreet questions, than to be as detachedly polite in the presence of the facts of life itself.

Cynicism teaches that it is as naïve and ill-bred to expect a solution to most human problems as to query the white lies with which we ease the machinery of social life. The fanatical truth-seeker, bent upon reform, believing that progress is anything more than an improvement in plumbing, presents to the cynical mind a picture as distressing as that of a guest insisting that the hostess's hair is false, or insisting that her husband state the exact amount of his income, or where he actually was the last time he telephoned that he was detained at a board meeting. The cynic feels, with Judge Brack, that "people don't do these things," but the contemplation of many metaphorical and actual Hedda Gablers has convinced him that they alarmingly do, thereby providing the *raison d'être* of cynicism, which is the recognition of precisely that fact.

At bottom it is a species of intellectual tact, a feeling that it is slightly indecent, and certainly dreadfully bad manners, to believe too earnestly the usually unbelievable things which engage the attention of the credulous sentimentalist. History and one's own experience show that more tangible good has come of smiling tolerance than from fanatical zeal. If Pontius Pilate had had his way the history of the Western world would have been changed. Horace and Montaigne and Voltaire and Anatole France are nearer to the civilized man's heart than Savonarola, Cotton Mather, or Dwight L. Moody. At their worst they did no positive harm but were charming companions; at their best they did more to make life endurable for others than the solemn altruists. They accepted the fantastic rules of human existence because they were not tortured by that fundamental pessimism, that profound discontent, which can alone explain the actions of those who set out to reform the world.

II

It is always a peculiarity of professional optimists that their own lives are miserable. They can never seize the day, enjoy the hour, accept unreservedly the exquisitely fleeting mo-

ments of pleasure which come to one as irrationally and as unexpectedly as everything else in nature's far from divine plan. Nor do they experience that Nirvana-like condition when, in the absence of positive enjoyment, there is a general sense of well-being as each day dawns and finds the human race as ridiculous and as amusing as ever. Oh! that daily reassurance as one unfolds the newspaper and discovers that one wasn't wrong, that the circus is going on as it has from the beginning of time, with perhaps an extra ring or two added each century. No wonder the serious thinker, whatever his professions, is depressed by the evident futility of his hopes, even though his retort is to plunge still deeper into the labyrinth of progress and reform!

It is obviously impossible to hurl oneself during a lifetime against the jagged rocks of reality and feel happy about it save on the same principle as ascetics flagellate themselves, sadists inflict pain, and masochists beg to be hurt and humiliated. While the pleasure of these perversions is admitted, we know the pleasure to be pathological and do not take it as a normal index of enjoyment. Similarly, while martyrs invariably—their admirers tell us—rejoice in the torture inflicted upon them, their doing so is merely a reflection upon their inability for normal rejoicing, their unhealthy satisfaction in substitutes for the pleasures and satisfactions of this world. As well argue that a girl would not prefer to know that she was pretty than to hear herself acclaimed the foremost authority on cuneiform inscriptions in South Dakota. The wish to be both would, of course, be sheer idealism at its worst.

Every cynic knows that his optimism dates from the moment when he began to lose his youthful belief in human perfectibility and his youthful conviction that he was born to help to improve it. In the anguished years of one's nonage, armed with a highly plausible and unscrupulously optimistic theory of the universe, one's own personal feelings were pessimistic. If it takes the ingenuousness of youth to be a theoretical optimist, it takes the cynicism of later years not to be a practical pessimist. Nature, with characteristic malignity, saddles one at that age with the crushing burden of an optimistic philosopy of life in general, without supplying the fortitude requisite to reconcile it with the brutal facts of which one is all too conscious. Hence the deep-seated melancholy of a young man with a scheme for peopling the earth with supermen or establishing a reign of justice and freedom amongst men.

It is a curious fact that, while convention pretends that youth and happiness are more or less synonymous, we have embodied in the proverbial phrase "if youth but knew" our profound conviction of the contrary. What are the implications of the proverb? Obviously, that knowledge and experience are essential to a proper understanding and enjoyment of life, and that the average man usually acquires these too late to enable him to profit by them. In the circumstances his existence falls into two periods of frustration—when he is too young to know any better and too old to do any better. It is the cynic's good fortune to have avoided that fate; he knows in time to take the fullest advantage of his knowledge. Hence the resentment of the sentimentalists and Utopians, expressed in the current superstition that cynicism is a manifestation of bitter rage, and in Bernard Shaw's statement that every man over forty is a scoundrel—which, being interpreted, means that he is then best equipped to resist the persuasion of the soothsayers.

When we are young we are unhappy because we believe too many things which are either untrue or unprovable. In disillusionment lies true happiness if one has the good luck to become disillusioned gracefully, that is, cynically. Indignation and cynicism do not properly belong together; in fact, the latter excludes the former, and the reason why

cynicism is so widely misunderstood and mistrusted is that so many people either refuse to grow up intellectually or are unable to stand successfully the shock of disillusionment. A person troubled by morbid fears and terrorized by superstitions is seen at once to be a pitiable object by people not similarly affected. One man's beliefs are another man's superstitions, yet only the cynic is capable of drawing the obvious conclusion that the fewer one's beliefs the greater one's peace of mind.

Here and there occasional exceptional individuals are found who can be trusted with an idea, a belief, but it is evident that these things were never intended for general consumption. They are bad for the average human being, both individually and collectively. Personally he is miserable when the weight of an idea affects his consciousness; in the mass he is dangerous when he rallies his fellows to action on behalf of it. What is history, after all, but the record of the periodical crusades for or against some bogey which believing men have evolved out of their credulity and fear? Sometimes it is an idea, sometimes a person, sometimes a nation, sometimes a race, but at all times it is a phantom, usually inexplicable to posterity, and often to the crusaders themselves, once they have recovered from the stampede.

A cynic can be trusted neither to make his own life nor the lives of others miserable on principle. His social agnosticism is his salvation. He does not and cannot prevent others from bemusing themselves and bedevilling their existence, but he is temperamentally unable to join in. He can be trusted with even the most explosive ideas, for his attitude towards them is comparable to that of a book-collecting connoisseur who handles the most priceless volumes without damaging them, whereas the earnest student returns his dog-eared volume to the library in even a worse condition than before. Like many an honest bibliophile, he may not even open them. Cynicism is, therefore, conducive to peace, to urbanity, to all the virtues which spring from a skeptical feeling of neutrality in the thousand and one matters over which the mass of men groan, exult, and—fight. It will hardly be denied that Copenhagen and Barcelona were more agreeable places of residence in 1915 than Rheims or Cologne. Cynicism is a species of benevolent intellectual neutrality. Neutrals, of course, are always scoundrels in the eyes of the combatants.

However, as a matter of realistic fact rather than sentimental fiction, there is no doubt that a soldier on leave who could have gone to a good hotel in Barcelona, instead of London or Paris, would have enjoyed his leave much more, and have taken a somewhat different view of the question of Spanish neutrality than the eminent statesmen who so bitterly resented the existence of any unviolated spot in Europe. On the same principle, one would instinctively turn to a cynic for understanding and guidance in time of trouble, for his help would be forthcoming without tracts and sermons. It was not the cynical but the pious father who drove his erring daughter into the streets, when a little common sense and knowledge of the world might have saved her from a life of shame and playgoers from many a heart-rending scene.

A vast amount of trouble in the world could be avoided if we were only blessed with the gift of cynicism. If it were the business of a cynic to make converts and outline a program with which to lure customers one might dwell on some of the manifold advantages which would automatically follow conversion. Death would lose its terrors because it would be accepted without the faintest thought or hope of reward, punishment, or survival. Life would lose some of its horrors, for no army could be enlisted from recruits cynically convinced that militarism and pacifism were equally absurd and a hero's grave the most undignified imaginable; no politician could orate, because cynical laughter would greet his

preposterous rodomontade; no government could be elected along popular lines because cynicism and adult suffrage are incompatible terms.

Minor amenities resulting from a world inhabited by convinced cynics are too numerous to mention. The marriage problem would be solved without the aid of Judge Lindsey, because jealousy and domestic sentimentality are emotions unknown to the disillusioned affection of cynicism. Follow-up letters, sales talks, fraternal orders, Mother's Day, publicity agents, radio programs, law enforcement, non-refillable bottles—but why enumerate all the varied and variegated strains upon human credulity which are so profitably used to beguile the tedium of the average life between one slaughter and another, between the unwanted cradle and the unremembered grave? Seek ye first the serenity of cynicism and all these will be added unto you.

III

One unconsciously adopts the evangelical manner and steps out of character in thus preaching the cynic's gospel. Of course, he has none. All he can say, speaking for himself, is that he is unmoved by most of the things that seem to disturb his fellow-men, and he concludes that if there were no demand for buncombe there would be no supply. That is why he has no remedies to suggest, no discipline to enforce, no great moral truth to vindicate. He has never discovered that life has any particular meaning, and he strongly suspects the meanings read into it by ingenuous people who are patently incapable of drawing a sound conclusion from the obvious facts before them. He has noticed that the kind of person whose lips move when spelling out a tabloid newspaper has no difficulty in settling the profoundest questions which have engaged the best minds of history.

If he had a gospel and were uncynical enough to imagine he could get converts, his cynicism would restrain him, for how could a cynic be cynical if there were no material for his cynicism to feed upon? If the infinitesimal minority of civilized and, therefore, skeptical minds became a majority, the cynic would have a rude awakening; something would have to be done to restore his disbelief in humanity. He knows, however, that his fears are groundless. Nature began her work well, but we have improved upon it. Whatever illusion may have been possible when the masses were inarticulate, it is now humanly impossible for any but the professional optimists to believe that civilization is the aim of mankind. Save in its plumbing implications, the word grows more and more meaningless, and in due process of time, when every bedroom is equipped with a radio and inspirational talks in Moscow can be heard every night in Pittsburgh, when go-getting salesmen can telephone to Tokyo and see one another's intellectual countenances through television, when airplanes leave for Paris every hour on the hour, when every theater is a movie and every basement in New York a speakeasy—when the triumphs of progress are even more manifest than now, the very memory of what was once and for so long understood as civilized will be a vague memory.

In the approaching synthetic civilization new values will be substituted for old, and people will no more understand what the term really connotated than a post-Prohibition flapper can realize what was once meant by drinking. Graduates in How to Build Up a Mail Order Business courses will doubtless assume that such were the preoccupations of the scholars of Oxford or the Sorbonne, and a hip-flask culture will be the logical sequel to the hip-flask alcoholic initiation of the rising generation. In such a world of live wires and exponents of Service there is little danger of too much cynicism. It may be hard-boiled and corrupt, but it will be sentimental, not cynical. The decline of cynicism corresponds roughly with the rise of industrialism, and the eighteenth cen-

tury saw its last and finest flowering in literature. It is an ornament, perhaps the chief ornament, of a civilization that is on the wane.

There will be, presumably, unless they have been lynched, a remnant of the old order, and in that dwindling number the cynics of the future will be found. By that time the pleasures of cynicism will have become so acute and exquisite that these survivors will be to the cynic of to-day what a thoroughbred is to a Clydesdale, both fine animals, but one of a more refined quality. That is as it should be, for the most delicate instrument will be required to measure the complacent and barbarous ignominy of the absurd spectacle. One sighs cynically for the privilege of being present and of seeing one's worst suspicions confirmed. The show will be on the grandest scale, and that ridiculous biped, man, will have surpassed himself. The mountain of industrial and scientific progress will bring forth its mouse, and it will be a little tame, white mouse, running around in its cage, not even the sturdy household variety which still adventures in search of cheese, at the risk of encountering the feline enemy. It will eat out of its master's hand.

It is not easy in advance to measure the density of cynicism nor the volume which will be provoked in that surviving remnant, but a cynical guess may be made by estimating the effect of modern civilization upon Swift or Voltaire, upon Horace or Juvenal. Swift at the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, Voltaire in the League of Nations Council, Horace in conference with an efficiency expert, Juvenal writing the Sixth Satire in terms of Hollywood—of such stuff the dreams of cynicism are made. With the relatively meager material at their disposal, they have left us records that are imperishable, while the vast wealth of our accumulated imbecility lies unexploited. The reason probably is that the cynic of to-day has no longer even the illusion that his cynicism can help. He keeps it to himself, a refuge in his daily hours of need, and the last stronghold of masculine privilege which has not been invaded by women. When that invasion takes place, the cynic's occupation will be truly gone, for the end will be in sight. Life will not go on.

But, the cynical mind reflects, that would mean progress in the best sense of the word. A truce to such pretty, sentimental daydreams.

MUSSOLINI AND THE VATICAN

IS PEACE AT HAND BETWEEN CHURCH AND STATE IN ITALY?

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

A FEW hundred feet from the Porta Pia, in the wall which the Emperor Aurelian built to protect Rome from the barbarians, are three marble tablets marking the spot where, on September 20, 1870, the cannon of King Victor Emanuel II breached the fortification permitting his army to enter and occupy the city in the name of the new Italian nation. Every year thereafter for more than half a century, on the anniversary of the event, the national government and the municipality of Rome held formal commemorative services before these tablets.

Last year no such ceremony was observed. The few persons who gathered about the spot were individuals—cautious, even furtive suspect members of the proscribed Masonic orders. This break with official tradition was Mussolini's announcement to the world that his government intends if possible to heal the breach which has existed between Church and State—or, as it is more commonly phrased, to "solve the Roman Question."

Long before he came to power Mussolini publicly proclaimed the necessity of a restoration of cordial relations with the Church. Even in the days when he was suspected of republicanism, and even of a kind of "national Bolshevism," he asserted in parliament that it was absurd that a state should remain at enmity with the church which ninety-five per cent of its citizens regarded as divinely authorized. Promptly after his accession to power he took several steps to make evident his government's regard for the Church and its appreciation of the part of religion in the national life. He restored to the schoolrooms the Crucifix which previous laical governments had removed; he restored religious instruction as a regular (instead of merely supplementary) part of the curriculum of the public schools, and placed it again in clerical hands; he increased the stipends paid by the government to the parish priests as an offset to the seizure of Church property by the government in 1860 and 1870; and (while not interfering with the free exercise of other cults) reaffirmed the Catholic faith as the national religion of Italy.

Then for fully three years he carried on unofficial and informal "conversations" (never publicly authorized) with the Vatican, mainly through the intermediation of a Jesuit priest, Father Tacchi-Venturi. Finally, some eight or ten months ago, it was discreetly made known simultaneously through the official press of the government and of the Vatican that an informal understanding had been reached on some of the more difficult points, providing a basis of discussion for any future negotiations.

Here, for the moment, the matter rests. It is premature to say, as newspapers have on occasion announced, that "the Roman Question is virtually solved," or to predict that it will be solved in the near future. All that can safely be said is that these informal conversations have provisionally cleared

away most of the difficulties which formerly made the Roman Question, as was commonly said, "insoluble."

II

Much of the popular difficulty in understanding the present situation is due to a misconception of what the Roman Question is. It does not arise out of any claim on the part of the Vatican for the restoration to it of the territories which it ruled politically before 1860 or 1870. The Roman Question is not a territorial question in the ordinary sense of the term. Rather, it is a question of the *quality* of the relation which should subsist between the Holy See and the secular power in general, and the Kingdom of Italy in particular.

On the morning of September 20, 1870, when the Italian armies were at the gates of Rome, Pius IX ordered his generals not to resist attack, but not to surrender the city except in face of an overt act of war. This gesture was not, as is sometimes supposed, intended to convey that the spiritual arm may not fight the secular with its own weapons. The armies of Pope Pius had actively resisted the King's troops when they invaded Romagna in 1860. Neither in 1870 nor at any other time has the Vatican acknowledged that it is intrinsically improper for the Pope to have, and to use, armies, police, and the other paraphernalia of civil authority. In this case Pius of course saw the hopelessness of military resistance and wished to avoid bloodshed. The reason for his refusal to surrender the city before it was attacked was that this act might be interpreted as a voluntary renunciation of his *rights*. He wished to make it evident to the world that his position as temporal sovereign had been taken from him by force and without his consent.

It would have been difficult for any Pope to acknowledge that the Holy See cannot rightfully exercise temporal sovereignty. The States of the Church—a broad belt of territory stretching from Rome to Ancona and cutting the Italian peninsula in two—had been definitely under the political sovereignty of the Roman pontiffs since they had been consolidated by the "fighting Pope," Julius II, in the early sixteenth century, and for centuries before that the claim of the popes to political jurisdiction over Rome and adjacent territories had been more or less formally recognized. Pius IX could hardly be expected to acknowledge that his predecessors had ruled unlawfully.

The settlement contained in the Law of Guarantees of 1871 was, from the government's point of view, extremely generous toward "Italy's distinguished guest." It granted the Pontiff free and unrestricted enjoyment of the Vatican Palace and adjoining edifices; of the Chancellery in the Corso Vittorio Emanuele; and of the villa of Castel Gandolfo on the shore of Lake Albano.* Although all ecclesiastical edifices were declared national property, the Church was granted unrestricted use and administration of them for purposes of worship. The government further granted a large annual sum to the Pontiff to compensate him for his loss of direct revenue from the territory seized.

But as is well known, Pius IX refused to accept the Law of Guarantees, or to admit that the Italian government was rightfully and lawfully in possession of Rome. He asserted that the Law was a "unilateral instrument" imposed by one of the parties to the controversy, not agreed to by both, hence without juridical validity. He refused to touch the money which the government offered, and which ever since has regularly figured in the government budget, only to be paid back into the treasury as unclaimed after the legal five-year period. He refused to set foot on the soil which,

* In connection with the last named, it is amusing to note how a pleasantry has given rise to many a solemn newspaper canard. There is a legend that Pius IX, in his "voluntary imprisonment" in the Vatican, observed that if he was to "enjoy" Castel Gandolfo he would have to fly there. Now that flying has become a commonplace, the sensational press frequently carries a news item to the effect that on such and such a night the Pope secretly took an airplane from the Vatican grounds to spend a few hours at his countryseat.

he asserted, had been illegally seized, for by so doing he would be accepting the protection of the Italian government and thus acknowledging its sovereignty.

The Pope has thus remained a "voluntary prisoner" in the Vatican Palace. Within its confines he maintains, so far as convenient, the appurtenances of worldly sovereignty—an army in the form of the Swiss Guard,* a personal escort in the Noble Guard, and what might be called a police force in the Palatine Guard. His public functions have their full quota of court ceremonial. And he continues to grant patents of nobility. (Not a few Americans hold Papal titles.) In short, temporal sovereignty is not only asserted, but, in a symbolic way, maintained.

It may be that in the mind of Pius IX the restoration to Papal sovereignty of the city and province of Rome was an essential act of restitution on which he must insist. For many years the "black," or Vatican party, reflected the Vatican's attitude toward the new government. They went about in mourning on every September 20 and draped their windows in black. Socially, they refused to mingle with the "governmentals," and it was the supreme social error to invite a "black" and an "Italian" to the same dinner party. Even to-day young ladies of the "black" set affect distinct fashions and a distinct code of etiquette.

But conditions have changed greatly since the time of Pius IX. The popes do not pretend, and the Vatican has never formally maintained, that the dignity of the Holy See is dependent upon the exercise of political power over certain specified territories. What is essential, in the Vatican's view, is the recognition of the Pope's *sovereign status*. The Pope may be a sovereign almost without territory, so long as it is recognized that he is a sovereign. The claim is based upon practical necessity, as will be shown later. But primarily it is a claim for the regularization of an anomalous legal situation. The Pope might, conceivably, renounce all temporal claims. But he cannot, in the Vatican's view, be deposed by an act of violence and a unilateral decree from the position which the entire world for centuries acknowledged as pertaining to the Pontiff by right.

The City of Rome was taken from the Pope by an act of war—Pius IX insisted on putting this into the record. There has never been a treaty of peace agreed to by both parties. In strict technicality, the relation between the Vatican and the Italian government is still that of a state of war. On what terms the two parties shall mutually agree to end this state of war is the nub of the Roman Question.

III

It is the territorial aspect of the dispute which has chiefly occupied the attention of writers. Before the War, and even recently, various schemes of settlement were proposed. There was the famous "corridor" to the sea which was to permit the Pontiff and his emissaries free access to foreign nations without crossing Italian soil. There was a proposal that the Pope be granted unrestricted sovereignty over the "Borgo di San Pietro," lying between the Vatican and the Tiber, or over the "Leonine City."

All these and similar schemes evaporated not only because the Vatican refused to sponsor them, but also because no Italian government would consider ceding territory to a "foreign power." "Not a single Italian citizen, not an inch of Italian soil" became something like a sacred refrain in Italian politics. And Mussolini himself has recently repeated very nearly these words.

To evade this difficulty, it was once proposed that the Pope be granted unrestricted sovereignty, *pro forma*, over the Vatican which he now merely "enjoys." To this suggestion Benedict XV

*But not without a sense of humor. There is an anecdote, apparently authentic, to the effect that Pius XI, passing through the Vatican halls, discovered one of his Swiss Guards asleep at his post. He nudged the sleepy trooper and said, in a stage whisper, "Wake up. The enemy is coming."

is said to have replied, "Ah, but the Vatican is a palace, not a territory."

For although the territorial aspect of the question is *almost* indifferent to the Vatican, it is not *quite* so. Or rather, it is not important *how much* territory the Pope is to rule over as sovereign, but it is essential that there be *some*. For, argues the Vatican, it would be absurd to accord the rank of sovereign to the Pope and then deny that he has a right to exercise it anywhere. And besides, a certain amount of territory is absolutely necessary to enable the Pontiff to exercise his spiritual dominion free and unhampered. The Vatican formula is that the "liberty and independence" which the Pope claims must be not only "real and perfect," but also "manifest to the faithful of the whole world."

Between these two claims—that the Vatican must have *some* territory and that the Italian state cannot cede an inch—there would seem to be a hopeless deadlock. This deadlock has been provisionally resolved, in a most ingenious manner, in the course of the informal conversations of the past eighteen months.

Behind the Vatican, to the west and southwest, there lies a large tract of land which is almost uninhabited. A portion of this land, perhaps of four or five square miles, is, according to the present tentative plan, to be added to the Vatican territory and constitute the material evidence of the Pontiff's "liberty and independence."* But it need not be ceded by Italy in a political sense. It can first be cleared of its Italian inhabitants, technically speaking, by permitting them to take up legal residence elsewhere. Then it can be purchased outright by the Vatican. Since, in the meantime, the Italian government will have acknowledged the Pope's sovereign *status*, it will not contest his right to exercise its functions over what belongs to him. But these functions need never become the occasion of a clash of political authority. There could be no clash over fiscal matters, for the State has never taxed Church property. There can obviously be no question of military affairs. Policing, care of roads and sewers and such like, could continue to be maintained by the Italian state; this would introduce no legal difficulty into the situation, since the Italian carabinieri frequently keep order during functions in St. Peter's (which is an "edifice contiguous to the Vatican" and hence reserved to the Pope under the Law of Guarantees) although they never pass beyond the Bronze Door which symbolically separates the Kingdom of Italy from the domain of the Pope. If, then, there can never be an occasion for the Kingdom of Italy to contest the rights which the sovereign Pontiff exercises over this territory, his temporal status will be intangible, while Italy's sovereignty will not have been diminished by an inch or a citizen.

This is not offered as a prophecy of the form which the ultimate material settlement will take. Many new factors may arise to modify it. But it presents, in broad outline, the type of settlement which at the present time is actually accepted by both sides as offering a practicable basis for further, and formal, negotiation.

IV

But it was not for the discovery of this formula that the solution of the Roman Question has waited these many years. What has made any approach to agreement seem so difficult (and to many students impossible) is the immaterial, imponderable factors involved.

For the first three or four years of Mussolini's rule it seemed to many observers uncertain how long he would last. It is a fundamental of the Vatican's policy that it cannot make agreements of first importance with individual

* It is to be noted that the words "temporal" and "sovereign" are being muted in the current discussion of the Roman Question. This is not because either concept has been officially repudiated by the Vatican, but merely because the words retain the connotations of other, and more acrimonious days. The words "manifest" and "independent" convey, in the Vatican's view, the essence of what was formerly meant to be conveyed by "temporal" and "sovereign."

statesmen, nor even with governments merely, but only with the nation itself, through a stable state truly representing the nation.

Once Mussolini's political survival seemed reasonably assured, it was necessary to discover what his concrete intentions toward the Church were. The Duce has a reverberating anti-clerical past, and is the author of impassioned pamphlets in praise of Giordano Bruno and other rebels against ecclesiastical authority. Further, he had inherited the policy of the Nationalist Party, which had fused with the Fascists just after the "March on Rome." The Nationalists were ardent proponents of a reconciliation with the Vatican, but for purely political and nationalistic reasons, which they did not always explain with the requisite discretion. Their aim was popularly interpreted as being that of "hitching the Vatican to Italy's chariot wheel."

This fact aroused the misgivings of other nations. It is commonly understood in Rome that there were diplomatic efforts on the part of several governments to prevent a solution of the Roman Question. It required some time for Mussolini to establish the doctrine that no third power might exercise any pressure, direct or indirect, in any future negotiations between himself and the Vatican. The reaffirmation some eight months ago in the official Vatican organ, the *Osservatore Romano*, that the Roman Question was exclusively a matter between the Italian Government and the Holy See was rightly taken as indicating that a decisive stage in the informal negotiations had been successfully passed.

A further difficulty, and one which has bulked most largely in the daily news, arises from the fact that a solution of the Roman Question almost necessarily implies the negotiation of a concordat between the Vatican and the Italian Government. Although the two treaties are technically distinct, they are naturally under discussion contemporaneously. The rather vivacious debates which have on two or three occasions been carried on by the press of the two parties have had as their subject matter topics connected with the concordat rather than with the Roman Question as such.

A concordat, of course, is merely a diplomatic agreement between the Church and a government specifying rights and privileges to be accorded and guaranteed. In the case of the anticipated Italian concordat, many of these points are already decided or implied by present practice, such as the status of religious education in the public schools and the right of religious orders to own corporate property. As for the appointment of bishops, it is a principle of the Catholic Church that such appointments are made by it alone; but when cordial relations subsist between it and the civil authorities it desires to make appointments acceptable to the latter and may give informal notice of its intentions. This will presumably be the practice in Italy under the expected concordat. But it is still early to speculate concerning such details.

The greatest difficulty appears to have arisen over the broad question of the position of the Church in the new Italian state, and the division of authority, especially in regard to education. The Vatican and the Fascist Government are two absolutisms facing each other, each ruled by a very firm willed and energetic man. Moreover, each is constantly being pushed from behind by partisan zealots. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the negotiations have sometimes been difficult, and indeed on several occasions have come to a temporary impasse.

The Pope has shown little desire to complain of the present educational system in Italy in practice. But he has several times denounced Fascism's theoretical assumption of a state monopoly over the education of the young, and the Fascist doctrine that the individual exists for the State. The doctrine of the

Church, on the other hand, is that the individual exists for the glory of God; that the unit of society is not the State but the family.

Mussolini has put his theory into practice by absorbing into the machinery of the State or of the Fascist party nearly all social and educational organizations such as labor unions, co-operative societies, charitable organizations, athletic clubs, and the like. Pius XI has apparently not objected to the process as such. He gave a kind of formal blessing to the Fascists' nation-wide children's organization, the Ballila, when he permitted the diocesan authorities to appoint priests as spiritual advisers to the clubs. But the Vatican will not concede that the State—perhaps some future anti-clerical or frankly atheistic state—has an inherent right to a monopoly of the education of the youth to the exclusion, conceivably, of Christian agencies. To concede this would be equivalent to a renunciation, on the part of the Vatican, of the Church's ancient claim to be a divinely authorized teacher; and further, might constitute a precedent which could be used against it in some future dispute with an unfriendly government.

When, recently, Pope Pius made a vigorous public statement to this effect, Mussolini startled the world by promptly ordering the absorption of the few score thousand remaining Catholic boy scouts into the Ballila. But this incident was in truth only one more of those occasions upon which two parties to negotiations, faced with an apparent impasse, publicly re-state their positions and the limits beyond which they cannot make further concessions. The *Osservatore Romano* hastened to explain that the Pope's statement "was confined solely to a moral plane, and was in no wise politically inspired and did not constitute intervention in the affairs of the state." The informal negotiations have accordingly been resumed, although no hint has yet been given as to the formula which will eventually be found in this particular difficulty.

V

There are numerous incidental but far-reaching advantages which might accrue to the Italian government as a result of the settlement. Millions of devout Catholics will no longer be taught by their priests that the Italian State is a "despoiler of the Church." Missionary schools throughout the Near East and the Orient may place additional emphasis on the Italian language, and on Italian history and literature. And the dissemination of a nation's language opens the road for its merchants. Again, one may guess that Mussolini has his eye on the coveted privilege, now enjoyed by France, of defending Christian interests in Syria and Palestine—a privilege which incidentally gives its holder a good deal of political leverage. If some future French government were to offend the Vatican, the latter might well transfer the privilege to the friendly Italian State.

But what is the Vatican going to do with its little plot of ground to the southwest? In what way will the Pope's liberty and independence be made manifest to the faithful of the whole world? Any answer to this question must be based on speculation. But this much can be said of the measures suggested below: they have been discussed by responsible persons in the course of the recent negotiations; and they would be consonant with the known policies and intentions of the Vatican.

It has always been asserted by Italian anti-clericals that the Pope's liberty and independence are in no way limited under the Law of Guarantees. It is, they say, true that he no longer has his own posts, telegraph, and railroads. But he may use the Italian mails, wires, and trains freely. He may send and receive emissaries to and from foreign lands without hindrance. His diplomatic pouches transported over Italian soil are respected as scrupulously as would be those of any sovereign on earth.

True, the Vatican replies. But these facilities are granted as privileges, not

acknowledged as inherent rights and, therefore, are revocable. Who can say that they might not be limited by some future unfriendly government, or revoked in time of war?

In point of fact, it is not on record that in the last War the Pope's diplomatic correspondence was interfered with, although there were incidents and mistakes capable of two interpretations. The famous Papal peace appeal, of which the Italian government strongly disapproved, was carried out of Italy in the Vatican diplomatic pouch by a courier traveling on the Italian railways. Although the German and Austrian ambassadors to the Holy See were withdrawn, emissaries from and to the Pope went to and from enemy countries (via Switzerland) as freely as to and from the Allied nations.

All this is true (overlooking the not very important "mistakes") yet it might not be true another time. And anyway, as the Vatican has doubtless observed to Mussolini in the course of the recent conversations, there was during the War a deal of recrimination and partisan accusation due precisely to the fact that the Pope's international status had not been clearly defined. Exactly because he was exercising his diplomatic functions by courtesy of the Italian government, it was never certain what his rights were, or what they would be to-morrow. In the heat of war passion, the Vatican was constantly being accused of overstepping the proper limits of neutrality, whereas, because of the anomalous situation, no limits had ever been defined.

Once admitting that on his five square miles of territory the Pope enjoys unrestricted sovereignty and intangibility, many things become possible. On this ground all embassies and diplomatic missions to the Holy See might be housed and lodged. In case of war in which Italy was engaged, the ambassador of a hostile country would remain as a matter of course. His person and archives would be inviolable simply because they were located on inviolable territory.

But this is not all. Modern science has strangely altered some of the fundamental terms of the Roman Question. Although, even in the event of war, the Vatican would normally send its diplomatic pouches out over the Italian railways, in extraordinary cases the Pope might prefer to radio his secret instructions to his nuncios in code. Pius XI has already accepted from John Hays Hammond, Jr., the gift of a moderately powerful transmitting apparatus (he has long had a receiving set in the Vatican) for scientific experiment. There is nothing to prevent his installing on the new territory a high-power station for practical and diplomatic purposes. There might also be on this five square miles of territory a commodious aërodrome. The Vatican's diplomatic pouches and the Vatican's diplomats might travel to their destination in Vatican airplanes. True, it is technically possible for such planes to be shot at by anti-aircraft guns. But such an attack would be nothing short of an act of war. And if the Pope's claim to inviolable liberty and independence had once been solemnly acknowledged, such an act of war would evoke the condemnation of the entire world.

To sum up the Vatican's case in the Roman Question, one may fairly say that the Pope claims spiritual (and disclaims political) authority over Catholics throughout the world; but whereas political sovereignties are geographically compact, his is scattered and universal. The Vatican bases its case upon the right of the Pope at all times to exercise his spiritual authority over this widespread and diversified empire, and upon the necessity of his possessing whatever is juridically and materially essential to its exercise.

One need not be surprised to find the radio and the airplane some day included among these essentials. For although the Roman Church is one of the most conservative and perhaps the oldest of living institutions, it is in the world, and, in many of its outward manifestations, changes as the world changes.

COLD DEATH

A STORY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

MAMMY CLO grumbled and fussed when Babe lifted her, chair, crutch, and all, and carried her from the dinner table to the shade in front of the cabin. But her protesting, "I kin wawk, gal; don't go totin' me round like I was a baby" lacked some of its usual vigor.

Mammy Clo, chair and crutch, weighed less than a hundred pounds. Years—so many of them that no one remembered the exact number—had toughened and dried the split-hickory chair, the leather-tipped crutch, and Mammy Clo.

"You's awright, mammy, hunh?" Babe asked as she placed the chair in the shade. "You's feelin' awright?" Babe was Mammy Clo's granddaughter, and Babe herself was a grandmother since Little Henry's baby had come.

"Cou'se I's awright, gal," declared Mammy Clo. "Ain't nothin' de matter wid me. You totin' me round! I swear! Whyn't you git yo' hoe and git out yonder in de field? I ain't rose you up to stay round de house axin' me is I awright. I swear, gal!"

"Yeah, you's awright," grinned Babe. "Long as you kin grumble, well you's bound to be awright. Now d's you want anything befo' I goes to de field?"

Mammy Clo considered. The cedar bucket with its gourd dipper had been filled with cool water and was setting within easy reach of her chair. "Bring me out dat quilt I been piecin'," she decided. "De Star er Bet-ly-ham. In dat big box. On top."

The quilt was brought and spread in the old woman's lap. "You sho' you's awright now, mammy?" Babe pressed.

"Don't I look awright?" demanded Mammy Clo. "Gawd er mighty, gal! Whyn't you git to de field?"

As soon as Babe disappeared down the path Mammy Clo grinned proudly. "Dat chile jest won't do," she chuckled. "I sho' rose her up right." She laughed softly. "Waitin' on me like I was de Lawd, or somebody!"

A robin, playing among the moss tufts in the live oak, broke into a saucy little song, and Mammy Clo hummed a wordless accompaniment to it as she sat with half-closed eyes, enjoying the peaceful rest that follows a wholesome meal. Time slipped by so easily, these nice clear days when she sat in the shade. The first thing she knew the "cool of the evening" would be upon her, and with it would come Rucker to read his Bible and discuss the works of the Lord.

Day after day Mammy Clo had spent in the shade in just such idleness. Day after day she had planned to "hitch her crutch under her arm" and work about the house while Babe was in the field. But mid-afternoon breezes and Rucker slipped up on her.

Rucker was the preacher. Mammy Clo had "raised" him. She did not remember, offhand, whether he was her own child or the child of some other woman about the place. It did not matter, however. All the negroes and half the whites in that part of the

country she counted among her children. And none of them ever grew up, white or black. She helped them into the world and nursed them through the dangerous months of infancy. Parentage and race meant nothing to her. A baby was a baby and had to be treated just so. "And hit ain't a natchal one of 'em," she declared proudly, "which wan't riz up right. Don't mind de work. Love de Lawd, and ain't skeered er nothin' but sin."

She sat in idle reverie for another minute and then she remembered the quilt. "And hyar me," she reproached, "lazin' round and dis quilt ain't done yit. Rucker'll be hyar terreckly and when he gits to argyin' 'bout how skeered he is to die, well I might jest as well lay hit down and quit, cause I can't sew and listen at Rucker argy."

She spread the quilt, untied a bundle of cloth scraps, and began piecing them into a general pattern. Her fingers, old and stiff, wriggled and twisted, and the needle went back and forth with lightning speed, making fine, even stitches.

The quilt was Mammy Clo's masterpiece—no less. In the center was a large star fashioned from white silk. Around that star, stitched with cunning neatness and prim accuracy, were smaller stars of various colors and sizes. It was a difficult design and had to be executed exactly right or it would be a failure. And it took time, Lord, a long time.

Mammy had hoped to have it completed in time to give it as a "cradle present" to Little Henry's baby, her great-great-grandchild. But time slipped up on her, and Little Henry's baby received a Paul and Silas in Prison quilt instead. Not that the Paul and Silas designs were not beautiful and appropriate cradle gifts. Mammy Clo's old fingers had stitched hundreds of them while sitting by the cradles of fretful babies, and had brought them to other babies as cradle presents. White and black babies, grown old by now, treasured Mammy Clo's Paul and Silas quilts as they treasured the love of the old nursewoman herself.

But this Star of Bethlehem was to be a very special quilt. Mammy Clo had conceived it and started it in time, she hoped, to have it ready for the arrival of Babe, her first grandchild. But it proved tedious work, and then too, there were babies to be brought into the world and nursed to health and strength. The quilt was not finished. Babe got a Paul and Silas quilt for a cradle present.

Then, when Babe married, Mammy Clo took out the unfinished quilt and set to work again, getting ready for Babe's first child. She got considerable work done on it, but about that time Rucker began preaching and he took up much of her time, discussing the Scriptures and going over his sermons with her. Time slipped by, and a Paul and Silas quilt went to Babe's baby, Little Henry.

The quilt was almost forgotten until suddenly Little Henry grew up and married. The very day he married Mammy Clo got out the quilt and set to work, determined to have it ready for Little Henry's first baby. But it seemed like she would no more than get settled down in her chair before here came Rucker to talk about the ways of the Lord. She tried to work while Rucker talked, but Rucker was so interested and argumentative over his own ideas that her stitches were bad and had to be removed. Nothing but a perfect stitch could stay in that quilt.

"Whyn't you quit wearyin' me wid dat tawk about cold death?" she complained. "I ain't studdin' cold death. I ain't studdin' nothin' but de Promise' Land."

"Dat's jest yo' trouble," Rucker replied. "You got yo' haid in de air and yo' eye on Glory. But yo' foots still is on de ground. You knows all about livin' hyar on de yearth and you knows all about how you gonter live when you gits to heab'm. But you got to grabble wid Cold Death befo' you gits dar. And what er you know 'bout dyin'?"

"I don't know nothin' 'bout dyin', and I don't keer nothin' 'bout dyin'," Mammy Clo retorted. "All I know is—"

"Well," interrupted Rucker, "you got to die. I don't keer how much you don't keer. When you quits livin' you got to die befo' you kin git Over Yonder."

"Dat's all right," Mammy Clo assured him. "De Lawd gonter take keer of all er dat. Me and de Lawd been wawkin' side by side for goin' on I don't know how long and de Lawd love me too good. I ain't wearied. I been too good to de Lawd."

Rucker accused her of being proud and the argument waged—for months.

And then, before she knew it, Babe told her Little Henry and his wife had a baby.

There was nothing else for Mammy Clo to do. The Star of Bethlehem quilt was not completed; and when they placed her chair in the spring wagon for the ride over to Little Henry's, she carried a Paul and Silas quilt on her arm for the cradle gift.

"And hit ain't done ontwell yit!" she chided herself. "Me settin' hyar dozin' like a preacher full er possum ain't gonter git hit done, too." Her bony old fingers moved faster and faster, and star after star was woven into the mosaic of varicolored cloths.

She worked diligently for what seemed to her a very short time. Then she heard the hinges on the picket gate squawk, and she knew without turning her head that it was Rucker. In a minute they were exchanging their habitual greetings.

"Hy-dy, mammy. How you comin' 'long?"

"Poo'ly, thank Gawd. And you, son?"

"Tole'ble. Jest tole'ble."

Rucker seated himself in the shade near Mammy Clo and began fanning himself with his old woolen hat.

"What you doin', mammy? Makin' a quilt?"

"Yeah," said Mammy Clo. "Ain't hit purty?"

"Mighty," agreed Rucker. "Got stars and things in hit, ain't hit?"

"Don't dey look like stars and things?" demanded Mammy Clo.

Instead of replying, Rucker fanned himself vigorously.

"And don't come botherin' me wid fool tawk," added Mammy Clo. "I got to git dis quilt done, and I can't work wid you settin' round hyar, droolin' at me."

"Yeah?" grinned Rucker. "Well, ef'n I didn't drool at you, well you wouldn't have nothin' to grumble about. Den, whar'd you be?" He chuckled with the old woman at his retort. Then he added seriously, "Mammy, you needs tawkin' to about yo' proudfulness. I aims to change yo' mind befo' you has to grabble wid Cold Death."

"Hyar you goes!" exclaimed Mammy Clo. "Shet up till I gits dis quilt done, will you? I ain't got no time to listen at you now."

"How come you so sot on gittin' dat quilt done?" Rucker wanted to know. "You got mo' quilts made up now den you kin shake a stick at."

"I needs dis quilt in my business," she explained. "I got somethin' to do wid hit."

"Which is—?"

Mammy Clo stopped sewing and looked at Rucker.

"Son," she said, solemnly. "I'm gittin' along in de years. My time is mighty nigh out."

"You ain't so young," Rucker agreed.

"Well," the old woman continued, "seein' how dis is a mighty purty quilt, I kind er counted on takin' hit to Glory wid me and givin' hit to de Po' Little Jesus for a cradle present."

"Humph!" snorted Rucker. "Don't you know dey got all de quilts dey needs Up Yonder?"

"I don't keer how many quilts dey got," defended Mammy Clo. "I got some manners. And hit ain't manners to go nowhar empty handed. I ain't

gonter put up on de Lawd and not bring a little somethin' along for manners." She fingered the fine stitches lovingly. "And dis is a fine quilt too." She hesitated dubiously and then continued defiantly, "I don't speck dey got no quilts in heab'm any purtier den dis. And maybe not as purty!"

For a moment Rucker was shocked beyond speech.

"Proud-tawkin'!" he exclaimed finally. "And you wid one foot in de grave, right now. Mammy, dat ain't no way for a good woman to tawk!"

"Hit's de natchal truf," defended Mammy Clo, doggedly. "I seed a heap er quilts in my time and I ain't never yit seed one no purtier den dis."

"I don't keer what you ain't never seed!" Rucker's amazement was giving way to indignation. "You ain't got no call to go braggin' 'bout yo' quilts and proud-tawkin' de Lawd when ole Cold Death ready to grab you ev'y minute. Braggin' ain't humble, I don't keer how purty de quilt is. And you got to be humble do you want to die right." Rucker paused in his outburst and calmed. "De Book say so," he added.

"Humph!" snorted Mammy Clo.

"Don't go humphin' de Book," cautioned Rucker. "De Book—"

"I ain't humphin' de Book," Mammy Clo corrected. "I'm humphin' yo' fool tawk. Cause you know I ain't studdin' 'bout dying. De Lawd gonter look after me when my time is out. I ain't wearied. De Lawd love me too good."

Rucker was puzzled. Mammy Clo always had been a contradiction—to him and to the Scriptures. He could not understand her attitude. "Mammy," he said gently, "you's a mighty good woman but you's a mighty proud woman."

"Proud in de Lawd, yas," she agreed.

"But proud," insisted Rucker. "And proudfulness is a sin. De Book say. And de proud die hard."

Mammy Clo stitched nervously for several minutes. The last star on the quilt took shape under her flying needle. Rucker had told her virtually the same thing a thousand times, and she never had paid any attention to him. But as the last stitch was made she was seized with a strange feeling. It was as though Rucker at last had unsettled her peaceful mind.

"Rucker," she said, "what do you know 'bout dis cold death you been carryin' on about?"

Rucker considered for a minute. "Nothin'," he admitted. "Not nothin'." He sat in serious, silent study for a while. "And dat's de p'int," he added. "Hit's a mystery. A mighty mystery."

Rucker's words agitated the strange feeling that was upon Mammy Clo. It was as though she were standing in sand and the sand were giving way from under her feet.

"What do de Scriptures say about hit?" she pressed.

Rucker cast about uncertainly in his mind. "De ole song," he explained, "say, 'Death ain't nothin' but a robber in dis land.' Dat what de ole song say. But de chune don't say dat. De chune say like a nigger in de graveyard. De nigger say, 'Dem ha'nts ain't nothin' but de tombstones.' But whilst de nigger sayin' dat, de chune say, 'Maybe not, but all de same, I'm gonter reach up and git my hat and git along down de road.'"

"Unhunh," agreed Mammy Clo. "De chune don't say what de words say."

"Now," continued Rucker, tackling it from another angle. "Dat 'Deep River' song don't say so much, but de chune say a heap. De song say, 'Deep River. My home is over Jurdin.' But de chune say, 'Yeah? I know yo' home is over Jurdin, all right. But what about dat deep river? You got to cross dat river befo' you kin git home. Deep river!'"

Mammy Clo shivered. Something like a panic was taking place within her. "But de Scriptures, Rucker?" she pressed. "What do de Scriptures 'low?"

"De Scriptures," Rucker explained in a hushed voice, "don't 'low. Dat's what makes hit a mighty mystery."

Mammy Clo clutched desperately at one straw of hope. "Maybe hit ain't—"

"Oh, yes, hit is," Rucker interrupted. "Dat's de p'int. De Scriptures allows by a parable. De Scriptures allows dat de Lawd led de Hebrews round de wilderness fawty years gittin' 'em humble so dey c'd git to de Promise' Land, and de ones which wouldn't git, well de Lawd struck 'em down."

"Hmmm," groaned Mammy Clo. "Hmmm, hmmm."

"And when de Lawd got 'em humbled," continued Rucker, "well he led 'em to Jurdin and *showed* 'em de Promise' Land on de yuther side." He paused dramatically and repeated, "*Showed* 'em de Promise' Land. And den, de Scriptures say, *dey crossed over*. De Lawd didn't cross 'em over, like at de Red Sea. Dey done dey own crossin'."

Mammy Clo's head bobbed from side to side. Her eyes closed, and weird, twitchy whines came from her troubled lips.

"And," continued Rucker, "dat's de mystery of Cold Death. De Lawd lead you round hyar on de yearth, and he show you de Promise' Land. But you got to do yo' own dyin'. . . . and de Scripture say de proud die hard."

Mammy Clo's hands shook as if in palsy and she tried to speak. Her mouth opened, but only a dry rattle came from her throat. For a moment she was terrified. Then, as suddenly as it had come, the feeling of terror left her and she was calm and serene. She grinned. "Rucker ain't nothin' but a chile wid a heap er tawk in his mouf," she told herself, "and hyar me listenin' at his fool tawk. Humph!"

Even as the realization came to her she vaguely heard Rucker calling nervously "Mammy Clo! Mammy Clo!" and she vaguely felt him tugging at her arm. Some childish prank of his, no doubt. Well, Rucker was such a child, anyway. He never would grow up!

While the thoughts moved gently and comfortingly through her mind she heard the hinges on the yard gate creak again, and she turned to see who could be coming in at that time in the afternoon. It was a tall straight man with a horn in his hand.

"Looks like Ole Gab'l, hisself," she commented.

"Dat's zackly who he is, too," the tall man grinned.

"Well, drag up a cheer and set," invited Mammy Clo. "Hit's cool water in de bucket and de gou'd is handy."

Gabriel helped himself to a drink of water and drew up a chair. "I'm kind er in a hurry, Clo," he said, seating himself comfortably. "I ain't got much time. I jest drapped by to—"

"Sh-h-h-h-h," interrupted Mammy Clo, raising her finger for silence and cupping her hand to her ear. "Sh-h-h-h-h."

"I jest drapped by to—" Gabriel started again, but Mammy Clo's old ear caught the sound distinctly. It was the cry of a tiny baby.

"Hand me my crutch," she ordered briskly and, without waiting for Gabriel to explain his business, she adjusted the crutch under her arm and hobbled toward the house.

Mammy Clo was not surprised when she walked into the room where the baby lay in its crib. Rather, she was disgusted.

The room was big and richly furnished. A huge table heavily laden with fine cradle gifts stood at the side of the cradle. But Mammy Clo was accustomed to going into fine houses. The big mansions of rich white folks and the lowliest cabins of the poorest negroes all looked alike to her. A baby was a baby—white or black. The surroundings did not matter.

The first thing that caught her eye was a woman dressed in white. A white cap, white apron, white stockings, white

shoes. The garments were stiffly starched and shining where the iron had passed over them too many times. Mammy Clo knew exactly what she was up against. She had encountered trained nurses before. "Too much starch and not enough brains," was her estimate.

The nurse was heating milk over an alcohol stove and toying with a thermometer. Meanwhile the baby was crying pitifully in the crib.

The cradle was a fine one—made of solid gold laths joined together an inch apart. The head and foot boards were set with a huge star of clustered diamonds. But the baby lay writhing in pain on the bare slats of the crib.

"Well, befo' Gawd!" exclaimed Mammy Clo. "Layin' hyar naked as a jaybird! And no mattress! And in a cradle built like a jackass ought to be eatin' hay out'n!" She turned threateningly to the nurse. "Gal!" she exploded. "How come diserway?"

"Now, aunty," protested the nurse. "The doctor has everything exactly as he wants it. The baby must have ventilation, and the doctor—"

"De doctor, hunh?" snorted Mammy Clo. "Well, I ain't studdin' what de doctor say de baby got to have. What I'm studdin' 'bout is what de baby got. He got de colic. Dat's what he got!"

The nurse tried to interrupt, but Mammy Clo drowned her out.

"Now drag yo'se'f on out in de gyarden and bring me some catnip. Dis baby need some catnip tea."

"But the doctor—"

"I ain't studdin' de doctor," Mammy Clo broke in. "And you too! Dis chile got de bellyache and he got hit bad. Now git out and git dat catnip! You hyar me! And some hot water!" She unhitched her crutch menacingly. "And make tracks," she added, "befo' I wrops dis cretch 'round you!"

The nurse left and Mammy Clo lifted the baby tenderly from its crib, holding it in one arm while she adjusted the Star of Bethlehem quilt into a pillowy mattress with her free hand.

"Now you git back in dar, suh," she said, placing the infant tenderly in the cradle. "De doctor, hunh? And you mighty nigh got de epizoodics right now!"

The baby continued to cry, but its cries were softer, and soon they were little more than troubled whimpers that fitted into the wordless tune which Mammy Clo hummed.

Presently the nurse returned with the herb and water, and the baby was given the tea.

"The doctor will be awfully put out about this," the nurse declared.

"Listen, honey," said Mammy Clo, "lemme ax you a question: Did de doctor ever had a baby?"

The nurse snickered at the idea.

"And you neither, I bet," grinned Mammy Clo. "Now you git over yonder by de lamp and jest let me alone." And the nurse surrendered.

The baby, soothed by the tea, slept peacefully. Mammy Clo sat by the cradle, rocking back and forth, watching every move of the child. Toward morning the expression of pain faded from its face and the baby opened its big, round, blue eyes. There seemed to be a knowing, understanding glance in them as it saw the old woman, sitting with head bent, at the side of the cradle.

"You rascal you!" she accused fondly. "You jest puttin' off on me! Dat's what you doin' suh!" She shook her tightly braided head close to the baby's face and gurgled, "Goodly-goodly-goodly-goo," and the baby's face muscles contorted in a manner that only Mammy Clo could have interpreted as an expression of merriment. She beamed.

"You scound'el, you," she said. "Look at you laughin' at ole mammy! Jest as mannish! I swear! Laughin' right out loud like a grown-up man! I bet you gonter be raisin' up and axin' me to please give you a chaw er 'baahker, fust thing I know!" She smoothed the

quilt gently and added, "Now you git to sleep, suh, and rest dem purty eyes some mo'. And de next time you wakes up mammy gonter have a sugar tit for dat boy to suck on. Now, git to sleep!"

The baby soon was in a quiet, peaceful sleep, and Mammy Clo instructed the nurse to bring a piece of clean, white cloth and some sugar. Then she fell asleep in the chair by the cradle.

When she awoke it was light and she was quite rested. Both the baby and the nurse still were asleep, but Mammy Clo noticed the "sugar tit" had been knotted properly and placed on the table near the cradle.

After a few minutes Gabriel opened the door wide, holding it back and bowing low. Almost immediately the Lord walked in.

The Lord looked exactly as Clo imagined he would look—exactly six feet tall and straight as a ramrod. And proud, too. With his shoulders drawn back and a heavy crown on his head. His stride was majestic—just short of a swagger. The sight of him was enough to fill one with awe.

Clo got up immediately and bowed, and the Lord opened his mouth as though to speak. But Clo interrupted him just in time.

"Sh-h-h-h, Lawd," she whispered. "De baby's sleepin' now, and he need dat sleep powerful bad. He was mighty sick last night. Mighty nigh had de cholly-mawbuses."

The Lord looked shocked for an instant and then he smiled indulgently. "That's mighty fine, Clo," he said in a surprisingly soft whisper.

"Yeah, Lawd," put in Gabriel, "Clo do ack mighty handy around de babies."

Clo was embarrassed by the bald praise. "He jest need sleep," she repeated, "and some tea and stuff. He's awright, now."

The Lord turned and tiptoed out of the room, and Gabriel and Clo followed. Outside Gabriel began talking, apparently resuming a conversation that had been started before he and the Lord entered the room.

"'Bout dat time," he said, "she hyared de baby cry and she lit out twarge de cradle like a hawg after cawn."

"What! And you didn't explain, suh?" The Lord thundered the question more like an accusation.

"Explain?" repeated Gabriel. "Lawd, how anybody gonter explain anything at her when she hyars a baby squallin'? Me and you bofe couldn't explain her nothin' when she hyars a young'n holler."

Clo did not understand exactly what they were talking about but she knew it had to do with Gabriel's arrival the afternoon before, and that the Lord was displeased with it. She hastened to Gabriel's rescue.

"You see, Lawd," she amplified, "I and Gab'l was jest fixin' to pass de time er day and I didn't no mo'n give him howdy, to I hyared de baby squallin'. And quick as I hyared dat, I knowed hit wan't nothin' but de bellyache make a baby holler like dat. So I jest lit out."

"Yeah," supplemented Gabriel. "She been tawkin' to Rucker, and Rucker, he say Clo ain't humble enough."

"Rucker," put in Clo, "don't think my Star er Bet-ly-ham quilt is purty, and Lawd, dat is a mighty purty quilt."

They had been walking along, Gabriel and Clo slightly in rear of the Lord, who was swinging his arms and stepping higher with his left foot so that his stride was one of majesty. Clo paid no attention to where they were going until suddenly she realized that she was in the box elder grove back of the orchard, where she used to come to funerals.

"Dog gone!" she exclaimed, "Hit's de fust time I been hyar since I don't know when. I used to never miss a funeral, but lately hit's been hard to git around . . ." She looked about and saw a pile of freshly dug earth, just off to the left. "Look like a new grave, too!"

she exclaimed. "Must gonter be a funeral to-day."

"A big 'n too," Gabriel assured her, with a knowing grin.

"Well, I be dad blame!" Mammy Clo's old eyes sparkled. "I ain't been to a funeral in a month er Sundays! Le's watch hit!"

"You're mighty right, we'll watch it," the Lord declared importantly. "That's what I had in my mind when I led you out here. I want you to watch, and listen too. Gabriel got to drinking water and chinning with you and forgot to . . ."

"Aw, Lawd," protested Gabriel, "don't be so hard on me. I done tole you she hyared dat baby yellin' befo' I c'd git my mouf open to tell her."

Before the Lord had time to reply the procession came into view. Rucker, Bible in hand and head bowed, walked in front.

"Rucker gonter preach, too," Clo explained. "Rucker preaches a powerful good funeral, too, Lawd. I rose him up to be a preacher."

Behind Rucker six husky negroes carried a rosewood casket that was banked high with flowers. Then came more than a hundred men, women, and children—white and black. They were straggling slowly, singing in ragged time, "When the Saints Go Marchin' on."

"Ev'y last'n one of 'em is my chilluns, Lawd," Mammy Clo explained proudly. "Love de Lawd. Don't mind de work. And ain't skeered er nothin' but sin. Dat de way I rose dem chilluns."

The casket was rested by the side of the grave. Rucker took a position at the head and the others formed a semicircle at the foot. Rucker raised his hand and a hushed silence fell.

"People," he said huskily, "most generally when I preaches a funeral, well I preaches hit. But I don't feel like preachin' much to-day. So we gonter sing dis funeral."

"Now jest watch, Lawd!" Mammy Clo explained jubilantly. "Rucker do git right at a singin' funeral. When his wife died and he didn't feel like preachin', well, we sung de funeral. Den all at once ole Rucker got hot and he got up and whupped de devil to he wan't no bigger'n a gnat!"

Rucker raised his hand again. "Somebody h'ist a chune," he commanded, "while de body er dis cawpse is bein' lowered in de grave."

An uncertain baritone voice began tunelessly:

"Befo' dis time another year, I may be gone—"

The others straggled along after the baritone. When time came for the second line, a shrill—too shrill—soprano had seized the lead:

"And er my body a-layin' in de ground,
Lawd knows how long."

Rucker shook his head. "Dat's rotten," he declared.

"Well, I believe you," Mammy Clo agreed heartily. "Plum rotten."

There was a moment of tense silence and then a rumbling bass began:

"Deep river! My home is over Jurdin.
Deep river, Lawd! I want to cross over into Camp Ground."

"Dat's mo' better," Rucker admitted, and soon the song was rolling along, now gently and soothingly, now wild and rumbling.

"Oh, won't you come to de Gospel Feast,
In de Promise' Land whar all is peace?
Deep river! My home is over Jurdin.
Deep river, Lawd! I want to cross over into Camp Ground."

The pallbearers placed cotton ropes under the casket and lifted it over the gaping hole. The song droned weirdly, wistfully. Rucker addressed the casket as it was being lowered into the grave:

"Ashes might be unto ashes and dust might be unto dust, but hit ain't a natchal man kin put you in de ground. And dat's a fack."

"Deep river, Lawd! I want to cross over—"

The song rose higher and higher while Rucker struggled not only with words

to express his feeling, but against the din of wailing voices. Then, when the last note of a line was dying out, he raised his own voice with the swing of the song and led the next verse himself:

"Oh, de news f'm heab'm which is gone around,
She crossed over Jurdin on dusty ground."

Gabriel leaped excitedly to his feet. "I be dag gone, Lawd!" he exclaimed, "listen at Rucker!"

"I made him say that," said the Lord. "I wanted Clo to hear from Rucker's own lips that she was dead. Now, listen at this one, Clo, and you'll find out all about that mystery!" But Clo was not there.

She was hurrying away, grumbling to herself. "I ain't got no time to pleasure myse'f at nobody's funeral," she was saying. "I got to mind dat baby. Dat sassy scound'el! All r'ared back on my fine quilt, jest as buckish! I swear!" She giggled deep down in her throat. "He gonter git dat sugar tit de minute he open dem purty eyes er his'n. R'ared back, laughin' at me! He jest won't do!" And she hurried on to the side of the cradle.

LIEBESLIED

BY ALFRED KREYMBORG

I'M GLAD her eyes are dark and rather shy.
She rarely lifts her lashes very high.
I'm glad her mouth, though red, is rather small.
The words she might have said are quite as tall.
I'm glad her ears are delicate and quick.
She can hear my quiet heart beat every tick.
But most of all, I'm glad she's rather shy.
I feel our whole life move behind her eye.

I'm not so glad my sight is rather blind.
Nor is my ear as true as it might be.
My tongue is slow, it lags whole miles behind
Whatever my heart cries out inside of me.
And yet within this old nearsighted eye
I see we'll love each other till we die.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE PURITAN

BY BRENDAN LEE

AS THE poet Dante was being led through Inferno he met drab and dreary souls who had been damned, he was told, because they had no color of humanity. Then said Vergil his guide, "Let us think no more of such wretches, but look and pass on."

The Puritan, having been consigned by historians to hell, as the killjoy of our human comedy, might be allowed to rest in torment; but no, every new writer must show us how well he deserves damnation. "Think no more of such wretched souls," say our guides; "seek not to understand them, but throw a stone and pass on."... The only thing lacking in the whole poetico-historical record is the little parenthesis found at the bottom of an Arabic story: *This is all a lie.*

"But wait," you exclaim, "surely our historians present some pretty damning facts from original Puritan sources!" So they do, to the exclusion of many other facts, thereby giving color to Voltaire's discovery that the one thing which history proves is that you can prove anything from history. A score of learned examples might be given; let two suffice, since they are typical of all that we read or hear about Puritanism.

One of the latest and most quoted chronicles of early New England begins with the bold dedication, "Truth, and Truth only, is our aim." After that fine start, however, the chronicler seems to say, "Go to, now, these Puritan fathers were bad eggs; let us smell out their rottenness." Was there any evil or scandal in that olden time, any mephitic whiff of skunk or sulphureted odor of stillborn chick? Behold! such is the Truth of history. By the same selective method some future historian may consign this Age of Enlightenment to a darksome place in Purgatorio, at least, by proving from our divorce courts that marriage was a kind of merry-go-round, with a Woman's Exchange in every town; or from our newspapers that partisan politics was our main interest and criminal trials our chief delight. Indeed, our future judgment is already anticipated by Trader Horn, who writes, and he is separated from us only by an ocean, "Americans, aye, a moral people, except when it comes to murder and so on."

Another portrayal of the New England fathers is so fearful and wonderful that it might be given place in a standard text of social history. This appeared during a recent gathering of educators in a Western state, when I dropped into a lecture room, lured by the announcement that a professor of sociology would speak for an hour on "The Blight of Puritanism."

Now it happened that I had just been reading some old letters which laid bare the very heart of the fathers, their hopes, their far-seeing plans, their practice of charity as the chief of virtues, their soul-searching to know whether they were in tune with the Infinite—in a word, the unseen springs or motives of their visible action.

Such records, nobly sincere, acquaint us with people of faith, of courage, of high purpose; but if the schoolmen had any such generous idea, it was knocked galley-west when the professor handled

the Puritans without gloves, as he said, and perhaps believed. He not only called them bigoted aristocrats (which is partly true; they believed in aristocratic government), but roundly accused them of fathering most of the evils which still abide in Church or State. The Dayton trial, the meddling of some religious bodies in politics, the fanaticism of the Volstead Act and the ferocious futility of its enforcement, the hypocrisy of legislators who vote "dry" at the crack of a League whip and then obey the Scriptural injunction to "take a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—these and sundry more afflictions were all attributed to the lingering blight of Puritanism.

How the Puritans, who were temperate drinkers, could or would blight us to intemperate aridity was not quite clear; but let that pass. As I followed the professor, suddenly my mental ship was brought up standing, canvas thrashing from jib to spanker. He told us, and proved it by court records, that certain officials in their zeal for other people's righteousness have been known to employ loose women, who lure men into suspected places, and drink with them, and thus get information for the authorities. "What better can we expect," asked the lecturer with fervent heat, "since the first Puritan governor used to send his own wife, under pretense of a friendly call, to spy on the neighbors?"

That last is half true, and wholly typical of our credulity. John Winthrop was the first governor; his wife Margaret was, soul and body, a beautiful woman, and she did spy on the neighbors. Hear now the other half of the truth:

During an uncommonly severe winter a shipload of immigrants arrived at Boston. The original Puritan company was well provided with all things needful for comfort; but some of these newcomers were poor. Though they lacked many necessities in their rude cabins, they suffered in silence, being too proud to accept the charity that was freely offered. On such a family lovely Margaret would call, always at supper time, and as she talked she used her eyes. If a man were sick, or a woman discouraged, or a child cold and hungry, lo! Christ would come in the gray dawn to leave food or wine or warm clothing at the door, and knock and vanish silently. And the poor never learned, until Winthrop was dead, upon whose human feet Christ had walked through the snow of the winter morning.

Many other such half-truths were bombarded as the lecturer sailed on, all his guns thundering. He riddled the Blue Laws, apparently without knowing that they were invented as the mean revenge of a Church of England clergyman, a Tory, who was banished for opposing Patriots who were fighting the Revolution. And, of course, he poured hot shot into witchcraft, ignoring, as do all textbooks, its most notable feature: namely, that New England had only one small outbreak of the delusion, while Europe had its fearful affliction every year; or that, at a time when foreign countries killed witches by the thousand and no man dared lift his voice against it, New England was the one place in all the world where witchcraft was openly denounced and the first place where it was stamped out. As he thus peppered the fathers for faults they never dreamed of, my mind was busy in making for the Puritan what Cardinal Newman called an *Apologia pro vita sua*, somewhat in the following wise.

II

Be assured, first of all, that our New England fathers were able men. That first historian who called them a chosen people was not using a Biblical figure of speech; he referred to the fact that the original company had been selected from the best stock in old Lincolnshire. That they should be guilty of half the evil we now attribute to them is *a priori* out of the question: breed does not change quality by crossing an ocean, and the Puritan fathers were men of good breed-

ing. The Royal Society (then as now the most famous of scientific bodies) once planned to move its headquarters to New England, as offering the best field and the best-trained scholars for scientific research. Cromwell and Milton also planned to come, and would have come in 1635 but for the lingering hope that Stuart despotism might be overthrown. During the war against that despotism many New Englanders went over to help, saying that it went against manhood to enjoy liberty here while their brethren were fighting for liberty in England. There are records of eight such men, five soldiers and three ministers, who sailed from Boston Town alone. Of the soldiers, two became colonels in rank, and three major-generals. Of the ministers, one became Cromwell's private chaplain, one was called to the largest free church in London, and one was content to serve the Church of England.

This last fact may indicate that New England fathers were broad enough to tolerate wide differences of creed or religious conviction. That they were open-minded enough to welcome scientific truth appears in their libraries, which included the latest works in philosophy, medicine, astronomy, and physics. It appears more specifically in the younger Winthrop, who was in correspondence with more than eighty of the world's leaders; not churchmen alone, but statesmen, princes, generals, astronomers (Galileo among others), physicians, mathematicians, architects, and engineers. So catholic was his knowledge that it is doubtful whether any modern professor could interpret half the letters which were found in his study when he passed on. Even so, he regarded himself as inferior in scholarship to many New England ministers.

Being educated men, the fathers were of necessity widely different one from another. Thomas Hooker, for example, was the outstanding Progressive of his age. At a time when the British Constitution was a vague, limitless, shadowy thing, he had the revolutionary idea that the first need of a state is a constitution, as definite as Euclid, to limit the power of rulers and define the plain man's rights. Finding that Boston Puritans were then too conservative to accept his idea, he led his flock down through the wilderness to plant the Hartford Colony, and to guide it by his *Fundamental Orders*, the world's first written Constitution, and the original source of American democracy. John Davenport, another scholarly minister, found the same Boston Puritans much too liberal in their ideas, and led his conservative flock away to plant the New Haven Colony. To both Hooker and Davenport the Puritans bade a hearty Godspeed, offering help in the way of manpower or money-power to establish the new enterprise; which was hardly an intolerant proceeding, if you look at it with frank eyes.

And the moral is, that if Progressives of our own day would only follow Hooker's example and betake themselves to a suitable wilderness, their senatorial brethren might gladly bid them an affectionate farewell. Unfortunately, your modern Progressive elects to be solitary in the midst of society. He agrees with no man but himself, and not always that; yet he insists, before anything can be rightly reformed, that we all must conform to his way of thinking; which is manifestly impossible.

Did I say *modern* Progressives? There are no such birds under the sun. Two thousand years ago they were called Bell Clappers in Alexandria. New England fathers knew them well, and got rid of them without resorting to steam-roller methods, as Sir Harry Vane might tell you, sorrowfully. He was the original Bull Moose to exalt his horn over his discovery of the moral law. There is no room to doubt that his Puritanism alone was simon-pure, because he said so himself, quite frequently. When the Bay Colony was divided over Anne Hutchinson's evenings-at-home, he used this charming but talkative woman to further his own ambition. Trumping

up a charge that Governor Winthrop was too lenient and that the Commonwealth needed vigorous treatment, he offered a reform platform which glittered with promise like a Christmas tree. To the joy of insurgent young Puritans and the despair of old, he won the governorship in 1636. When reminded of his pre-election pledges, he doubtless answered, as did Governor Ben Butler in the same place at a later date, "Gentlemen, those promises which I find I cannot keep, I will renew."

Of the governorship Sir Harry made a rather turbulent sideshow, with plentiful ballyhoo; and he would have won again if Pastor Wilson had not flown the Progressive coop and cackled as he flew. This silver-tongued minister (a warning to clergymen to keep out of politics, lest the devil lure them into foolishness) had worked under the Vane banner, only to discover that the new idol was "but sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal." Chance to redeem his error came on the day before election, when the cohorts of Sir Harry gathered to celebrate their victory by anticipation. Seeing them thus assembled, Pastor Wilson praised the Lord and climbed a tree. Perched like a song bird where the cohorts might see him, he made "such a sweet speech" that he captured enough votes to turn the election back to Winthrop, who had thought himself licked.

In the peevishness of defeat now, Sir Harry proclaimed to all and sundry that he would demand a passport to England, where his genius was better appreciated. That was a bluff, and Winthrop called it. Before Sir Harry could find an excuse to change his mind, the passport was put in his hand, and Winthrop had ordered as a mark of special honor that "his departure be speeded by diverse volleys of shot." So he went, angry but unrepentant, to a stormy career on the other side. It is written in English history that Cromwell cried out in Parliament, "Sir Harry Vane! Sir Harry Vane! The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!" That is true; but no American history records that Winthrop said it first, and more effectively, by what he called "one of my little jokes."

This elder Winthrop was a very courteous gentleman, of such exquisite manners that, it was said, he pleased men even when he must refuse to grant a favor. His first deputy, Thomas Dudley, was like a watchful bulldog, as threatening in aspect, as gruff in speech, and as loyal as to what he thought his duty. Winthrop, who was no theologian, found Anne Hutchinson too much for him when she enlarged on the Antinomian doctrine that the devil can indwell with the elect; but Dudley stopped her short by quoting from Aristotle that "Silence is the glory of a woman." Herein he ran counter to St. Paul, who declared that the glory of a woman is her long hair. Obviously, this may now be disputed since bob-haired females engage in wordy politics, and it remains for the next married philosopher or bachelor saint to tell us what *is* the glory of a woman.

Poor Anne! She was banished to the colony of Roger Williams, and could not stand him either, but went off to be killed by Indians in Pelham Manor. Better that, no doubt, than to be argued to death.

III

This unhappy woman is but one of many who are now quoted as victims of Puritan persecution; but nothing is said about Catholics who lived in the Puritan colony, and who were not persecuted. The simple fact is that no man was punished because of his religious belief; it was only when he became a disturber of the peace, a fomenter of ungodly strife, that the Puritans took him in hand. And then they banished him, with safe conduct, at a time when, in any European land but Holland, he would have been hanged or burned or dipped in boiling oil.

Roger Williams is a case in point. In all our texts he appears as a saint; and perhaps he was when old age brought its

sad wisdom. In his youth he was a thorn in the side of Plymouth, of Salem, and of every other community he entered. When he appeared in Boston (1631) he was an Anabaptist and a Fundamentalist, in temper like a few misguided clergymen of our own day who are always in the newspapers or bound to get there. One precious thing about true religion is that it has no publicity value; hence the need of substitutes in an age of advertising.

Our New England fathers were neither Anabaptist nor Fundamentalist; but because Williams was an accredited clergyman, they courteously offered him the pulpit of one of their churches, its pastor being absent on a visit to England. He refused to preach in this church until the members thereof should "make humble confession of sin for having communed with the Church of England." As most of them had once belonged to that Church, they were not inclined to confess themselves sinners for having taken the Communion with their mothers. Bewailing their hardness of heart, Williams began to preach sociology from street corners, declaring that the Puritans had no right to the land which they had bought from the King in good faith, no right to compel their children to go to school, and other such firebrand stuff. When after repeated warnings he refused to be silent, the Puritans haled him to court, and the judge ordered that he be sent back to England, there to prove his charge that the King had no right to sell American land—which meant hanging, or worse, by order of some English court.

To save Williams from his own folly, the Puritan governor told him that, if he cared to go to Chief Massasoit, who was his friend, no search would be made for him. Such was his "banishment." We in our enlightenment might offer him a chair in one of our colleges, and furnish him with Bolshevik propaganda wherewith to feed the freshman mind.

The gentle Quakers also became saintly folk when tribulation taught them to live their religion at home instead of berating other people's religion from the housetop. In the early days they suffered from zealots, whose method was to blacken their naked bodies and enter a church to denounce its form of worship or (their pet aversion) a hireling ministry. Such was their reputation that, to avoid trouble, the Puritans sent word that Quakers would not be welcome in the Bay Colony. They came, nevertheless, and Judge Sewall records one of their appearances. In his meticulous diary we read:

> *1677, July 8.* New Meeting House. In sermon time there came in a female Quaker, in a canvas smock, her hair disheveled, her face black as ink. Led by two other Quakers, and two others following. It occasioned the most amazing uproar I ever saw.

Do I hear no cry of sympathy for these poor persecuted folk? Any properly enlightened Catholics or Protestants or Jews would surely welcome a female reformer in a "nightie" who came into their religious service to denounce the priest as a superstitious fellow, or the minister as a money-grabber, or the rabbi as a son of Satan; but our Puritans had no such liberality. The offenders were whipped and banished with strict orders not to return. They did return, and after another whipping were sent away with plain warning that to return meant death. They came again, seeking martyrdom, and some of them got what they were asking for. Three were hanged, not for their religion but for their repeated defiance of law. The hanging brought such a storm of protest from Puritan pulpits that never again did the magistrates indulge in "persecution of religion."

Persecution? A cry of mischief-makers for sympathy! Remember the circumstance: in England the ideal of a national Church was breaking up, giving rise to strange sects—Anabaptists, Quakers, Free Willers, Ranters, and twenty others—who were clamoring that they alone had the true religion,

all others being false or heretical. In Bunyan's marvelous autobiography (*Grace Abounding*) we meet and pity these deluded reformers who make of religion a thing of Bedlam. The odd thing is that we ennoble them to our glorious company of martyrs when they make themselves obnoxious to Puritans of the Bay Colony, who had crossed the ocean in search of peace. They were not so much preachers of the Gospel as seekers after notoriety. "And that ladder," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is very easy to climb; but it leads to a pillory that is crowded with fools who could not hold their tongues and knaves who could not hide their tricks."

For example, in 1636 it was "ordered by the General Court" that one Samuel Gorton, "for his damnable heresies," be whipped, banished, and warned not to return, on pain of death. On the face of it, that public record looks bigoted, and is so quoted in a college text; but happily there are other sources to tell us what Gorton's heresies were, and how damnable. Of his past we know naught except that it was shady. Escaping from England, he came here and preached in private houses that he had been inspired of heaven to proclaim a new religion, the "House of Love," whereof he was the chosen "Messiah." Then, as now, dupes were ready to embrace any new quackery in religion or science or medicine or politics. Soon the "House of Love" was populous. And some of the young girls were with child.

Somehow I sympathize with the New England fathers. I remember how we felt when a certain "House of David" was found in our midst, and how some of us regretted, when its "Messiah" was jailed, that a lynching party had failed to catch him.

Another glimpse of old-time bigotry is given by records which show that New England fathers were quite as intolerant of new business methods as of new religions. It appears that one Robert Keaynes (a rich merchant, a church member, and a representative at the General Court) was zealous to practice high finance before it became the approved fashion. Taking advantage of a time of scarcity and of the providential arrival of a shipload of provision, he cornered the whole supply and doubled his prices; which poor customers must pay or go hungry. In our enlightened day such a man might presently become an honored philanthropist; but these New England fathers were narrow-minded. Hardly had Keaynes begun to count his profit before the bailiff laid vulgar hands on him. He was brought before his Church, where he was "admonished against the sin of covetousness"; then he was led in disgrace to the General Court, which ordered that he reform his methods and pay a fine of one hundred pounds as a contribution to the needy.

IV

Being able men, these Puritans were of necessity very busy men. They were doing a big thing in the world: they were planting Liberty in the only place where Liberty might grow strong, and they must do it in the face of enormous difficulty. In a new and savage land, they must meet the old economic problems of food and comfort, trade and wealth. With jealous Indian tribes about them and a French enemy on their frontier, they must solve the life-or-death problem of peace and safety. Because the English law was chaotic and tyrannous, they must quickly prepare a new legal system. With thousands of strangers arriving yearly, they must meet the mighty problem of suffrage, and there was nowhere on earth a precedent to guide them. Finally, from England and the Continent, then cursed by religious persecution, men of all creeds came to the new land; and somehow, by human wisdom or divine grace, the fearful problem of toleration, which European statesmen thought hopeless, must here be met and answered.

Mistakes? Of course they made mis-

takes! Demigods in their place must have made as many. In their endeavor to do the right thing they pressed every man of ability into service for the Commonwealth. How busy they were, and how loyal, appears in the labor of John Cotton, for example. Hardly had he arrived, preceded by his reputation as a profound scholar, before he was up to his neck in new work. In addition to preparing two sermons and a lecture each week, and visiting the afflicted of his large congregation, he must attend every session of the General Court, give a written opinion on moot questions of trade or politics or religion, and codify the chaotic mass of English law for use in the Bay Colony. He was a lover of books, a disciple of philosophy; but in a letter to Lord Say-and-Sele he writes, sadly:

> Till I get some release from my constant labors here, I can get little or no opportunity to read anything or to do anything but the daily duties which press upon me continuously, much beyond my strength either of body or mind.

One shadow hung darkly over the Puritans even as they landed, all their problems unsolved. Ahead of them were the Pilgrims, who had already claimed much of the land and put up their no-trespass sign on the fur trade. Moreover, these less wealthy and more democratic men of Plymouth had their own ideas of politics, trade, and religion, which were different from the Puritan ideas.

Here certainly was an occasion of strife, meanly political, tensely economic, bitterly religious. And how did the New England fathers meet it? Winthrop and some of his magistrates went down to Plymouth, where they met Governor Bradford, Elder Brewster, and other of the Pilgrim leaders. In the original record we read, "There they assembled together, partook of the Holy Communion, engaged in religious discussion, and joined in a contribution for the poor of the Colony." As a result of the religious "discussion" the Puritans, who were members of the Church of England, decided that the Pilgrim Church, with its independent local government, was more suitable for this wide free land, and resolved to adopt it as their own.

Intolerance? Where in all the turbulent histories of politics and religion will you find another such example of Christian conduct?

V

Puritan law brings to our minds only an impression of fearful severity; but here again we have been misled by myth-makers. We make laws now in wholesale fashion by the thousand; while Press and Pulpit endlessly repeat the litany, "Respect the laws! Respect the laws!" though to unprejudiced eyes this or that law may be anything but respectable.

The Puritans had a different idea, and they chanted no litany. To them the law was a dangerous tool of tyranny in high places. With all their force and conscience they struck at kings or bishops who had proclaimed for ages that laws are divinely given to State or Church. When that false god began to totter on its throne, Richard (not Thomas) Hooker tried to bolster it up by his famous *Ecclesiastical Polity*, wherein law was solemnly given its seat "in the bosom of God," thus adding a fourth Person to the original Holy Trinity. We still carve that lie on the wall of our House of Legislation, unmindful of the fact that it was designed to shackle freedom by making men humbly obedient to whatever kings or bishops might decree.

New England fathers would have no such idolatry. They regarded law not as a fetish that called for genuflection but as a reasonable compact to be tested by human experience. They were contemporaries of Spinoza, most profound of modern philosophers (who may have been influenced by straight-think-

ing Puritans he met in Holland), and they were abreast of his ideas of law and law-making. Here is the plain English of one illuminating passage of his *Tractatus Politicus:*

> Men are by nature so constituted that they resent having habits which they think right made criminal or punishable before the laws. They think it honorable rather than shameful to hold such laws in contempt. Thus a law which can be broken without doing harm to the neighbors is bound to become a laughing stock. . . . Forever we resent prohibition, and desire that which is denied to us.

The laws of that day abounded in such prohibitions; and in an effort to prove their heavenly origin, punishments were so horrible that thought itself rebels at them. It is significant of the New England fathers that they cast out many laws as worse than useless, and modified all punishments in the direction of leniency. Thus, the English law (which by order of the King must govern the Bay Colony) made over two hundred offenses punishable by death, with attendant mutilation of the victim. In defiance of royal orders, the fathers reduced the number of death offenses to three or four, and abolished all subsequent horrors. Torture, which was common in all European law courts, was not permitted in New England.

Again, if men were caught in rebellion the leaders were hanged, drawn, and quartered; men in the ranks were packed into loathsome prison ships, and sold into life-slavery in distant places. The first case of this kind to come before the Bay Colony occurred in 1651, when Cromwell sent rebels taken in battle to Governor Belcher, with orders that they be sold into slavery for life. Cromwell in his power was a dangerous man to cross; but the fathers did it, and had their way. John Cotton sent the decision of the General Court to the Lord Protector, as follows:

> Concerning the Scots rebels, whom God delivered into your hands at Dunbar, and whereof sundry were sent hither, we have been desirous to make their yoke easy. Such as were sick of the scurvy or other diseases have not lacked physic or surgery. They have not been sold as slaves to perpetual servitude, but for six or seven years. He that bought them buildeth houses for them, for every four a house, and layeth some acres of ground thereto, which he granteth them as their own. . . . Three days in the week they work for him, and three days for themselves. He promiseth, as soon as they can repay him the (purchase) money he layeth out for them, that he will set them at liberty.

VI

As for suffrage, we cherish two delusions about that: one, that the Puritan idea was intolerant; another, that our own idea is enlightened. Suffrage is now given so cheaply to Tom, Dick, Harry, and all their female relations that it is difficult, even with free automobiles and other forms of bribery, to induce more than half our voters to come to an election. Far from admitting our folly, we cry aloud, "Bring out the vote! Bring out the vote!" as if any good ever was or could be done by bringing out the lazy, the indifferent, the unfit.

New England fathers regarded the suffrage not as a cheap gift but as a high privilege. Their colony was at first managed by a board of overseers selected by shareholders, and the overseers elected a governor—precisely as we now manage a business corporation. Here was the most liberal and, as it quickly proved, the most successful plan of colonial government that had been tried up to that time. As years passed, men who had invested no money in the enterprise (and who had, therefore, no legal claim to interfere in its management) came to the new colony and shared its prosperity. Very soon these strangers demanded a voice in the government; and the amazing thing is that these aristocratic Puritans said, "They are right; they ought to have some share in our government." Then arose the perplexing question, Who shall have the suffrage in a free colony?

The Puritans answered by a decree of the General Court, which ordered that all church members should have the right to vote. Before you condemn that, remember the circumstance. Before a man was admitted to membership in a Puritan church he must be known as a person of good conduct. If there were any meanness in his record he was put on probation. Until he could meet the fathers eye to eye as an honest man no question of doctrine was ever raised. Then he was inducted to full membership if he accepted the creed, or to limited membership if he objected to this or that article. Both full and limited membership carried the right to vote; also accredited membership in other than Puritan churches. When King Charles sent a commissioner to demand that the Puritans change their test, they agreed to give the suffrage to any man who could bring a certificate of moral integrity. The King refused, and the Puritans stood by their guns.

In other words, the first American test of suffrage was, fundamentally, a test of character. Not till after the Revolution of 1688 was it changed by young Puritans, who thought themselves wiser than their elders. Then it was decided that men who owned money or property to a certain amount should have the right to vote. Our history texts acclaim that descent as a step in advance. "The law which permits this abuse of property qualification," says Aristotle, "makes money of more account than character." And he adds that there was never a revolt against aristocratic government. "Democracy," he affirms, "is always a revolt against plutocracy or the money power."

In the matter of enforcement the fathers said, with Christ, that law is made for man, not man for the law. Far from snooping out offenders with intent to punish every peccadillo, it appears that they knew when to put their blind eye to the legal spyglass. Only for public order were they sticklers; and as taverns were frequent offenders, the law was made very strict. Drink must not be sold to an Indian, nor to any white man who showed signs of intoxication; and at all times the peace of the neighborhood must be respected. Yet even here they acted not with bigoted severity but rather with mildness, even with humor, which is but the recognition of our human frailty.

Do you doubt that? Then come with Judge Sewall, narrowest of all the New England fathers, to a scene of riotous conduct.

At "nine of the clock" Sewall was summoned by a killjoy named Colson to disperse a crowd who were wassailing in a nearby tavern. The judge had no stomach for the job; but, being a magistrate, he went as a matter of duty, taking the constable with him. Here is his diary record:

> Found much company. They refused to go away. Said they were there to drink the Queen's health, and they had many other healths to drink. Called for more drink, and drank to me. Said they must and would stay upon that solemn occasion. I threatened to send some of them to prison; that did not move them. They said (offered) to pay their fine, and in doing that they might stay. Not having pen and ink, I went to take their names with my pencil; not knowing how to spell their names, they themselves of their own accord writ them. At last I addressed myself to Mr. B. (one of the revellers). I told him he had been longest an inhabitant and freeholder, and I expected him to set a good example in departing thence. Upon this he invited them to his own house, and away they went; and we, after them, went away.

You are shocked, perhaps, at such leniency to sinners who were breaking the law by singing and drinking healths at nine of the clock. Judge Sewall was all wrong! He should have gone to that old night club attended by spies armed with pistols and axes. He should have smashed all the furniture as a lesson in temperance. He should have padlocked the house, after sending the owner and his guests to lodge with jailbirds while waiting their turn in a police court.

Ostentatiously he should have seized all the "hooch" to be displayed as evidence; then with due discretion he should have hid the "good stuff" in his own cellar, to be—well, what does become of all the "good stuff" that is taken away from men who dare to drink healths in our enlightened day?

VII

This old Judge who remembered his humanity and these young revellers who answered an appeal to their manhood might suggest, did we but listen to them, that we have been deceived into thinking of the New England fathers as gloomy folk who took no pleasure themselves nor permitted it in others. In a recent magazine article, which repeats the myths found in our textbooks, we read:

> The Puritan forefathers became the most dictatorial people, more uncharitable and bigoted than the rulers from whom they sought escape. They abhorred as lures of the devil everything which Europe enjoyed—luxury, dancing, pleasure and play, mirth and laughter. Their women wore drab raiment, denied themselves all beauty, and rose in sanctity according to the depth of their drudgery. We still suffer from the blight of the Puritan belief that anything pleasant must be sinful.

Look on that familiar picture, which is wholly imaginary; then on this, which is quite real. In a breezy letter to her mother, a young Puritan girl who is visiting a friend in Boston describes an evening party; not one of the big holiday parties, which were more lively, but a quiet little affair to welcome a guest:

> A very genteel, well-regulated assembly which we had at Mr. Soley's last evening, Miss Hannah being mistress of the ceremony. A large company assembled in a handsome room in the new end of the house. We had two fiddles, and I had the honor to open the diversion in a Minuet. Our treat was nuts, raisins, cakes, wine, punch hot and cold, all in great plenty. For variety we Woo'd a Widow, Hunted the Whistle, Threaded the Needle; or while the company was collecting we diverted ourselves with playing of pawns. No rudeness, Mamma, I assure you. . . .
>
> I was dressed in my yellow coat, black bib and apron, black feathers on my head, my comb and garnet marquesett and jet pins, together with my silver plume, my locket, rings, black collar and black mitts, and two or three yards of blue ribbon. Black and blue is now high taste. Striped tucker and ruffles (not my best) and silk shoes completed my dress.

Obviously there is something topsy-turvy in the drab picture of Puritanism which writers conspire to foist upon us. You would be sure of this if I had space to quote from other letters to friends in England, telling them to send suits or dresses of silk or satin or velvet or brocade, with gold buttons, and lace and ruffles, and plumed hats, and silver-buckled shoes in color red or blue. The surprising part of such letters, whether from Puritan men or Puritan women, is the closing injunction, "Let everything be of the best, and in the latest fashion." Indeed, less than twenty years after the Puritans landed, Nathaniel Ward in his *Simple Cobbler* was lambasting them for being too fashionable in dress, too luxurious in habit, and altogether too tolerant in religion.

The plain truth is, that in this matter of amusement the Puritan fathers faced the same problem that we face, and were troubled about it as we are. The young followed their own fancy, while mothers and fathers looked on with doubt or dismay. Thus, from earliest days there were schools for dancing in Puritan Boston. Older people might join in a stately minuet or a jolly Sir Roger, but they regarded new dances much as we regard the ugly and footless Charleston. So we find Judge Sewall hurling his wordy thunderbolts at "mix't dancing," also at periwigs, Christmas revelry, April-fool tricks, lotteries, valentines, card-playing — all such foolishness of the rising generation.

Knowing this, some young scamp, on his way home from a poker game or its equivalent one night, strewed a whole

deck of cards on Sewall's front lawn; and there they were, face up, for scandalized neighbors to see in the morning. "'Tis to be thought," wrote the Judge, "that someone did it but to vex me." And he praised God that there was no law to compel *him* to play cards or celebrate Christmas or dance with a female or wear a periwig.

Opinion was so divided over social habits that the Puritan was careful not to legislate on the subject. With him the law was a last resort; he lacked our enlightened conception of law as the sure cure for every ill, the Handy Andy for every job. As a reformer he stands alone, being the only man who made no attempt to reform others until he had first reformed himself. He aimed not to change habits by legislation but to change men by education, and to let changed men take care of their own habits.

You might think, for example, that Cotton Mather at the height of his influence would have invoked the aid of the law when, as he says, he discovered "with a most painful shock" that "a number of young people, of both sexes, many of them belonging to my Church, have had a Christmas-night frolic, a revelling feast, and a *Ball*." Instead of appealing to the legislature, he writes in his diary, "This has a tendency to corrupt them. I must acquit myself, as prudently and faithfully as I can, in the discharge of my duty to them."

To this zealous young Puritan modern dancing appeared as a moral danger; but his grandfather, John Cotton, a Puritan of the older breed, wrote on being asked for his opinion:

> Dancing I would not simply (as such) condemn. Only lascivious dancing, to wanton ditties and amorous gestures, especially after great wine feasts, I would bear witness against as a *flavella libidinus*.

And we think, we fathers and mothers, that we have a new problem in the jazz dances which our children affect, not because such dances are graceful or decent but because they are for the moment fashionable, and because fashion has been since the world began the most potent of false gods!

VIII

It must not be thought that the New England fathers tyrannized over their girls and boys in the matter of amusement. A thousand letters and diaries make it clear that they deeply loved their children, yearned over them, rejoiced in their happiness, but remembered that they had souls to save. One picture shows a father denying himself of all comfort that his boy may have an education; another shows the boy enjoying himself hugely, without a thought of the sacrifice involved. Note these few random items from the diary of a Harvard freshman, which I quote not because they are typical (for I know not how many Puritan boys were like him or unlike him) but because I happen to know just such another gay young dog who takes his ease in college while a widowed mother slaves for him at home:

> Came to college, began Logic, Fought with the Sophomores about customs. Had another fight with the Sophomores. Saw *Roman Father* (a play). Mowed the President's grass. *Cato*, a play, acted at Warren's chambers. Did not go to prayers. Went to Boston. *The Revenge* acted at Bowman's. Acted *Tancred and Sigismunda*, for which we are like to be prosecuted. President sick; wherefore much deviltry carried on in college. Scholars degraded this morning, two admonished, one punished. Entered on Trigonometry. Windows at Kneeland and Thayers broken last night. Quarter day, calculated an eclipse. Analyzed fifth chapter of Ephesians. Lost two pistareens at cards. Spring, the robins have come. First game of bat-and-ball. Joseph Cabot [*eheu!* a Cabot] rusticated as soon as the President said he was rusticated; he took his hat and went out of Chapel without waiting to hear the President's speech out; after prayers he belabors the tutors at a high rate and leaves college; his mother faints at the news.

It is clear from such records that the College at Cambridge, which had been suspected of being a little Antinomian in theology, was becoming over-lively in action. Therefore, a new college was planted at New Haven, where Puritan boys might learn sobriety and sound doctrine. Alas! there too Youth went its own high way, and flirted with Episcopalianism. Here is one Ezra Clap, who seems to have been of fair rank in liveliness but far below the Harvard par in English:

Last night some freshman got 6 quarts of Rhum and about 2 payles full of Sydar and almost 8 pounds of Suger and made it into a Samson. They evited every scholer in colege to Churtis is room, and we made such prodigous Rough that we raised the tuter and he ordered us all to our one rooms. Some went and some taried and they gathered again and went up to old father Monshers and drumed against the dore and yeled and screamed so that a body would have thought they were killing dodgs there.

Evidently that old "Samson" was a powerful brew. Lest you suspect me of disparaging the College at New Haven, let me add that the letters of young Jonathan Edwards (who went before this roughneck Ezra to Yale) reveal a saintly spirit, pure as a star, and the most beautiful prose style in our early literature.

There were no colleges for women in those days; and when I reflect that after four years of college education it takes a girl eight years to get over it (if she ever does get over it), I doubt that the Puritans would approve our modern institution. They loved their girls, nevertheless, even more than their boys, as fathers do now, and were as deeply concerned for their honor. Hear this cry of agony from one who knew that he must soon die and leave a wilful girl without his protection:

I took my little daughter Katy into my study, and there I told my child that I was to die shortly; and that she must, when I am dead, remember everything I said to her. With many tears, both on my part and hers, I told my child that God had assured me and his good angels (Bible promises) had satisfied me that she shall be brought home to the Lord Jesus and be one of his forever. I then made my child kneel down by me, and I poured out my cries unto the Lord, that he would lay his hands upon her and bless her and save her. It will be so! It will be so!

Any man who without a catch in his throat can read that last "It will be so!" as if love must force a pledge even from the Almighty— Well, may he never know, as did this Puritan, what it means to have a wayward girl.

Here is no bit of history, but something far greater, a bit of life itself. I have said nothing of the Puritan's mighty deed for freedom, nor have I tried to paint both sides of his dominant yet strangely humble character. It is said that Cromwell had a wart on his nose, and that, when an artist sought to flatter him by making a portrait without the wart, he cried out angrily, "Paint me as I am!"

Doubtless the New England fathers would thus enjoin their apologist; but that would be too large an order for a little hour. The sole aim of this telescopic essay is, by a few "far, faint glimpses," to make it evident that the Puritan was human, and very much a man—one with such a slant toward honesty that he could tolerate no sham in his politics, no veneer on his business, no paint or varnish on his religion! Vanished these hundred years and more, his spirit, praise God, still dominates America in her heroic moods as it did the Bay Colony. It is to be hoped that our writers in their search for novelty may some day discover him.

LONGEVITY OF COLLEGE ATHLETES

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THE development of athletics in our colleges is a peculiarly American phenomenon. Nothing like it is to be found anywhere else in the world. Probably no other phase of American college life is so much commented upon by our foreign visitors and critics. They note with amazement the intensity of these athletic activities, the elaborate programs of sport, and their development of individual and team skill, their overwhelming importance in undergraduate life, the loyalties they inspire, the large money investment in buildings, playing fields, and equipment, and the enthusiastic public following of college athletics. But all these only add interest to the much more important question in which we are here concerned, namely, the effect of athletics on the men engaging in them and, particularly, the effect on their health and longevity. For if there were any truth in the assertion that college athletics are essentially harmful, the immense superstructure which has been developed would fall like a house of cards.

As might be expected, this institution has its very ardent advocates and critics. On the one hand, there has been the definite belief inside and outside college circles that athletic sports are builders of men, both as regards character and bodily development, and that they add to the vigor and length of life of the participants. Certainly these college sports have brought out our best physical types. Proponents of athletics often recall that certain whole teams of one sport or another survive to a ripe old age. There are undoubtedly many instances of this sort where virtually all the members of a crack team re-assemble to celebrate their fortieth and even their fiftieth anniversary. On the other hand, there have been occasional unfortunate situations such as the death or serious injury of athletes while still at college. These incidents receive wide attention and bring home to us the possibility that athletic systems and methods in our colleges are sometimes fraught with danger to the men engaged in them. The critics of college athletics point out the names of many athletes who have died at a time when they should have been at the height of their vigor and usefulness. The death of Haughton, the creator of the "Harvard system" in football, at forty-eight revived this discussion. More recently there have occurred the deaths of Kraenzlein, the world-record holder in the broad jump and also a star sprinter and hurdler during his college days at the University of Pennsylvania; of Folwell, former intercollegiate champion wrestler and football player; and of the Larneds, tennis experts. All were about fifty years old. One could name a great many more, suggesting the dangers inherent in the intense indulgence in sports by young men under the conditions which prevailed in past years.

But such discussion of individual situations gets us nowhere as to the fundamental issue involved. What is needed, and has been needed for a long time in order to judge the case fairly, is not opinion biased in one direction or another, but rather a comprehensive study of the mortality of athletes of

many colleges over a long period of years, the experience thus obtained to be analyzed by standard actuarial methods. The best procedure would be to compare the longevity of athletes with that of non-athletes who were their classmates. But such investigation is arduous and expensive and has not been conducted in a satisfactory manner up to this time.

Nevertheless, there have been a few sporadic attempts at the solution of the problem. A study in 1906 by Gaines and Hunter (the distinguished actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company) of the longevity of Yale athletes graduated prior to the year 1905 indicated that the athlete was a better physical risk than the average insured person of his time and also better than the general run of college men of the same classes. Fragmentary studies have also been made for Harvard men and for athletes belonging to other schools. All indicate that the dangers which have been suspected were exaggerated. Taken by and large, the athletes showed apparently no serious impairment as the result of their activity. A more recent study by Professors Greenway and Hiscock of Yale letter men who were graduated since 1905 confirmed previous findings with regard to the favorable mortality of athletes as compared with insured lives. But on comparison with the classmates who were non-letter men, the mortality was some ten per cent higher. This was a bit disconcerting. The authors have tried to explain this difference by pointing out that "Y" men suffered from a larger number of accidents and war deaths. In any case, the numbers involved in these investigations have been, on the whole, rather small; the athletes have been limited to one school; and some of the studies were not conducted with sufficient regard to the actuarial requirements of the case. It seemed very desirable, therefore, some three years ago to re-open the question, and I was very fortunate to obtain the co-operation, through Dr. Thomas A. Storey, now General Director of Physical Education and Hygiene for Men of the Leland Stanford University, of the Presidents' Committee of Fifty on College Hygiene and its constituent organizations. The Carnegie Foundation which was engaged in the study of college athletics from another angle lent its influence, and all helped me to obtain the material upon which our investigation was based.

Up to the present time we have succeeded in making a first study of the longevity of athletes of ten leading American colleges, most of them located in the East. The colleges which participated and the number of letter men in each are listed below. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell furnished us with nearly sixty per cent of the total number of records submitted.

Yale	1,059
Harvard	938
Cornell	910
Amherst	453
Dartmouth	449
Wesleyan	364
Brown	342
Massachusetts Agricultural	194
Tulane	138
Williams	129
Total	4,976

We have confined ourselves to the men who graduated in the years 1905 and earlier. This afforded us a long period of observation since graduation. The vital item in the study is, of course, the longevity of persons after middle life. The information available for these five thousand men included the year of graduation, age, the sports in which the athlete won his letter, the number of years he participated in them, and his life record since leaving college. The sports included in our investigation were football, baseball, rowing, track and field sports, cross country, la crosse, basket ball, and hockey. Our earliest records go back to the late fifties of the last century when the Harvard-Yale crew races began, but only a comparatively small number date back that far.

The great majority of the athletes graduated between 1890 and 1905. Of the other major sports, baseball attained popularity the earliest. It was the first sport, in fact, in which we find all the colleges engaged, particularly the smaller ones. Records of competition in this sport go back to the sixties. Football was taken up as an intercollegiate game in the seventies. Track and field sports were inaugurated in the seventies, but did not get wide support until the eighties. The number of men engaged in each sport is as follows:

Baseball	1,111
Crew	576
Football	1,233
Track	1,076
Two or more sports	822
Minor sports	158

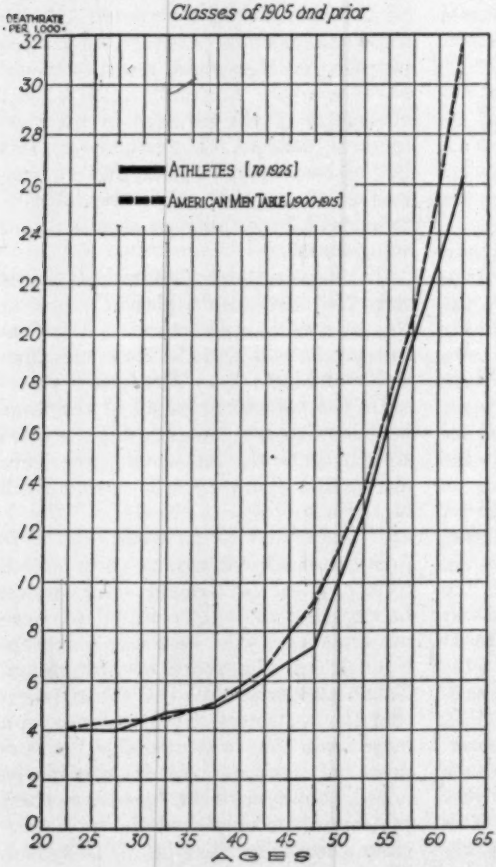
From the facts available on the individual lives, we have been able to construct a series of tables showing the number of living and the number dying at each age of life. This permitted us to compute death rates for the various groups of athletes at various ages. The 4,976 athletes lived a total of 146,426 years from graduation up to the last date of observation in 1925, or an average of thirty years per athlete. A total of 1,202 deaths occurred among them, and this was equivalent to 8.2 deaths per thousand per year. In the age period 20 to 24 the death rate was 4.0 per thousand per year; at 30 to 34 it was 4.7 per thousand; at 40 to 44 it was 6.1 per thousand, and so on for each one of the age periods, until the highest ages are attained. It is, of course, generally understood that the death rate or probability of dying in a year increases with advancing age. This picture of mortality can be very clearly outlined by means of a curve showing the mortality rate per thousand for the principal age periods of life. Such curves of mortality were constructed for each one of the major sports and for each of four class groups of graduates, that is, those who graduated prior to 1880; those between 1880 and 1890; 1890 and 1900; and 1900 and 1905.

II

This was the first step in evaluating the mortality of athletes. It permitted us to make comparisons between the men of the various colleges and the men engaged in the various sports. But whether these mortality rates indicate favorable or unfavorable conditions can be determined only by comparing with some standard or measure. For this purpose, the very best measure would have been the mortality rates of the classmates of the athletes in their respective colleges. Unfortunately, this material was not available, and we were compelled to use other ready-made measures of mortality as standards for comparison.

The most suitable standards available were two insurance tables in vogue at the present time, known as the Medico-Actuarial Table and the American Men Table of Mortality. The former represents the experience of all of the large life insurance companies during the years 1885 to 1909; the latter, the experience during the years 1900 to 1915. Each of these tables was based on "standard" lives, that is, on those who were found on medical examination to be free from physical impairments which would be expected to bring about death prematurely and who were also unexceptionable on the score of occupation. Taken altogether, the two tables represent the best mortality experience on a large scale that was available for purposes of comparison. It should be noted, however, that good as these tables are, we employed them only because there were none better to be had. The insured population is not altogether of the same grade, physically or economically, as these college athletes. For twenty-five or more years ago, the college man was a picked man; his home represented an economic standard far above the average; he was usually of

American parentage, a race stock with an excellent rate of longevity; his occupation after leaving college was usually one in which he was not subjected to the hazards involved in so many pursuits. These and other advantages have great importance as regards longevity, and we, therefore, expected that the athletes would show a lower rate of mortality than the usual mortality tables, even those of the highest standard.



Death rate among athletes of 10 colleges compared with insured lives

There were, as we said, a total of 1,202 deaths among the athletes. If the death rate expected by the Medico-Actuarial Table of Mortality had occurred, there would have been a total of 1,290 deaths. We, therefore, say in insurance parlance that the ratio of actual to expected deaths was 93.2 per cent on the basis of the Medico-Actuarial Table. If the more recent American Men Table had been used, the number of expected deaths would have been 1,314. The ratio of actual to expected deaths was, therefore, 91.5 per cent. Thus, by either standard, these athletes have done better than insured lives, the margin being from 6.8 to 8.5 per cent, depending upon which table we use. For our purposes, it seemed altogether better to concentrate on one of these standards of measure, namely, the American Men Table because it was, of the two, the one better adapted to our purpose. The athletes show favorable mortality not only in the aggregate but pretty consistently throughout the life span. Only at the extreme old ages is the mortality higher among the athletes than among the insured; but here the number of lives is small and the excess is not very great. Likewise, each of the ten-year periods into which we have divided our material shows a differential in favor of the athletes as compared with the death rates according to the American Men Table. Taking 45 years of age as the dividing line, there were 501 deaths under that age and 701 at or over that age. By the American Men Table, we should have expected 522 deaths under 45 and 792 deaths at 45 and over; or a ratio of 96 per cent, actual to expected mortality, under 45, and of 89 per cent after 45. These relationships of actual and expected mortality may be clarified by the graph, the death curve of the athletes being shown by the continuous line; that of the American Men Table by the broken line.

It is noteworthy that the mortality under age 45 is relatively worse than at the older ages on the basis of the American Men Table. This difference may be accounted for in part by the fact that the American Men Table, reflecting a very recent experience, shows much lower death rates at the younger ages and hardly any improvement over the previous insurance tables at the older ages. In effect, this is the same thing as using a severe measure for the younger people and a relatively easy standard for the older ones. But the effect of the use of these measures is not seriously disturbing, and for all practical purposes will be sufficient to bring out the essential facts in the mortality of these college men.

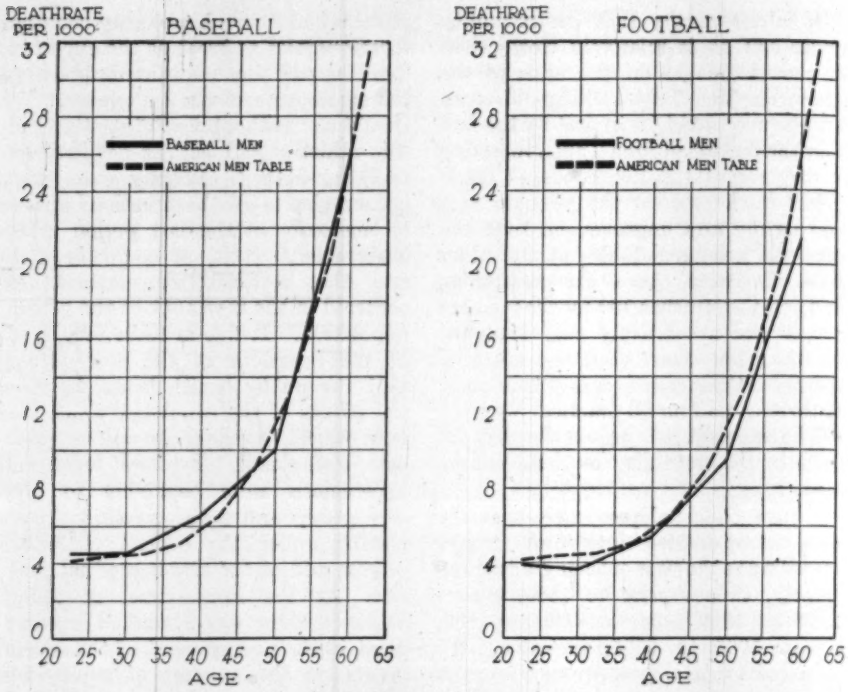
I have indicated previously that the men were divided into four groups according to the year of their graduation, namely, classes prior to 1880, classes 1880 to 1889, classes 1890 to 1899, classes 1900 to 1905, inclusive. We prepared a mortality experience for each of these four classes. The analysis shows a favorable and improving condition among these men with the advance of time. The ratios of actual to expected deaths were practically stationary during the first three periods, being about 94 per cent; but they declined very sharply for the classes graduating after 1900, when the ratio was only 72.6 per cent.

Class Group	Actual Deaths	Expected Deaths by American Men Table	Per Cent Actual of Expected Deaths
All classes	1,202	1,314	91.5
Prior to 1880	454	483	94.1
1880–1889	322	340	94.6
1890–1899	310	331	93.6
1900–1905	116	160	72.6

The mortality conditions in the classes 1900 to 1905 were extraordinarily good. If the entire group of five thousand athletes had shown a mortality less than three-quarters as great as the expected, there would be no question as to the significance of the experience. We should say without hesitation that college athletics had left its devotees entirely unscathed. In any case, it is encouraging to see the situation improve so markedly in the last period under observation. It is, of course, equally true that a great improvement has occurred in the mortality of the general population. It was in these very years at the beginning of the new century that the public health began to show the effects of the campaign which had been waged to reduce unnecessary sickness and death. Typhoid fever and tuberculosis were beginning to drop perceptibly and other conditions were coming under the control of health officers and of the newer medical practice. At the same time, in college athletics, there was a marked improvement in the management of the several sports, in the amount of supervision which the men received both in their selection and during periods of training. In all probability, both these factors played a part in producing the excellent results in the classes of the last period.

III

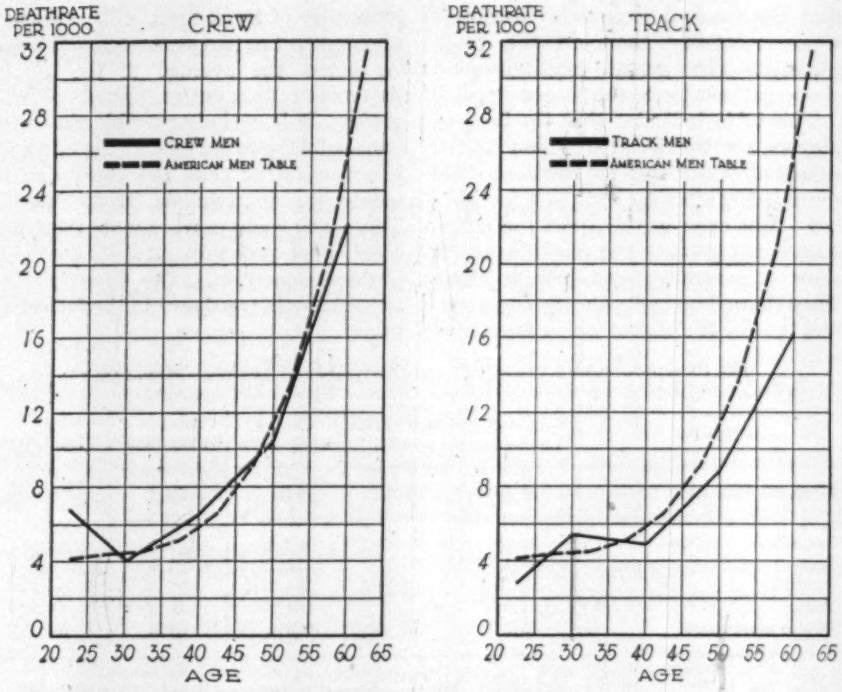
The most interesting item in our analysis is the experience on the men in the various sports. Strangely enough, the highest mortality was recorded by the baseball players. There were altogether 1,111 in this sport, and they were under observation for a period of 36,456 years. There were 396 deaths among them against 404 which we expected by the American Men Table of Mortality. The mortality was, therefore, 98.0 per cent of the expected against 91.5 per cent for the group as a whole. The second group as to mortality were the crew men, of whom there were 576. There occurred among them 215 deaths against 228 which were expected. The mortality was, therefore, 94.1 per cent of the



Death rate among athletes of 10 colleges (classes of 1905 and prior) competing in specified sports compared with insured lives

expected. Next in order were the track men. Their number was 1,076. They were exposed a period of 28,522 years. There were 173 deaths among them and 189 were expected. The ratio was, therefore, 91.8 per cent, or about the same as for the group as a whole. Of all the men engaging in one sport only, those who played football made the best showing. There were 1,233 of these athletes, the largest number reported in any single sport. Their experience covered 36,143 years and 263 deaths actually occurred. A total of 298 deaths was expected by the table, the ratio of actual to expected deaths being 88.3 per cent. The most surprising result, however, is the extraordinarily favorable mortality of the men who won letters in more than one sport. Altogether, there were 822 such men, on whom we had an experience of 22,756 years. There were 136 deaths among them against 174 expected. The ratio was, therefore, 78.3 per cent of the expected. The discussion of the significance of these results I shall defer until we have looked into the experience, first, by age groups and, second, according to the ten-year periods of graduation.

In studies of mortality it is customary to divide the whole of life into two broad periods: under age 45 and over 45. This is done because it is after 45 that the degenerative diseases make their appearance. Such a division is especially desirable in a study of the longevity of athletes because of the suspicions which have been raised that excessive indulgence in athletics may produce serious impairments to heart and kidneys. But as we have already noticed, this large group of athletes did better after age 45 than at the younger ages. The individual sports show exactly the same thing. The experience of each



Death rate among athletes of 10 colleges (classes of 1905 and prior) competing in specified sports compared with insured lives

group is better after age 45 than before. The several sports show substantially the same order according to mortality in the two broad age groups. As stated previously, baseball players showed the highest mortality and those who engaged in two or more sports showed the lowest. This is equally true for those under 45 as for those over 45. The mortality of baseball and crew men at the younger ages is practically the same. Both had a mortality eight per cent in excess of the expected and twelve per cent higher than the group of athletes as a whole. The showing of these two groups of men is really very unsatisfactory, but there is a noteworthy difference between them. While the unfavorable experience of the baseball men was concentrated among the earlier graduates, that among the men on the crews is found in the more recent years. We find, for example, that the men on the crews in the classes from 1890 to 1905 have at the ages under 45 a mortality of 20 to 40 per cent above the average for insured lives, and from 40 to 65 per cent above the mortality of the entire group of athletes. This situation should be given more careful study by those who are interested in the supervision of rowing in American colleges. At ages 45 and over, the ranking of the various sports is the same as at all ages except

PER CENT ACTUAL OF EXPECTED DEATHS ACCORDING TO AMERICAN MEN TABLE

Sport	Under 45	45 and Over
All sports combined	96.0	88.5
Baseball	108.1	93.9
Crew	107.9	89.2
Football	88.7	87.9
Track	97.8	82.9
Two or more sports	84.7	71.9

that the football men show somewhat worse mortality than do the track athletes. The actual conditions are shown in the table on the preceding page.

This table indicates that the football players are the only exception to the rule that the mortality conditions are much better after age 45 than before that age. But even in this sport the difference is not great. The football players show a generally favorable situation. They showed up badly at only one point, and that is, the classes which graduated prior to 1880 at the ages under 45. But this may not be important because of the small numbers that were involved in those early years when football was not a popular sport.

The excessive mortality of the men who played baseball is a phenomenon very difficult to explain. No one expected them to show high death rates. Yet the facts are very clear cut. They show high mortality rates at each one of the ten-year periods of graduation. And even when they do not stand at the head of the list in mortality, they are appreciably above the average. Track men, as we have said, show an average mortality. But conditions are much more favorable after age 45 than they are among the younger men. In the classes that graduated between 1880 to 1889 there is an anomalous condition among the younger graduates, for we find an excess mortality of close to 80 per cent above the expected in that group. With that single exception, there is nothing noteworthy in the experience of track men. The athletes who engaged in two or more sports were far below the average of the group throughout the entire period of the study. It is entirely possible that this remarkable showing reflects the effect of selection rather than the effect of the indulgence in two or more sports. Those who could excel in more than one sport were probably men in the best physical condition. The facts for the several sports are shown in the following table:

PER CENT ACTUAL OF EXPECTED DEATHS ACCORDING TO AMERICAN MEN TABLE

Sports	All Classes Combined	Classes Prior to 1880	Classes 1880–1889	Classes 1890–1899	Classes 1900–1905
All sports combined	91.5	94.1	94.6	93.6	72.6
Baseball	98.0	98.6	97.4	103.1	81.4
Crew	94.1	92.2	72.1	124.0	113.4
Football	88.3	87.6	94.7	91.6	63.4
Track	91.8	....	121.7	86.6	73.0
Two or more sports	78.3	85.8	80.8	81.0	62.9

Equally interesting is the picture of the mortality of these athletes in each one of the ten colleges which participated in the study. In presenting our facts for the individual colleges, we must keep in mind that the relative number of men engaged in each sport varied from college to college and from ten-year period to ten-year period. The differences which we shall now note in the mortality ratios may be in a measure reflections of these internal arrangements rather than of inherent differences in the longevity of the athletes in the various colleges. Thus, we find that Dartmouth men show the highest mortality for all of the colleges, namely a mortality ratio of 113.4 per cent by the American Men Table. This means that these athletes show an excess of 13.4 per cent over insured lives and of 22 per cent over all the athletes included in the study. The Dartmouth men are consistently higher in mortality than the average for all athletes in every ten-year period. The

next group in order of mortality are the Harvard men. The experience on these athletes was 100.1 per cent, or almost exactly what was expected from insured lives. This condition of high mortality prevails among Harvard men in each one of the four periods of graduates. The contrast with conditions at Yale is very striking indeed, with the single exception of the ten-year period from 1890 to 1899 when Yale men showed a very high mortality ratio. Cornell men also have a fairly high rate of mortality. It is only in the most recent class groups that the conditions were below the average for all athletes. The favorable showing of Yale men is a feature of this study, with the single exception of the ten years just mentioned. The best showing of Yale athletes is in the earliest and in the latest periods. The men in the classes prior to 1880 had the very low ratio of actual to expected deaths of 82.0 per cent, and the men of the classes of 1900 to 1905 show a ratio of actual to expected deaths of only 71.1 per cent. Only those who are familiar with the internal organization of the athletic work of our two leading universities during the years under observation will be able to explain satisfactorily the situation which is so clearly shown in our mortality study.

With the single exception of Dartmouth, the athletes of the smaller colleges enjoyed very favorably mortality conditions. Thus, Brown showed a ratio of 74.1 per cent actual to expected mortality; Amherst, 74.7 per cent; Williams, 79.5 per cent; Massachusetts Agricultural, 84.4 per cent; and Wesleyan, 85.3 per cent. As against these figures, we have the ratio of 91.6 per cent actual to expected deaths for all athletes combined. It appears very clear that the conditions were altogether better in the smaller than in the larger colleges. The facts for the individual colleges during the several periods of time under investigation are shown in the following table for each of the ten-year periods:

MORTALITY OF ATHLETES OF TEN COLLEGES, COMPARED WITH THE EXPECTED MORTALITY ACCORDING TO THE AMERICAN MEN ULTIMATE TABLE

Specified Class Groups

Experience on Classes 1905 and Prior

College	Per Cent Actual of Expected Deaths				
	All Classes Combined	Classes Prior to 1880	Classes 1880–1889	Classes 1890–1899	Classes 1900–1905
All colleges combined	91.5	94.1	94.6	93.6	72.6
Amherst	74.7	91.1	62.9	73.6	56.2
Brown	74.1	80.4	99.5	59.8	51.7
Cornell	94.6	99.5	104.1	97.9	70.0
Dartmouth	113.4	112.4	113.8	127.1	80.9
Harvard	100.1	107.5	99.2	94.9	85.0
Massachusetts Agricultural	84.4	....	98.6	94.0	*
Tulane	94.2	....	....	75.7	120.3
Wesleyan	85.3	93.4	84.2	73.6	61.2
Williams	79.5	....	....	61.9	101.1
Yale	89.2	82.0	93.7	108.6	71.1

* Rate not significant.

IV

It is disappointing that in our study of the mortality of college athletes we

could not make a decisive investigation into the causes from which athletes die prematurely. We were able to obtain facts of sufficient trustworthiness in only 566 cases out of the 1,202 deaths which occurred. But there is every reason to believe that this sample is fairly representative and indicates in a broad way what the material would have shown if we had succeeded in obtaining the causes of death of the entire group. Among the younger men, the most frequently recorded disease was tuberculosis. Sixteen per cent of the reported cases under age 45 were ascribed to this condition. Pneumonia was also frequently reported. Typhoid fever is a common cause of death. There was also a very high incidence of deaths from accidental causes. No less than one-fifth of the younger men died from this condition. Among the older men, the picture is different. Of the 315 who died at ages over 45 and whose cause of death we know, 101, or 32 per cent, were ascribed to diseases of the heart. This preponderance of deaths from heart disease is, of course, significant. Among carefully selected insured lives rarely do we find more than 20 per cent of the deaths at the ages over 45 resulting from heart disease. In other words, the athletes, in spite of their better longevity record than insured men, showed a worse condition as to heart disease. The full importance of this finding is still obscure. But it suggests, even if it does not prove, that indulgence in athletics may in a good many instances have deleterious effects on the heart, especially if careful selection and supervision of the athletes by trained medical men is not always available. The other important causes of death reported at the older ages are diseases of the nervous system, Bright's disease, pneumonia, and accidents. The incidence of each of these causes is fairly normal except for accidents, which show a higher mortality ratio.

It is not easy to draw final conclusions from our investigation in spite of the fact that much time and work have gone into the preparation of the data we already have. Taken by and large, it would appear that the group of college athletes studied presented a favorable mortality picture. The experience has been much better among recent graduates than the earlier ones with the single exception of those who were on the crews. I must confess, however, that I expected a better showing than actually appeared in the record. These college men represented the cream of the cream of American manhood. It is my opinion, although I would not wish to push that too far, that athletic activities in the earlier periods of loose supervision did considerable damage. The high incidence of heart disease which we found at the older ages is a matter which should not be taken lightly. Conditions are very much better in more recent years of intensive selection and careful supervision of the athletes.

On the other hand, it may be that we have expected too much from our athletes. It is, after all, a good deal of an assumption that the athletic type of build and great longevity go hand in hand. There are facts pointing the other way which we in the insurance business are gradually making note of. Those who arrive at a ripe old age are often small and physically underdeveloped people. Women live much longer than men. Men of large frame and especially those who are inclined to become seriously overweight give high mortality rates and insurance companies are very cautious in insuring them at standard rates. It is, therefore, possible that the type of man who is selected for athletic activity may, after all, not be cut out for extremely favorable longevity. The problem will be solved only when we have side by side with our present figures, data for the classmates of these men who did not engage in athletic sports. We shall then be able to tell definitely what effects indulgence in the several athletic activities produce in terms of longer life.

AMERICANS ARE BOYS

A SPANIARD LOOKS AT OUR CIVILIZATION

BY SALVADOR DE MADARIAGA

SOONER or later the Spaniard feels the call of the blood and sallies forth in order to discover America. I have discovered America, which means, of course, that I know next to nothing about it. Yet, in all truth, America was not quite unknown to me. I had lived for six years in one of the most important American cities in Europe—Geneva—whose fertile soil brings forth every summer a plentiful harvest of distinguished Americans, all turning their faces to the League as sunflowers their corollas to the sun. I was then one of the rays in the League's Sun and grew to be quite conscious of the warmth and light which it was my privilege to convey from the Sun of Peace to the open, eager faces come from afar to behold it. I had grown to like those faces. They were clear, they were frank, they were earnest, with more fun than humor in their ever-youthful features. And by observing them year after year I had come to the conclusion that what I liked in them was that they reminded me of children.

Then I began to notice their English. I was impressed by the fact that they said "an elevator" instead of "a lift" and "an uplifting experience" instead of "an elevating experience." Now, Latin-English is the more refined, the nobler, and the more self-conscious of the two. This inversion in the use of Latin- and Saxon-English suggested, therefore, an inversion of the standard of values adopted in England. For the English, the more solemn of the two movements upwards is the moral; for the American, the physical. For the American, therefore, the world of tangible things is a noble and an earnest world. The child believes in his toys and respects them.

America, then, appeared to me as an immense up-to-date nursery and boys' school fitted with the most wonderful toys and games you could imagine. Who was the gigantic Father Christmas who invented the skyscraper? That skyline which refused to reveal itself to us as the boat felt its way up New York haven in thick fog, was it not like a colossal Christmas shop window glittering with lights? And think of all that those beautiful towers and palaces conceal behind their embroidered cliffs! Think of the elevators (my hat to their importance) coming and going behind their beautiful brass filigree cages, with all their neat little buttons and lights and arrows red and green, and the boy so spick and span you could hardly believe he was a real boy, least of all when he announces the floor in an unintelligible yell which seems to burst out of his stuffed body under mechanical compulsion. Think of the lovely marble floors, thick carpets, barber shops, all resplendent with mirrors and nickeled bars and, oh! the marvelous chairs pivoting in all meridians and parallels like telescopes for the barber to observe and operate on your beauty under every possible angle and light—and the mechanical appliances for brushing your hair and for drying it, all moving electrically, so fast and with so much wonderful noise. . . .

II

There is a boy in Detroit who had a capital idea. He made up his mind that every boy and girl in the house—I mean in America—was going to have a magnificent toy: a car on wheels and going by itself. None of those cars which had to be wound up, but a real automobile, which means that it goes on its own. A real thing, going for miles and miles without being wound at all—at least nowadays, for at first there was a bit of winding to do before the thing started and a not very pleasant job at that, particularly in winter. Now the fact is this boy has transformed the whole nursery and school with his idea, and everybody is so happy that no nursery was ever quieter in the world and the Nurse in Washington can knit the threads of her policy in blissful peace.

Boys are naturally given to boasting and exaggeration. The American language differs from English in that it seeks the top of expression while English seeks its lowly valleys. An Englishman would have found seemly and moderate, if vague, euphemisms for what America calls nowadays "wet" and "dry." But even these uncompromising expressions prove too weak for the American taste, and so we have come to read that Senator A is bone-dry while Governor B is dripping wet. The *Times* (London) would have dropped an almost incomprehensible and labyrinthine hint in its City Columns to obtain the same effect which the Philadelphia *Ledger* sought in saying on its first page: "The Department of State came down to-day with both feet upon any and all proposals to float loans in the United States for the benefit of Soviet Russia." Some boy, that Department of State! And where an English newspaper would have written, "Preparatory measures are being taken for an April primary by Senator D and his friends," the Chicago *Tribune* announces that, "Senator D and his associates jumped at full stride yesterday into the race to get ready for an April primary." True the Chicago *Tribune* has to live up to its claim: "The world's greatest newspaper." Yet, the point is that it lives up to it by such powerful "dramatizing" of facts, just as it dramatizes its own building by making of it the tallest tower in Chicago, several inches taller than (unless it is the reverse, which hardly matters) the tower built by a chewing-gum firm. But if a chewing-gum tower is not in its place in a nursery, what on earth is your idea of a nursery, I ask? For my part, I find that chewing-gum habit one of the most significant features of the juvenile state of America. It is, moreover, subtly connected with the boyish (and American) habit of exaggeration, for all exaggerating phrases end in "the world" (the greatest paper in the world); and "the world" is pronounced by the American Boy with a peculiar flourish of the tongue which suggests an exceptional length of the said organ, as if it could be, and was, twisted and turned and made into a knot—a fact due no doubt to the gymnastical exercises which the American tongue goes through in gum-chewing.

Let us then make up our minds that the higher of the two towers is the chewing-gum building. It must be. It should be. It is. It stands for the innumerable sentences which represent the refusal of every American Boy to accept any standard below the topmost in the *worlrld*. Quantity is the first standard to appear in the scale of human values; and as the maximum is the quantity of quantity (all other levels of quantity being but qualities of quantity), "the greatest in the world" is the most frequent standard of comparison in the greatest nursery in the world.

Pride? Perhaps. But how much simple humility under that juvenile pride! Boys are proud with humble standards, and it is the play of pride and humility which is attractive in them.

They board one another like children, with no social reserve, no cold formality. "My name is John. Do you like to

play with me?"—so say children. And they, "My name is Smith. I am much interested in your work. . . ." Or else, "I came late to your lecture and did not hear the Chairman's introduction. Who are you?" They are direct, frank, and spontaneous, like children. They want to know because they are curious, not because they seek some advantage from the information they are asking. They just want to know. There are so many things in the world and so thrilling, if only one could know them. And the American Boy has kept intact the juvenile capacity for being thrilled. So, being wealthy children, they make their European uncles come over to tell them stories. Every boat brings at least one of them, always, of course, the most famous European uncle in the *worlrld*, known the world over for his ability to spin yarns on a particular line—politics, philosophy, literature, or travel—and the children go and listen to him and are thrilled and grateful to the European uncle who has taught them so much and kept them out of mischief for at least one hour.

They are hungry and thirsty for information—facts, stories. But they dislike thought, as all sound, healthy children do. None of your highbrow stuff for fine lads who can enjoy themselves making toys and playing with them. Knowledge, yes. By all means. Some boys must know all about how toys are made and moved to and fro, and distributed fairly in the nursery, or there would be no fun. Knowledge, however, is all right. It can be checked and put to some use, both made something of and kept busy, so to say. It can be turned into a toy, so that by means of little machines with colored lamps and buttons and switches the springs of the soul-machine may be shown to the whole nursery. There is a mighty boy in Columbia University who is a master in that game. He's just discovered how blond girls are more sensitive than brunettes by showing them love films while they had all sorts of something-meters and what-d'you-call-them-graphs attached to their wrists and placed on their left breasts, their imagination meanwhile wandering God knows where. Great fun, I tell you, this knowledge game.

No wonder they like it. For knowledge is not only good fun but also useful and recognized as a commendable thing by all grown-ups. But principles and theories are quite another matter. They are dangerous things. God knows where they might lead. That is the way people turn radical, and once Boys began to be radicals, the whole nursery would be agog and the Boys divided for good, instead of just for a game of politics as they are divided now into Republicans and Democrats with not a pin to choose between them but, oh! such fierce quarrels and such agitation and shouting and organizing and playing at Committees and denouncing this and the other in dead earnest and choosing one particular lad and turning him into a hero, either because he speaks well or because he is always wonderfully silent, or because he is wet or maybe for being dry, or for descending from one of the masts of the *Mayflower*, or perhaps for being a self-made man—just someone to become a hero and a great man; and once chosen, they work for him and shout for him and fight for him and die for him and forget all about him when he is safely seated on his stately chair and the fun of the fight is over.

III

Splendid Boys! Their imagination is always at boiling point. With the little ones, it takes terrifying forms. They dream of dreadful dangers and bogies—the Catholic Church and the Rising Tide of Color, lurking in the night, ready to devour the whole nursery with a snappy movement of their powerful and sinister jaws. The little ones are terrified yet brave. To give themselves a countenance, and in the hope of frightening away the monsters, they grant one another grand, high-sounding titles: "Imperial Wizard," they whisper; and

then they rise from their cots, in their long white nightgowns, and put masks on their faces and peaked caps on their heads and weird paper ornaments on their chests, and try to chase the dreaded fiends with yells and shouts and dances and the magic power of the thrice-repeated letter K.

Happy in their spacious nursery, the Boys hardly ever look through the window. Why should they? A wide street of water separates them from the old house opposite whence their parents came long ago, oh, so very, very, very long ago, you know. . . . Longer, in fact, than any child's memory can hold. They cannot see the old house, but they know it only too well. Don't they know it? Some of them, the more idle, venture over the water now and then. What for? I ask you. Just to waste their money and to forget their good nursery manners over there. For it is a fact that the old place is decrepit and dissolute and backward at that. They can't make toys nearly as fast as we do, nor as cheap, and they cannot even agree among themselves. See. We are forty-eight states living in perfect union. Why don't they follow our example? The causes are exactly alike. We are all Americans. They are all foreigners. Surely they might agree if they had any decency. No wonder America remains aloof in her romantic dreams. Romantic and quixotic, she refuses to see realities other than she imagines them, and she keeps loyal to her sacred memories, regardless of her material interests. She has made up her mind that every European statesman is a super-intellectual machiavel, and it is no use showing her photographs of European statesmen: she remains faithful to her fond illusion. She has a vague notion that her beloved Washington, long, oh, long ago, shook a tender yet stern finger at her, "Now, see you do not get entangled with Europeans!" and in vain her hard-boiled financiers point out to her that her European interests are worth several of her States: America half-closes her dreaming eyes and murmurs to herself, "HE told me I was to remain unentangled." Romantic America! . . .

Do you require further proofs? See the place which woman occupies in her life. The Boys have hoisted her on to a pedestal of admiration. Her power and privileges flow from the position she occupies as an idealized type of humanity. In her youth, the inspirer, in her maturer years, the leader of men. First, the sweetheart of the nation, then her aunt, woman governs America because America is a land of boys who refuse to grow up. She it is who rises to the activities reserved for grown-up people: general ideas, æsthetic enjoyment, culture, understanding of the world. The Boys around her live a life of fun and activity, caught in the "behaviorism" of club and school standards which they scrupulously respect, faithful to tradition and to a collective earth which their inexperienced minds are afraid to leave. She dares explore the Heaven and Hell of individualism, the wider responsibilities of thought, and the wider liberties of experience. The Boys look up to her —her beauty, first, then her intelligence, her culture, her wisdom. As the sweetheart of the nation, she keeps the Boys happy and healthy with her affection; as the nation's aunt, she made up her mind the Boys were not to drink, and the Boys are dry. Not that they like it over much, but, when asked, they sigh first, smile afterwards, cast a side glance at *Her* and concede, "We are better off as it is."

IV

Youth is also selfish, and the Boys are selfish enough. Toys or no toys, there is money in them, and everybody knows what is behind money—more toys, of course. Large colored boards yell their alluring promises to the "Successful" boy, tempting everyone to climb to the top with delicious vistas which no boy can resist—glossy cars, velvet-skinned beauties, travel, and cigarettes. Opportunities are large and numerous; skill and

energy always sure of a reward. But every boy must look out for himself and "people don't go into business for their health." Boyish selfishness can be cruel.

But if boys are selfish, they can also be generous. These healthy and energetic Boys count the money they get but not the money they give.

For these children, so direct, so spontaneous, so ill-mannered at times, at times so ignorant and so secure in their self-satisfied limitations, these children so healthy and so strong even in their defects, are good. They are good children and they want to be good children. No nation, except perhaps that admirable England from whose old house they came (of that, there is no doubt) can show a higher sense of social duty and service than this Boy-Club which America is. Every boy and girl wants to serve. The lure of common service is so strong that many a woman fails to see in motherhood and the home a sufficient justification for her existence, and wants to be a citizen and a business woman rather than a mother or a wife. The common weal is the law; demagogues and political crooks can reach their ends only by pretending to be the champions of the community. The vices of American politics spring from ignorance and gullibility but not from lack of public spirit. It is with public spirit diverted to wrong ends that political mountebanks misgovern here and there in the wide country. Another juvenile feature comes here into play—an astounding credulity, an unbelievable faith in those who know. And Americans are justified in their credulity by the unbelievable things which they have witnessed in their lifetime. They believe in fairy tales partly because they are still in that age, partly because they live in the midst of them. They can spin fairy tales themselves with that placid assurance of the child who begins by believing in his inventions before inviting you to listen to them.

Children, for all their fuss about independence and individualism, are profoundly gregarious. American boys seek one another's company for everything. Play and prayer, feast and fast, lesson and leisure—all is arranged in common. Even the most individualistic enterprises . . . America is the land of "petting parties"! Kiwanis and Rotarians are but symbolic institutions of a gregarious spirit which permeates all American life. Let us meet. Let us meet for Heaven's sake. Let us not remain alone. The mind is so queer. God knows what it might be up to if we gave it a chance. Why! it might even grow up and *think*. No. Let us clap one another's shoulder and be merry. We may even have a lecturer to spin a yarn to us. It won't be long and we need not remember it after he's gone. But let us meet.

That gregarious spirit is shaping the nation out of the heterogeneous elements which a century of immigration has brought to it. A strong collective consciousness is the key-note.

V

These children are children of giants, and their toys are huge. Their materialism is a mere phase in their development, not an essential feature of their character. Let us remember how it affects all their being, even their art, even their intellect, even the very movements of their soul.

They love "research" and recoil instinctively from speculative thought because research is the most material form of intellectual exercise, and that in which mental initiative is more closely guided and sustained by nature. Moreover, the old house of Mother Nature is a wonderful place in which to roam in search of odd corners and hidden rooms. In the strong attachment towards research to be found in the American I find, therefore, a sign of intellectual life in its first phase: that of first acquaintance with the world outside, of still fresh appetite for adventure into the ocean of tangible things; and, further, the utilitarian sense of youth

and the instinctive mistrust which young intellects feel of their own powers to fly into the thin air of speculation. But the strong tendency towards research is in itself a feature wholly dissimilar to the dislike of *all* intellectual effort which typifies the Englishman. Inherently, the American is not intellectually incurious. His curiosity is keen. And, therefore, though superficially some of his intellectual characteristics may recall those of the Englishman (and though historically and racially they are no doubt related to English traits), the American differs from the Englishman in that he is more energetically prone to intellectual work. Hence here is a distinctive promise of growth.

A similar conclusion suggests itself when American artistic life is considered. America excels in architecture. The fact deserves notice. Why should architecture be the American art par excellence? A mere glance at the arts will provide the answer. Art, I take it (I wish professors of æsthetics and critics would "take" it also) is the conveyance of spirit by means of matter. Now the arts may be classified in a kind of scale or hierarchy according to the weight and density of matter which they require. At the bottom end of the scale is architecture. Then come sculpture, painting, poetry, and finally music. Poetry needs ideas and concepts in which a shade of matter still lingers. In music, of the three elements which compose it, timbre still retains a shade of matter; rhythm and numbers are purely spiritual. Architecture, at the other end, is massive and utilitarian. Thus America's success in architecture appears to us as another manifestation of the material phase of her development.

Were America a land permanently poor in the arts, she might have shown herself relatively more proficient in some æsthetic form of life other than architecture. But the fact that, while but moderately successful in other arts, she should excel in architecture shows that we are in the presence of the *beginning* of a hopeful artistic career. Thus, after architecture, the best American art is sculpture, and then painting; while poetry and music come last.

For American sensibility is still profoundly material. Hence the tendency to material metaphors for describing the motions of the soul, generally represented in American language as movements of a body: *uplifted*, *thrilled*, are examples in point. But these examples in themselves (even when American exaggeration is discounted) as well as the obvious vitality of American architecture, show that American sensibility is naturally rich, just as we found that American intellect is naturally keen. The future of American life is, therefore, full of possibilities. The Boys will grow.

VI

Unless . . . A phase may be a mere phase and yet be dangerous for all that. Materialism begets its apostles and its pontiffs; it can (what can not?) be turned into a religion. The combination of materialism with the gregarious tendency is one of the most abominable enemies of true and healthy growth.

The visitor who wanders about among men and institutions soon realizes that the power of business over intellectual life is stronger in America than anywhere in Europe—leaving aside, of course, Russia, in which it is absolute. Here, it seems to me, must be found the cause of the relative uniformity of intellectual views which is one of the most striking facts for the visitor in contemporary America. When the Spanish State became a Church (a tendency alive to-day in the American State: see American flags on altars), the inquisition burned heretics. In America heretics are frozen out. The process requires a different temperature, yet is equally severe. But St. Augustine thought that it was good there should be heretics. And so do some of us.

Perhaps these are growth pains of the American boy. Perhaps he will outlive

them. If not, the world will lose a great civilization. For the promise of America is great and its fulfilment should be desired by all those for whom life is to be loved for itself, out of all considerations of space, time, or race. Even now there are in America living witnesses of the spiritual power which she has in store. Her highest achievements are not her mighty factories—toys and toy-making, after all—nor her skyscrapers—toys, again—but the charm of some of her women. A charm which, indefinable as it is, independent of sex and age, is a definite spiritual wealth, a recognizable flower of life. It may be argued that of such women there are only a few. Of course. A woman of charm is as rare as a man of genius. But when a country gives forth a man of genius, she proves her worth for all time. And when a country is sprinkled with women of charm she proves that a life is in her which may yet make the world open its eyes and wonder.

DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC

BY EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

I AM not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground.
So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been time out of mind:
Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely; crowned
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,
A formula, a phrase remains—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter, the love,
They are gone; they are gone to feed the roses. Elegant and curled
Is the blossom; fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do not approve.
More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses of the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

THE RISE OF THE CITIES

A PESSIMISTIC NOTE

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

EARLY in the year the peripatetic Mayor of New York was in Baltimore for an evening, receiving kudos from the local dignitaries. In the course of the speech-making Governor Ritchie of Maryland referred to the impending struggle for the mastery of the republic between townsmen and rustics; and in his reply Mayor Walker also touched upon the same subject.

These gentlemen are exceedingly practical politicians, and practical politicians are not given to indulging in fantasies and wild dreams. Hence it is significant when they refer to the town-country battle in terms such as they employed that night; for each of them viewed the approaching conflict through the same fatalistic glasses with which Admiral Plunkett scrutinizes the coming war with Great Britain. They had no doubt whatever that the war is already beginning; nor had they any doubt that it will result in the triumph of the cities.

For this latter assumption they have the authority of the census figures which for the last thirty years have shown the urban population increasing relatively with enormous strides, so that the census of 1920 showed a majority of the population as urban, although in 1890 only a third of it was so classified. If this tendency continues, within another generation city dwellers in the United States will heavily outnumber countrymen. Nor is there any sound reason to suppose that the trend will be reversed, because employment of machinery is steadily decreasing the number of men required to operate the farms, hence the danger of famine is remote even if the drift to the cities continues.

If the war, then, is inevitable, and the outcome not much in doubt, speculation naturally turns toward its probable effects. Governor Ritchie and Mayor Walker speculated in this direction that night in Baltimore. They are both representatives of the urban interest, for more than half Governor Ritchie's constituency lives in Baltimore City, and a large share of the rest in other Maryland towns. As city men, it was natural for these two to look no farther than to the effect on the urban population. They foresaw free cities, released from a tyranny of misconception—perhaps the worst form of tyranny—and placed at last in a position to conduct their own affairs honestly and efficiently. They foresaw surcease from the policy of hypocrisy and corruption all compact, the combination of threats, cajolery, log-rolling, and flat bribery which cities too often in the past have had to employ upon country legislatures in order to escape plain disaster. And having seen so much, they were willing to look no farther.

But the countryman must look farther. Anyone whose sympathies lie at all with the rustics must look farther. Granting that the recapture of their liberties will be an excellent thing for the cities, will that be the only result of their assumption of power? Once the weight of numbers has transferred control of the government to their hands, will they

limit their exercise of that control to the securing of their own liberty?

Of course they will not. It would be contrary to human nature for them to do so. It is far more likely that for every fetter that the countryman has fixed upon them they will forge two for him. Where he has scourged them with whips they will scourge him with scorpions, and their little finger upon him will be heavier than the loins of his father were upon the cities.

Furthermore, they will perpetrate their atrocities in precisely the same spirit of almost religious exaltation that now animates a legislature of rustics engaged in concocting devilment against the cities. I repeat, it will be the same spirit, although its manifestations will be entirely different, in fact, opposite.

The attitude of the countryman toward the townsman at present is, in general, one of moral superiority. The countryman's horror of the town is based upon the fact that it is a cesspool of iniquity. I use the word "fact" advisedly, on the theory that "there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so." If a man believes with all his heart that the theater is the anteroom of hell, that dancing is a mortal sin, that playing-cards, pool tables, Sunday newspapers, and Sunday baseball are devices of the devil for the snaring of souls, then to him the city is in fact iniquitous; for there he encounters on every hand temptations to violate his conscience. To attempt to remonstrate with such a man is worse than useless, for to argue with him that the city is not really wicked is to argue that vice is not vicious. Has he not eyes? The fact that the city does with a clear conscience things which to him are sinful is simply additional proof of the utter depravity of the town.

This attitude is responsible for an enormous amount of harassing on the part of rural legislators. When a Georgia member introduced a bill levying a tax, which was a thinly-disguised fine, of two thousand five hundred dollars on each and every performance of grand opera in Atlanta he made no attempt to convince anyone that he was trying to raise revenue. He was frankly out to abolish an evil, and the members who supported his measure did so in exactly the frame of mind in which the original Assassins repaired to the battlefields with their knives up their sleeves. The Georgians believed that the slaughter of grand opera would be accounted unto them for merit in the other world and would help prize open the gates of paradise.

The Georgia attack on grand opera is an extreme example of a type of legislation that is familiar enough in milder forms. Many of the larger cities writhe under Blue Laws embodying the rural, not the urban, conception of Sabbath observance. All over the land there are State boards of moving picture censors whose function is the protection of townsmen's morals. The Clean Books Bill came near setting up the Albany legislature as an agency of purification of New York City's reading matter. And there is, of course, prohibition.

The censorships and the Eighteenth Amendment may have been inspired in part by self-defense; but nothing of the sort can be argued in favor of Blue Laws. The way in which the townsman spends his Sundays cannot possibly affect the countryman except in his capacity of crusader; but as a crusader he finds the very existence of evil offensive, whether it affects him or not.

II

City men protest that when power comes into their hands they will never retaliate upon countrymen after this fashion. They disclaim any desire to uplift the morals of their rural brethren. Perhaps they are right. Indeed, it seems probable that the city will never attempt to regulate the personal morals of anyone who refrains from flagrant offenses against public decency.

But after all, they too are Americans, drawn, in the main, from the same stock

that fills the countryside. They have their crusading impulse, also, although its manifestations may be different. When it begins to stir the blood of the city dwellers it will lie as heavily upon countrymen as the moral superiority of the countryman now lies upon the town. Furthermore, when the cities come to power, they will find in these very Blue Laws, censorships, and prohibitions precedents which they will inevitably employ to justify their own incursions into the affairs of their rural neighbors.

When the cities gain control every fad which tickles the fancy of townsmen will be rammed down the throats of countrymen by legislative fiat. For example, the "daylight-saving" nonsense will certainly be imposed upon all the farms. The sheer imbecility of the thing as applied to agricultural operations will make no impression on city dwellers. The fact that you can't feed mules, or make chickens go to roost, by daylight-saving time means less than nothing to eight-hour operatives in factories and stores. Probably there will be also a labor code, admirably adapted to the needs of city workers, but superbly idiotic in the fields, where sun and rain will continue to ignore union rules. It is not beyond imagination that city men in control of state legislatures would inflict upon countrymen such fantastic legislation as the Sullivan law, in New York, forbidding firearms to be kept in any farmhouse, regardless of the fact that the nearest policeman is ten miles away. Certainly the countryman would be harassed by all sorts of hygienic measures excellent, even imperative, in congested centers of population, but unnecessary and mischievous in the open country.

For if the countryman is profoundly convinced of his moral superiority over the townsman, the townsman is just as profoundly convinced of his intellectual superiority over the rustic. This is indicated by the very terms in which the vernacular of each refers to the other; "hick" indicates a mental, as "slicker" connotes a moral deficiency. It is in the things in which we feel a distinct superiority that we are able with a clear conscience to lay down the law for others. Therefore, urban tyranny over the countryside will be most conspicuous in the intellectual, rather than in the moral realm. When the cities are in the saddle the countryman will be at liberty to sin with all the originality of which he is capable; but if he dares to think otherwise than as the town thinks the gyves will be on his ankles and the manacles upon his wrists promptly and inevitably.

Unfortunately, however, there is no one logic any more than there is one moral code applicable everywhere and at all times. What is reason in the townsman may be utter lack of it in the countryman. This is demonstrated by the Constitution of the United States, which was framed by countrymen, and already begins to be inapplicable to city populations. The right of the people to keep and bear arms, for example, has already been definitely abrogated by the people of New York, although it was specifically guaranteed in the Constitution. The right of peaceable assemblage, also guaranteed in the Constitution, has likewise been abrogated by practically every city in the country, where it is necessary to obtain a police permit for any kind of assemblage and especially for an assemblage to petition for the redress of grievances. If the cities controlled the government is it not reasonable to suppose that these rights would be abrogated for the country as well? They are not regarded as important by city men. Perhaps they are not important to city men. Nevertheless, their abolition will be an act of tyranny.

So will be the imposition upon the country of the city's economic and social code. Yet the way is being prepared for that imposition, and by countrymen themselves. If the farm *bloc* in Congress succeeds in enacting laws empowering the government to take action to raise the price of wheat it will thereby establish the government's right, in other

circumstances, to take action to reduce the price of wheat. It is to be remembered that in former times the right of cities to regulate the prices of farm products was unchallenged. Governmental regulation, well established in the interest of the farmer, would be a convenient path to resumption of economic oppression, once the cities gained control of governmental machinery.

III

As to the imminence of a change in control, it must be remembered that the urban population, which was 45.8% of the total in 1910, advanced to 51.4% in 1920. In 1900 it had been about 40%. In 1930 it is likely to approach 60%, which would mean that there would be three city men to each two countrymen in the United States. The rural districts succeeded in preventing a reapportionment of the House of Representatives based on the 1920 census, but it is not likely that they can continue to prevent reapportionment after the 1930 census. The cities, of course, will not gain their full representation in the national legislature even then, for most of them have been gerrymandered out of part of their strength by State legislatures. Nevertheless, they are pretty sure to be strengthened appreciably after 1930.

Furthermore, they are swiftly gaining self-consciousness, as witness the remarks of Governor Ritchie and Mayor Walker. Their capacity for effective organization seems to be greater than that of the country, therefore they will be able to employ to good effect even a slight advantage in numbers. Within the next dozen years there will be two federal census enumerations, which lends support to the belief that within fifteen years there will be a marked shift in the relative political weight of city and country in America.

This consideration is a powerful argument in favor of conservatism in statecraft at present. If time is really in favor of the cities, it is obviously bad strategy for their representatives to do anything at present that will arouse the antagonism and sharpen the suspicion of the rustics, thereby hardening their opposition to fair representation for the cities. For, after all, at this moment the countrymen have the upper hand; and if they fight hard enough, they can delay for a long time, even if they cannot prevent, the eventual dominance of the cities.

On the other hand, it is even worse strategy for countrymen to establish precedents that are sure to return to plague them, probably within a decade, and almost certainly within two decades. Agrarian raids on the federal treasury are particularly ill-timed when they come just in advance of the period when the cities are likely to be in position to retaliate. So is harassing moralistic legislation. So is anything else that tends to inflame the urban population against the rural.

Still, he is an optimist indeed who expects political leaders to suppress altogether the natural tendency to gain reputation by walloping the other side even if the walloping is sure to be, in the long run, injurious to the country. To suggest inactivity to the farm *bloc* is to invite derision. Equally so is to make the same suggestion to the city group, which is at the moment less compactly organized, but not less aggressive. The chances are that the war will go on, through many a bitterly-contested action, to an outcome thoroughly satisfactory to nobody.

For the victory of the cities certainly will not inaugurate the millennial dawn. It is true, their grievances are numerous and sharp. They have suffered much at the hands of their rural masters, and never more than when the rustic conscience began to operate. Country solons' efforts to improve the moral tone of the city have resulted almost invariably in such debauchery, corruption, defiance of law, and all-around villainy as the best efforts of the underworld have seldom matched. Country lawmakers'

efforts to shift the burden of taxation almost entirely to city shoulders have lately attained a cynicism as unabashed as Boss Tweed ever exhibited. Country obscurantists' flinty opposition to every intelligent effort at improvement has materially increased the city man's contempt for the rustic.

But as for political tyranny, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose!* That the city's complaints are well founded no candid man can deny. At the same time, I fail to understand how any thoughtful man who has lived in both city and country can look forward to urban domination of the republic with unmixed satisfaction. The smugness of the cockney is every whit as objectionable as the fanaticism of the rustic. Indeed, it is fanaticism of a different order —a fanaticism that believes miracles are worked by the police, or the ward boss, or the newspapers, or, most fantastic of all, by the chuckle-headed average citizen who pounds the pavements all day.

I admit that Antæus is an entirely mythical character. I admit that the average clodhopper is totally unmoved by the pageantry of the seasons. I see no sort of evidence that a dull man is converted into an intellectual or moral giant by contact with the soil. But neither do I believe that any such process results from his contact with asphalt and concrete.

Men's wisdom is not increased when electric signs blot Orion from their sight. I doubt that their perceptions are greatly quickened when "star" to their minds means Lillian Gish instead of Aldebaran. The main difference between the stupid countryman and the stupid townsman is that the city fool is much more likely to deem himself clever because his most intimate contacts are with men like himself, and not with such inescapable realities as rain and wind and sun which can be neither denied nor defrauded.

However, the republic is committed to the principle of majority rule and, now that the cities have the majority of the population, to deny their right to rule is to deny a fundamental principle. Yet, granting that control of the country should go along with the greater number of votes, it is folly to look forward to urban control as a thing in itself ardently to be desired. It will be every whit as stupid and as tyrannous as rural control has been in the past. For majority rule, after all, is justified not as being in itself desirable, but simply as being less undesirable than revolution, which would follow if the majority were denied control.

The city is going to be king. We may as well face the fact, since we can do no better.

The Lion's Mouth

DECLINING THE NOMINATION

(A Favorite Son's Letter Goes Out Exactly as Dictated)

BY BARON IRELAND

Chairman Republicrat National Committee,

DEAR SIR:

While fully conscious of the honor and I'd have to be unconscious to take it that you have done me in proposing my name for the Vice-Presidential nomination I must regretfully—har har—decline to permit my friends and a swell bunch of friends they are trying to make me the goat to consider me for that high office.

In the thirty years and it feels like a hundred and thirty during which I have held public office and pretty damn tight too or where would I be now I can conscientiously that's a good word say that I have ever placed the party welfare and what a sucker I was to do it above my own and how did they think that was going to help me pay the rent?

No man is greater than his party. You've got to hand 'em that bunk but look at me and Rusefelt. My country first, my party next and myself last and you can put the reverse English on that one or I'd be sweeping streets now has ever been my motto.

But thirty years of steadfast devotion to the public service has as the poet says or is that one in the Bible left my poor body aweary of this great strife. The public servant I ought to say menial undergoes a severe drain upon his physical and mental powers and my thirty years of steadfast devotion to the public service ought fairly to be said to be enough to entitle me to a well-earned respite.

I have God forbid arrived at an age when I must consider more than in the past my family and my personal well being and don't you think I'm not going to do it either. I have necessarily sacrificed everything to the demands of my public work and a fathead of a boss but I find that in justice to myself and where am I going to get it from anybody else I must yield my place to one of the younger men and a fine set of saps they are to pick from especially that little squirt Simpson the grafter he's been trying to nose me out for three years and won't he give three cheers now? Any of these young men can serve as well as I like Kelly can and moreover they bring the gifts of youth and vigor and boneheadedness that my thirty years' steadfast devotion to the public service have somewhat taken from me. I feel that now with these younger men to fill my place hell they can't fill one corner of it that I can at last fulfill my dearest wish of stepping out of the limelight gosh what a lie and permit myself a little relaxation.

This is the first time I have failed to answer the call of my party and I would not fail now but for the reasons I have given not to mention what a sucker I'd continue to be if I turned down that fifty thousand a year offer from the Ashcan Trust.

I need not add that I shall continue to support to the limit of my voice and influence the party which has so signally honored me with its confidence in the past and then offers me a tin whistle

Vice-Presidency the ingrates! The crust of 'em after I put Harrington over for 'em in 1924! Well, we'll see what they can do now without somebody with brains to show 'em how!

With best wishes for the future success of the party and kindest personal regards to yourself I am,

Sincerely and gratefully rats,

RUDOLPH HASSELBACHER.

Fifty thousand a year! Oh, baby! Wonder what's a good make of yacht?

A NOBLE LANGUAGE

BY DANIEL G. MASON

THE man who said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet must have been strangely deficient in the feeling for the flavor of words. However skilfully he may have smelled, he could not have heard very well. Or perhaps he was merely speaking at random, and had never approached the matter experimentally. If he had once actually tried calling a rose a laburnum, a hydrangea, or a gladiolus, even his dull ear must have noticed how its fragrance had escaped; and he could hardly have failed to remark, had he ever given himself a chance, how the perfume of almost any kind of rose can be enhanced by calling it a brier. There is no use trying to discount the value of names. Not only can you damn a dog by giving him a bad name (such, for instance, as Dachshund, which would make any dog ridiculous) but you can ennoble him by calling him, say, a Great Dane. After a summer in England, France, Italy, and German-speaking Switzerland, I came to the conclusion that the Latin nations have a matchless natural flair for nobility in names, while we "Nordics," for all our boasted superiority—English, Americans, and Germans alike—are culpably slovenly in language, and will tie an epithet to an object as carelessly as if it were a baggage tag.

In Paris last spring, waiting for a bus at the Palais-Royal, I idly scanned the timetable, pasted with French meticulousness inside a sort of bird-cage on a lamp-post. It stated that the busses ran every ten minutes, I believe, during certain parts of the day, but oftener, perhaps every five, during the "*heures d'affluence.*" I rubbed my eyes. Why, of course, it must mean "rush hours." But what an august, what a Roman, what an imperial way of saying it! On Broadway, the scrambling street of a mushroom civilization, there may be rush hours; by the Palais-Royal there are hours of affluence. I made a mental note of *affluence*, resolved to bag other specimens of it in my further travels. I had to wait until Interlaken. There I found in my tri-lingual *Kur-Karte* this note on the Heimwehfluh-Funiculaire: "*Départs toutes les 5 à 10 minutes selon l'affluence.*" This struck me as neat if not noble, and the German version as somewhat clumsy in comparison: "*Abfahrten alle 5–10 Minuten je nach Frequenz.*" "*Je nach Frequenz*" was adequate enough, but had a barbarous sound after "*selon l'affluence.*" With some misgivings I turned to see what my native tongue would make of it. "Trains leave every 5–10 minutes if required." About that "if required," tacked on as if by an afterthought, there was a crudely utilitarian air, an effect of makeshift and dull prose, that filled me with envy for those who by natural right travel in French. It seemed a fortune almost superhuman. Mortals may have things "if required"; angels alone must be always served "*selon l'affluence.*"

It is thus even more absorbing to travel in French than to travel in France; the one is indeed the natural complement and consummation of the other; and to some extent, as I discovered, it is an experience open to all motorists through

the simple device of using the Michelin typewritten itineraries. I had got no farther than Fontainebleau, for example, before my imagination was so obsessed with the problem of what PN could possibly mean (PN, just like that, capitals without even periods after them) that I had to ask the hotel proprietor before I could digest my lunch. PN, it seems, is *Passage à niveau*. Now not only is *niveau* a word beautiful in itself, and interesting in its likeness and unlikeness to its Italian equivalent, which I was later to encounter in "*Passagio a livello*," but there is something distinguished about the very conception "Passage on the level," not lost even in English, which "Grade crossing" hopelessly lacks. A grade crossing is a chore, performed grudgingly, with the sole aim of getting to the other side alive. A *Passage à niveau* is in itself a privilege, an episode, an adventure. And then, if you are traveling *à la Michelin*, when you grow tired of one level you can get variety by going underneath in the PI, or *Passage inférieur*, or overhead in the PS, or *Passage supérieur*, while all you can do in English is to scramble across somehow.

But wait—was it perhaps just the other way? Was I superior to the railroad, or was the railroad superior to me? I must candidly confess I never felt quite sure which; and in general I think it may be reluctantly admitted, even by those who admire French rationality as I do, that language can easily become rational in a degree baffling to mere human intelligence. A good deal of the nobility of French terminology is due to the abstract philosophic account it gives, highly flattering to our *amour propre*, of acts we really perform in a more or less hit-or-miss way. In real life we either take the trolley car where we know it always stops, or else run after it and wave, in the hope that it will pick us up. It, therefore, solaces our sense of dignity to read on a neat red sign, "*Arrêt obligatoire*," or on a green one, "*Arrêt facultatif*." In real life we try to drive our Ford through a one-way street and get reprimanded by the traffic policeman. A sign such as "*Sens unique*," with its universality of expression, its superiority to human categories, seems to lift us into a better world. In real life we are likely, if we patronize public conveyances, to sit in a draught and get a stiff neck. It is reassuring to know that this cannot happen when we entrust ourselves to the *Société des Transports en commun de la Région Parisienne*. For in the first place, under these august auspices draughts do not exist, but at the worst *courants d'air*. Secondly, the windows, we read, "*sont toujours immobilisées sur tout un côté de la voiture*"—not merely closed, be it noted, but *immobilisées*, which is a thing vastly more satisfactory, and indescribably more French. Finally, even these "dispositions of aeration" (to translate the elegant text with the literalness it deserves) are subject to modification by the receiver if they do not satisfy the voyagers. For do we not read, "*Les voyageurs peuvent modifier en cours de route les dispositions d'aération adoptées, en s'adressant au receveur.*"

It is odd what chameleons words are, how they take on the colors of their associates. You have only to call the humble bus-conductor a "*receveur*," you see, and he takes on, at once, some of the dignity of those august officials delegated by courts to adjust bankruptcies. Thus the commonest object, throw but an unwonted light of association upon it, will gleam with novel splendor, like an oily mud-puddle reflecting sunset. And so we shall expect nothing to remain commonplace, nor shall we be surprised at any magic transfigurations, in a language capable of calling concrete "armed cement" (*ciment armé*), gypsies (*nomades*), and midwives "wise women" (*sages femmes*). Re-entering France from German-speaking Switzerland in August, I had this borne in upon me in a crescendo. At Fribourg, where two-thirds of the people speak French, I noticed on the door of my hotel room an "*Avis concernant les pourboires*," the

first sentence of which read, "*Les rémunérations au personnel du service ne sont pas comprises dans le montant de la note.*" I was struck by the delicacy of *rémunérations*. There is a genial conviviality about even a *pourboire*, but no doubt one might have a slight sense of inferiority in accepting one. But *rémunération!* Why, the word positively coddles one's self-esteem. Even without that "*comprises*" I should have known it must be feminine by the gentleness of its dealing. Then I glanced at the English heading: "Notice with regard to tips." Tips, indeed: the word was a blow in the face! Justly, no doubt, are the French considered the politest of peoples.

At Auxerre I observed the sign: "BOUCHERIE CHEVALLINE" with a modest rider, "*Saucissons d'ânes et mulets.*" But it was reserved for Avallon, as it seemed to me, to cap the climax. Avallon might accept the diet of Auxerre, but it was not so easily to be satisfied in the more important matter of language; Auxerre might eat its horses in French if it pleased; Avallon preferred something more classic, and proudly wrote: "BOUCHERIE HYPOPHAGIQUE."

Thus the French have taught me that anything worth saying at all can be said nobly, not to speak of some things that might perhaps better remain unsaid. No man, I suppose, likes to receive a summons to the dentist's. To make such a summons attractive might justly be considered a supreme test of literary skill. In our country we do not make much of a hand of it, with our curt "Mr. Jones has an appointment with Doctor Smith for Friday at 5:30." I have before me a communication from my Paris dentist, received several years ago and treasured among my most precious possessions. It is engraved, and on large paper, like a *lettre de decès* or *de mariage*, and looking at a distance hardly less voluminous. With a slight change of names, it is conceived in terms which may be thus translated:

"Doctor Durand addresses his salutations to Mr. Jones, and has the honor to inform him that he will hold himself at his disposition on Friday, July 1st, at 5:30 o'clock."

Who would not willingly exchange a tooth or two for the privilege of receiving so elegant a missive?

HOUDINI

BY MELVILLE CANE

THE papers said:
"Houdini Dead!"
In New York, Detroit, Omaha, Los Angeles
Racing newsboys yelled:
"Houdini dead! Houdini dead!"
In the subway, at the Ford plant,
Across hotel lobbies
Readers read, looked up, asked:
"What's this latest front
Page publicity stunt?"
But Houdini was dead.

How can one get away with it—
The box-trick—
How can one fool Death?

No one could fix the committee,
An undertaker, chairman.
Dead men play no tricks,
But was he "playing dead"?
How could a dead magician
Put it over a live mortician?

They clamped him with manacles,
Shackled his ankles,
Clapped him in a case,
Strapped him to his place,
Locked the lid.
He did what he was bid.
They kept the watch by day,
They vigiled him by night
In the sputtering candlelight.
He never left their sight.

They bore him from the house,
They caged him in a hearse,
(The hearse was framed in glass,
Was screwed with screws of brass,
And only light could pass.)
They took him for a ride,
Captive, chained and tied.
They set him on the ground,
Coffined, fettered, bound,
The damp November ground;
He made no sound.
The grave was dark and deep,
The walls were high and steep;
They lifted him and lowered him,
They shoveled earth, a heavy heap—
A rising heap, a dwindling hole.
A rabbi made a prayer for his soul.

Years ago, on a midsummer day,
I saw him do the box-trick in water,
Off Saugatuck, in Long Island Sound.
Suddenly he stepped out on the shore,
Dropped his robe,
Stood in his bathing suit,
Smiling, bowing, in the sun.
Incredulous ones
Peered within the packing-case,
Felt for secret panels,
Tapped each side.
Strangers tied him, hand and foot and torse,
Hammered fast the top with nails of steel,
Roped and double-roped and tugged the knots.
A high derrick dipped,
An iron hook slipped,
Caught the rope,
Pulled its dangling burden clear of land,
Sank it in the waves.
Then, as it rose again—a swinging minute—
A swimmer stroked his triumph toward the bank.

To do the box-trick in water,
When the July sun is shining
Is hard;
But, harder still,
On a cold November day
To swim through clay.

This was no mountebank,
No spangled juggler
Of rubber-balls and billiard cues and lamps—
This was and is and ever will be spirit.
There is a legerdemain
Unsensed by mortal fingers,
A clairvoyance the perishable brain
Is hopeless to attain.
There is a heart-beat of the spirit;
No one can time it.
There is a blood, a muscle, of the soul.
Lithe is the spirit and nimble
To loose the cords of the body,
Wiry and supple the soul
To slip the strait-jacket of the flesh.

Out of an unbroken grave,
Above unheeding mourners,
Before the sightless eyes of conjurors,
Houdini rose
And lightly sprinted down an aisle of air
Amid the relieved and welcoming applause
Of those already there.

WHAT IS YOUR GARDEN COMPLEX?

BY ALMY RODGERS WALKER

THERE must be psychological reasons for the many different reactions which real garden fans exhibit. If some wise observer would conduct a line of research whereby he could compile a set of questions and produce an *I've Got Your Number for Gardeners*, what a help it would be to those who cannot understand the strange symptoms exhibited by friends who find their truest self-expression in garden work!

For instance, there are those perfectly honest people who under all other circumstances can be entirely trusted but who lose all sense of honor, positively glorying in their shame, when a garden is involved. I confess myself to be among this number. I would not, for instance, be guilty of shoplifting, and the richest treasures would be safe in my presence; but given a trowel, and a delectable garden spot, I would not answer for the consequences of what might hap-

pen to the young plants or seeds within my kleptomaniac vision.

It must mean something, that some people can be perfectly satisfied with a mass of heterogeneous bloom, regardless of color or form, just so there are masses and quantities enough to satisfy their gluttonous tastes (I have actually seen people stand and gaze on a riot of almost-magenta phlox with the devotional expression which might well be expended on the rarest gem), while on the other hand we see others pass a luxuriant bank of bloom with unseeing eyes to fall upon some tiny flower which, to one not attuned to that particular form of interest, might just as well not exist.

There are those enthusiastic workers who feel that their labor is in vain and life a mockery unless most of their dahlias measure at least ten inches across, and others who feel that when their roses show an unhealthy texture suicide would be easy compared to showing these blooms to a more successful rival.

Then there are the generous souls who find their greatest pleasure in sharing the fruits of their gardens and who will divide their rarest plants with a fellow-enthusiast, feeling only gratitude when anything of theirs is sufficiently admired to be coveted. But alas, there are others who will conceal with vile subterfuge the source of particularly fine seeds, or cling with miserly greed to every young plant and, while they may not actually voice the thought, subtly give the impression that anyone would be unreasonable indeed who could expect to share such treasure.

We have all met the garden pessimists who are never satisfied with the weather. "Of course," they say, "if it wasn't for this drought my annuals would be much better," and, "These constant showers have simply ruined my best perennials"—while with the optimist hope springs eternal in his breast, and next year is always going to produce the garden which will be the realization of his dreams, where all the foliage will be free from insect pests, and all the flowers will be of abnormal size and marvelous in color.

In the early spring months the catalogue fiends run rife. They expend large sums in postage, sending for every known variety from every known firm. They scan the advertising sections of all the garden magazines and yearn to acquire all the special offers of perfectly irresistible collections, guaranteed to produce the maximum effect for the minimum in expenditure. On the other hand, their friends may be of the kind who take no interest in anything which does not cost just a little bit more than what their neighbors have obtained.

That interesting genus the tool collector is a study in himself. He has found just the very most perfect instrument, the latest thing for every step in gardening; and when he starts out to weed, or to cultivate, he looks like the itinerant tin peddler who in bygone days was to be met on country roads. He has his opposite in the loyal soul who has his one particular pet tool with which he can perform any office. It may be a special trowel, hoe, cultivator, or even an old tin spoon, but it seems perfectly adequate for any bit of work, and without it this particular type of gardener is helpless.

Thus it would seem, in this day when the application of psychology is necessary to explain every complex, every reaction, every frustration, there should be some intelligent study made to enable us to understand and to explain the phenomena exhibited by the large and ever growing company of garden devotees.

Editor's Easy Chair

CHOOSING A PRESIDENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THERE will only be one topic when these observations find their way late in June to readers, and that will be politics. The Republicans will probably have finished their deliberations and selected their candidate, and the Democrats will be packing their grips for the migration to Texas. Let us hope that both conventions will put their best men forward and that, when the fatigues of nomination have passed and the usual preparatory ceremonies have been accomplished, there will follow an articulate campaign, lively and unterrified, and adapted to add to knowledge.

Such a campaign we ought to have. We ought to have a summer of discussion. A lot of things need to be talked out or at least talked over. It is trite to remark that the world since the Great War is a new world, but trite or not it is true, and it is considerably a new world which is trying to get along with old methods, worn out and discredited and yet still in use for lack of means and men to give authority to new ones. The attitude of nations towards one another is still too nearly the attitude that brought on the War. As to some nations it has improved, not so much in things done or in details dealt with as in the spread of the conviction that old bases of international dealing are not adequate to maintain order and keep the peace, and must be superseded by arrangements that will be the product of a new spirit in the world. The old diplomacy is out of date. The leaders of whom there is the best hope are men who see human life and international relations with new vision; men not scheming for immediate advantages for their own countries but bent on the welfare of all nations and the rescue of progressive civilization from the terrible setbacks of war and narrow, national selfishness as exhibited in other ways. The immense development of technical knowledge, the increased control over the forces of nature, and the vast extension of the powers of men by the use of machinery have made possible an increase in the promise and pleasure of human life that even a generation ago would have been incredible. There is enough to go around and immensely more coming. There are possibilities of development, physical and mental, which dazzle the imagination but which can be obtained if people will co-operate to get them instead of banding together to out-grab one another. Man's happiness does not consist in the abundance of his possessions nor in the celerity with which he can be transported from place to place, nor even altogether in the improvement of his bodily health, but all those blessings will be useful to him if he can develop character enough to handle them. Whom, then, do we want for President? A man above all things who can see what is possible to the human race at this time and can do his part as a leader and representative of the American people to develop character and

competence without which even the greatest of blessings is of little worth.

Our country for one reason or another has come to be the richest in the world, probably the most powerful, and in a considerable degree it is the hope of the world. Great experiments in what one may call the new life are here proceeding under the most favorable circumstances anywhere offered. Here is an adequate territory rich in natural resources and in a population that for purposes of government is sufficiently united. The people who live in it have been gathered from all the world and represent some of the best strains of the races they derive from. The machinery of government is by no means perfect, but it works, and in competent hands works well. Energy finds a field not excessively hampered by stupidity of control. Education, such as it is, is very general. But the present relation of the United States to the world is new. We have not grown up to it, and as a people we are still imperfectly trained to discharge its responsibilities.

No doubt that always happens with nations which develop strength or wealth. First they get the power; then they develop the capacity to use it. No one whom we shall elect President, no one whom we could choose to be President is going to effect any magical transformation in the character of the United States. A President can do only about so much. The power of his office is great, especially his power of appointment and his veto power, but it is far from unlimited. But he can give the country leadership as far as it is ready to go. As far as it is capable of understanding forward-looking policies he can help it. If he outruns the vision of the country he will probably disappoint expectations, but not necessarily to disaster even in that case, for people catch up with men of vision after they are gone. So good luck to the conventions and their labors, for their job is important! Here is to hope, as said, that they will each choose the best man in sight in their party. Then it shall be our part to see which of these candidates best represents what we consider the most important ideas for the improvement of mankind and human life.

FOR really we ought to think as big as that about it. Edith Cavell said that patriotism is not enough. That narrow patriotism which thinks of America first and nothing else—that is not enough, not nearly! Surely that would not be the patriotism of the President we need, and any candidate whose ideas are limited to that should be rejected. The greatest advantage that can come now to the United States is neither an extension of power nor of territory nor an increase in wealth; it is an understanding of its duty to the world. In that direction lies its greatest prosperity not only in spiritual but in temporal things. If we eternally look first for dollars we shall not do best even in that quest. As it is, we do not look first for dollars; not as a country, and not as a people. We are attentive to dollars. One needs to be. They are useful. Ours are useful at this moment, not only to us and to our country, but to all the world. Our reputation, in spite of our semi-humorous efforts to collect the war debts from Europe, is not so very bad as it is. Our foreign brethren, for all their complaints, recognize that our minds are capable of other uses than computing interest. Bless them! Bless them! Let us hope that before they get through with us they will discover that the United States is something else after all than a gigantic cash register.

We should have a shrewd man for President. By no means a sentimentalist, but one who can see things accurately and act upon them in ways that are neither harsh nor timid. We want a just man, a bold man. Oh, yes! a great man if we can get him, provided that he is great for humanity and for us, and not merely for a party, or for himself. But whomever we get to vote for and to whomever the most votes go it is just as

well for us to remember that all our eggs are not in that basket, and whether or not we have picked the right man, and whether or not his endeavors prove useful, this country will go on in increasing importance as a factor in human life. Back of all office holders and office holding the bone and brain and heart of the country is forever at work, making crops, making commodities, thinking, delving, aspiring, directing great enterprises, gathering incessantly new knowledge and putting old knowledge to new uses. All that will go on no matter who is President, but it will go on best under a President who is suited to his job.

People are apt to be dazzled by office; women, especially, to whom office holding is new. They think the whole official job is bigger and more important than it really is. It does not take a long time nor any extraordinary amount of sense to get past that idea and be thankful that there are so many good and able people who feel the call to office and are willing to respond to it. That good men desire to be President is just a new bit of evidence of that streak of altruism in human nature which makes all sorts of people instinctively sacrifice their lives for one another. A man jumps to be President a good deal as a man jumps into a river to save a drowning child. Sometimes the man who so jumps in cannot swim, and in such a case he may not save the child nor even himself survive unless the bystanders drag him out. We don't want anything like that to happen about the Presidency, but after all, the proper cry of candidates is the gladiators' *Morituri te salutamus!* As a nation we are floundering a good deal in pretty deep water and perhaps need a hero to rescue us. Heaven send us, then, a swimmer.

THIS issue of the magazine will find the colleges still commencing and discourse on all subjects proceeding from them in the usual Commencement flow. We shall have remarks made at Commencement dinners and orations before learned societies. Probably education itself will be discussed, and really that is a matter very much talked over. Symptoms of overhauling it abound, just as do symptoms of overhauling religion and finding new forms for the expression of what contemporary men believe. Of course there is a lot of politics in education. To provide it is very much a governmental function. To regulate some details of it may engage the minds of politicians, as appeared not long since in Tennessee, in Oregon, and doubtless elsewhere. There even appears to prevail an increasing skepticism as to whether "education" so-called, as generally now provided, is to be really the panacea for all the woes of human life. In the last twenty years there has been a great vogue for the slogan to Send the Boy to College! The boys have been sent in such increasing numbers that they have strained all the resources of the colleges and compelled them to reach out for new endowments. They have got the endowments, and the process of acquiring them still continues. The next thought that moves the public mind may be whether the colleges are not overcapitalized. That very thing can happen. It has happened to some theological seminaries which came to have an abundance of funds and hardly any students. The line of theology they put out lost its appeal to the contemporary mind, and grass grew in their courts. That may happen to colleges and it may happen to churches. If they cannot keep up with the minds of men they will go, as we say, to grass.

So much has contemporary education been criticized that somebody proposed the other day a series of prizes to be distributed among the schools for award to the scholars who best avoided the education offered. One trouble is that so many of the remarkable achievements in contemporary life have been pulled off by men who did not go to college. Einstein did go to a university but won no distinction there. Alfred Smith got his education in the practice of politics.

Henry Ford got his by association with machines. Edison got his wherever he could find it, in telegraph offices, anywhere, but not in any college. To be sure there are any number of people, Mr. Coolidge for one, who went to college and did not find that what they got there was a serious impediment to their usefulness or even to their success in life. Nevertheless, such cases as are named above—and there are thousands of others—have doubtless impressed upon the contemporary mind that there are more kinds of education than the colleges provide, and that the college-taught men have no monopoly of achievement.

Mrs. Wilkins, mother of Captain Wilkins who flew over the North Pole, was quoted in the paper as thinking that her son "made more of what he learned in a little country school than many men have been able to make of a college education." To be sure he did. The Wright brothers did also. Neither aviation nor any other form of transportation seems to be academic. It belongs rather in the realm of adventure where the race is free to all comers.

The more notable educators know these things quite as well as anybody else and are indeed themselves constant critics of the education they are concerned to provide. They know as well as anybody how important to human life the dreamers are who make their dreams come true. They know the value of internal promptings; that the impulses, the inspirations that make lives notable must come from within. They are not at all bent on mere imparting of information already known. They don't want to do that alone, but to make it a means to knowledge still to come. They want to send out not merely minds well stored with dead men's thoughts, but minds alive and eager to search the unfathomable.

One teacher very well known in the days of his educational activity is quoted as saying, "I have admiration for and belief in the Scout Movement. I think it has bigger possibilities than have yet been realized and that it will before long greatly influence, even radically change the existing system of education. The training it gives is one that the young eagerly accept. It is not pedagogic. It is opposed to and will eventually do away with the old type of schoolmaster. Its way of teaching is to cause a pleasurable reaction in the mind of the child, and that is the way a lesson should be given. Moreover, it has a profound moral effect. Children are taught to keep order and show kindness to their fellows. The discipline being allied to self-reliance, insensibly teaches them self-control."

The drift is all away from instruction by compulsion and regulation by authority and all in the direction of training for self-government and helping the young people to learn to think. More attention, more respect is constantly shown for what the pupil may have within him and not so much to fill him up with the thoughts of other minds. An influential Harvard graduate got into the papers the other day with a declaration that the colleges paid too much attention to books and what was in them. He thought athletics a more valuable training and asserted that in our contemporary life the graduates of the college schools of athletics found bigger places and greater influence than the high scholars. No doubt a good many of them do, but very likely that is a fruit of the present, tremendous, material development which is affecting all human life. If the scholars seem to be falling behind, in due time they will come to their own again; for the knowledge of what has been done and what has been thought and said is not without its value.

It is all very interesting. Nothing stands still in these times, not even education, and as to religion it is racing. When Bishop Manning says that the thirty-nine articles are archaic and that they contain statements wholly obsolete, it makes one conscious of movement and of movement that is still going strong.

Personal and Otherwise

WHEN the Magazine adopted its new format in September, 1925, we began a series of twelve papers on contemporary religious problems by the Reverend ***Harry Emerson Fosdick,*** pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, which is building itself a new home on Riverside Drive close to Columbia University and the Union Theological Seminary. We now welcome Dr. Fosdick back to our columns after an absence of nearly two years. When a preacher of national renown discusses the place of the pulpit in modern life, clergy and laity both stop to listen.

The pages of HARPER'S have been enlivened in past years with many of ***Gordon Arthur Smith's*** stories of Monsieur Georges; the most recent of them was "The Sapphire," in December, 1925. This most genteel of crooks now appears once more with his eyes set upon another jewel.

Divorce has been likened to a surgical operation which should never be performed unless all other expedients fail. Yet there is good surgery and bad surgery; and the most superficial observer can hardly deny that divorce as usually administered in this country is an ugly operation. ***Stephen Ewing,*** the New York writer who contributed "Blue Laws for School-Teachers" to our February issue, bases his criticisms and suggestions on an intensive study of many phases of the problem.

Doctor ***Joseph Collins,*** the distinguished neurologist, has recently given most of his time to writing. He is the author not only of several medical volumes but of *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*, and other popular books, and his contributions to HARPER'S have shown him to be a penetrating observer of the mutual problems of physician and patient. In his present article he sets forth the advantages of group practice without blinking the possible dangers inherent in it.

Last month ***Harvey O'Higgins*** wrote for us on "This Strange Luster of Kings"; this month he contributes a story. A writer of unusual versatility, Mr. O'Higgins has distinguished himself as a playwright ("Polygamy," "The Argyll Case," and other plays, most of them written in collaboration with Harriet Ford), as a novelist (*Julie Cane*, *Clara Barron*, etc.), and as the author of *The Secret Springs*, *The American Mind in Action*, and many unusual short stories, collected in *From the Life* and *Some Distinguished Americans*. He lives in Martinsville, New Jersey.

Charles J. V. Murphy writes on the problem of transoceanic flying from first-hand knowledge of aviation and close acquaintance with many fliers. Last summer, as reporter for the New York *Evening Post*, he studied at close range the preparations of Lindbergh and others for their flights to Europe, and watched them take off from Roosevelt Field; and last April, as a member of the *World* staff, he had charge of the rescue expedition to Greenely Island organized by the *World* and the North American Newspaper Alliance, flying to Greenely Island in the Ford relief plane and accompanying the *Bremen* fliers by air to New York and Washington. Mr. Murphy has recently completed a life of Commander Byrd, which is soon to be published.

That most amiable of cynics, ***Ernest Boyd,*** an Irishman now quite inured to New York life, is variously occupied as literary critic, essayist, and translator. He is the author of *Literary Blasphemies*, *Studies in Nine Literatures*, and other books, and of several recent HARPER essays, including "Happiness in Every Box" and "Our Lost Dignity."

As Rome correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* for the past four years, ***Hiram Motherwell*** made a particular study of the Roman Question in almost daily collaboration with a prelate intimately associated with the informal and unofficial conversations between the Vatican and the Chigi Palace. Mr. Motherwell used to be known as Hiram K. Moderwell, and in 1914—two years after his graduation from Harvard—published *The Theatre of Today* under that name; but recently he restored the *th* which was corrupted to *d* by his Pennsylvania ancestors a century ago. "Nobody could ever understand Moderwell over the telephone," he writes us, "so I decided to endow my children with something intelligible." It should perhaps be added that Mr. Motherwell is a Protestant.

The O. Henry Prize for the best short story of 1927 went to ***Roark Bradford*** of the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* for "Child of God," published in our April issue of last year. "Child of God" depicted the hanging of a negro boy and his journey to Heaven as the boy himself would have imagined it. This month Mr. Bradford employs a similar theme in "Cold Death." In the meantime he has published in book form *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun*, a re-telling of some of the Old Testament stories in the language of the Southern negro.

Brendan Lee is the pen name of a man so widely and favorably known for his books in another field that he chooses to write his present article without identifying himself.

The statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, ***Louis I. Dublin*** (Ph.D., Columbia, 1904), specializes in collecting cold facts and in drawing from them cautious and irrefutable conclusions. Dr. Dublin has written for HARPER'S on the cost of medical service, the problem of heart disease, and the economics of world health, and has published a book entitled *Health and Wealth*. Now he selects a subject which is usually debated with more heat than light.

One of the most brilliant of European scholars, ***Salvador de Madariaga***, author of *The Sacred Giraffe*, *The Genius of Spain*, and other books, was for seven years head of the disarmament section of the League of Nations. He is now a professor at Oxford. Having discovered America a few centuries after another distinguished voyager from Spain, he sets forth his amusing—and more than amusing—impressions of our strange barbarian ways.

We have published ***Gerald W. Johnson's*** observations on college life ("Should Our Colleges Educate?") and on the trend of American political history ("The Third Republic—And After"). He does some of the ablest editorial writing in the country for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, and has published a biography of Andrew Jackson.

The poets include ***Jacqueline Embry***, a Kentucky writer who has contributed to other magazines but is now making her first HARPER appearance; ***Alfred Kreymborg***, author of several volumes of verse, who was one of the most ardent innovators in the early days of imagism and free verse, but turns a sonnet as neatly as any conservative; and ***Edna St. Vincent Millay***, whose work, from the lyrics of *Renascence* to the libretto of *The King's Henchman*, has given her one of the most distinguished reputations in modern American poetry.

The Lion presents ***Baron Ireland***, otherwise Nate Salsbury of Caldwell, New Jersey, a frequent contributor of humorous prose and verse to this and other magazines; ***Daniel Gregory Mason***, composer, music critic, and head of the music department at Columbia, who wrote "Our Orchestras and Our Money's Worth" for the June issue and is now experimenting with the noble language (and incidentally composing) in Europe; ***Melville Cane***, member of the New York law firm of Ernst, Fox & Cane, who published in 1926 a volume of verse entitled *January Garden*, and now dignifies the Lion's Mouth with a poem of unusual originality and vigor; and ***Almy Rodgers Walker***, of New Canaan, Connecticut, whose husband, A. B. Walker, is responsible for the decorative drawings which regularly accompany every Lion's Mouth title.

❦ ❦ ❦

Valentin de Zubiaurre and his younger brother Ramón are among the leading

Spanish painters of our day. Their father was a musician, but both of his sons were born deaf, and the artistic impulse which they inherited from him was forced into another channel. They are Basques and have dedicated themselves to the portrayal of their own people. There is great similarity between the work of the two brothers, and they always exhibit together. We reproduced another painting by Valentin de Zubiaurre as the frontispiece of our issue for August, 1926. His special study has been of the peasants of his own village of Garay.

❦ ❦ ❦

We have received a number of letters defending Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West, that portentous figure introduced to us in the May issue by Miss Wylie. Could there be a more appropriate source than Paris, Illinois, for a letter pointing out that Lizzie may in time learn to appreciate the arts? That is the address from which the following rejoinder comes to us:

EDITOR, HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

May I be permitted to comment briefly upon the rather impatient and intolerant attitude manifested by I. A. R. Wylie in her clever article in the May HARPER'S on "Dumb Lizzie of the Middle West"?

It occurs to me that one may readily meditate one's self into a mood of aloofness from and disdain for the Dumb Lizzies of the Midwest, and also for their sisters throughout the land. And not only for their sisters here, but for all their kin in Christendom, even to their less illiterate but not at all omniscient second cousins. So one may quite conceivably come to include mankind in general, and finally, indeed, one's own self, as living to some degree under the stigma of ignorance.

After having lived three score years and having applied myself as best I could while earning a living, I feel that I have acquired only a smattering of the facts that I might have known, and a modicum of familiarity with the arts. Specialists in the sciences are so much wiser. Specialists in art are so much more cultured. Yet I console myself with the reflection that even the scientists have their limitations—that even their knowledge ends a little further on in ignorance as profound as mine; and that the erudition of artists is but comparative and subject to moods and tenses.

Relativity means so much. Lizzie to-day is perhaps more learned than was Solomon, more cultured than good Queen Bess. In the course of evolution she will no doubt continue to move along with the rear of the procession. She may go on seducing some of the susceptible intelligentsia with the blandishments of her democratic wealth. But, on the other hand, she will gradually be uplifted and improved by the contact. There will be compromise and adjustments as there always are in life. Slowly jazz will lose its jangle, the movies will merge with art, her radio will communicate to her dull ears things worth hearing, and her automobile will arrive somewhere.

Meanwhile it seems to me that we should all try to bear with and understand her; for, with all her shortcomings, her blunders and bad manners, Lizzie is the so-called Human Race.

E. O. LAUGHLIN.

Another reader—who applauds Miss Wylie's article—points out that Dumb Lizzie is to be found in New England and New York as well as in the Middle West. A church organist in a Connecticut city, he reports her presence in large numbers in his congregation. He believes, furthermore, that she is musically incorrigible. Says he:

For a number of years I have been feeding an Episcopal congregation of people you would consider of better than average intellect on the music of Gounod, Handel, Mendelssohn, Haydn, and, less frequently, Sullivan, Stainer, Barnby. Small thanks I get for my efforts! How do I know? Once in a while I drop in a sugar-coated, soggy bit of sentimentality culled from some of the lesser lights, or perhaps a piece of ecclesiastical tin-soldiery of Dudley Buck—just for a show of hands. Almost always I find that many of my hearers take the trouble, on these rare occasions, to tell me the anthem this morning was "*so* sweet!" —or else it was "so noble and inspiring!"

Bah! Why struggle? Why not accept the inevitable? To what end did Wagner live? Bach? Mozart? Beethoven? Liszt? Chopin? To please (statisticians please correct) one one-hundredth of one per cent of all the people who hear music.

❦ ❦ ❦

There are so many other letters which we should like to print this month that it is difficult to make a choice. A New York reader, commenting on Philip Curtiss's remarks on the emotional impact sometimes caused by the sense of smell, declares that the most characteristic New York smell is

that of the subway, and that once, returning to the city after a five years' exile, she wept all the way uptown on experiencing it again! A business writer, referring to Mr. Gifford's widely appreciated paper on the value of high-rank college scholars in business, points out that some of the outstanding successes are still being made by non-college men but that the scholars come along and consolidate the gains; he gives as an example the sensational career of A. P. Giannini, the head of the Bank of Italy, a man of limited schooling, but notes that Mr. Giannini is filling his executive positions with college men, some of whom stood very high in their classes. Comments on Henry C. Beers's "Women and the Marriage Market" range from sheer enthusiasm to the disapproval of a California reader who calls Mr. Beers's contribution "a slur on womanhood written by a bachelor," and adds that "unfortunately for him his own mother, or sisters, or friends were not the women I know, loyal, faithful to all duties and the truest friends that one could have."

Perhaps we had best use our remaining space to quote from a reply to "Babes in the Bois" by a girl who refers to herself as "one of the babes": she is one of the young sophisticates who went to Paris to do great things and has come home again. She agrees with Mr. Barrett—yet, she insists, the babes in the wood are not lost.

Her group, she admits, was "idle, foolish, extravagant, sophisticated, intelligent, and lazy. Mr. Barrett is correct—so far. But it doesn't last, all that frittering away of time and energy. That is, it doesn't last with most of us, though I'll admit that some of the crowd drifted into excesses and a state of lazy degeneracy that even I, of the same generation, hate to believe." At first they were swept off their feet by the "glorious companionship of Paris." But most of them recovered from this *mal du siècle* of their generation. And she recounts the varied ways in which they reached solid ground once more.

One of the girls of the group, after a disastrous affair with a Frenchman, is back in New York; married to a newspaper man to whom she told the whole story. She has been cured of her foolish childishness by the experience of freedom. "She is as fine a wife, and will be as fine a mother, too, as the old-fashioned ideal—and she's a lot wiser."

Larry went to Vienna in May to study under a famous *chef d'orchestre*, and expects to be conducting back in America within three years. Tom's philosophical novel came out two months ago. You've all read it, "a best seller and a classic." The girl from Iowa had two poems in the *Dial* not long ago, and is preparing a small volume for publication in the fall. I just heard that Pete is to have a one-man exhibit in a Boulevard Haussmann gallery in October.

John has gone back to his father's business in Denver, satisfied, as he could never have been until he had tried it, that he is no painter, and that his father's business is just the place for him. Mary is still trying to out-do Matisse; I don't know what she is actually achieving, but she is painting steadily. She writes me that a few of the old crowd are still sitting at the Dome. I'm sure they will be there indefinitely.

Oh, yes, we are babes in the wood, still floundering in the underbrush, but it doesn't matter. We are young, and we have a lot to learn, but we're not lost. Most of us have come out ahead after living in Paris; it has taught us much, in one way or another, and the main point is that we learn. Myself? Well, the first novel has just gone off, a pilgrim in search of a publisher—and undaunted by the polite but soulless species of beings called "readers," I have started my second book.

And now I must look up the novels of Mr. Richmond Barrett.

COMMUNITY & INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

Money and Brains for Industry

What the Financial Institutions Are Doing To Help Their Communities Grow

WE have had the Stone Age, the Iron Age, and now the Power Age, but the Age of Money and Exchange goes on forever. Where men have gathered to form civilizations, they have established the liberty of each to follow his natural bent. Such a liberty could be maintained only by common agreement on a standard of value and exchange that gives the toil of the humblest man power to command all the labor and thought of his fellow-men to the extent of the value of that toil.

In the marts of credit and exchange which mean civilization the ambitions and the enterprises of men pass in review before those who mobilize the community's resources and faith—the bankers, financiers, investment-bankers. The more specialized the civilization, the greater the duties of these mobilizers and directors of the people's credit. To-day, Finance stands at the cross-roads of human activity.

At those cross-roads where the wielders of credit are forward-looking, the worthy are given opportunity, and successful communities arise. In those places where the people's money is misdirected and congested, mediocrity reigns and communities decay. For the bank is the economic government of the community, voting who shall have the use of the people's funds, and who shall not.

The final judgment, however, lies in the hands of the consumers, who vote every day with ballots of money whether this enterprise or that shall prosper. Only those communities where the people can make money and want to spend it there, can forge ahead permanently.

The modern bank has seen the light, realizes that its success depends not on symbols of paper and gold, but on the community's buying power and spending enjoyment, and actively interests itself in all the ramifications of industry and business and the people's life. Furthermore, it preaches the opportunities of its city to the outside world.

Banks That Build for the Future

A well known trust company of Cleveland, for example, tells us that "we employ an expert industrial analyst who devotes his entire time to organization and management work. He serves both our customers and new organizations seeking a bank connection. He is skilled in industrial organization and management counsel." This bank handles its community industrial program, through the Chamber of Commerce, which has an efficient industrial bureau, but the bank also advertises nationally, stressing the advantages of Cleveland, such as its location for efficient distribution of goods, its happy living conditions, and other points. The bank has financed a large number of industries.

Another large trust company of Buffalo, in addition to close coöperation with home industries, actively goes after outside ones. "We have made a consistent effort to bring our city's advantages to the attention of industry all over the country. Whenever we hear of a company even considering a move to Buffalo, we send a representative to call on that company no matter where it is. We get together all sorts of data which might help such a company in its decision; suggest sites; help analyze the market for the company's product; and help select suitable personnel. When financial assistance is needed, if the company is worthy, the bank is always glad to go into that question thoroughly." The bank does extensive national advertising about Buffalo and itself, also using direct-mail, booklets, and personal visits.

The Industrial Department

Banks are now establishing industrial departments that give expert advice to industrial and business customers on every phase of their business. These departments not only advance the prosperity of the bank's customers, but, equally important, furnish the bankers with that knowledge of industry and business which

(*Continued on next page*)

COMMUNITY AND INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

(*Continued from preceding page*)

it must have to dispense credit efficiently and safely.

One of the largest banks of New York is one of a number of institutions which have developed important and highly useful industrial departments. Some idea of their functions may be gleaned from the following list of services which this bank is prepared to give:—Inspection and Appraisal, Auditing, Accounting, Cost Systems, Purchasing Methods, Production Methods, Sales Methods, Employment Methods, Office Organization, Traffic Problems, Federal and State Industrial Data, Building Design and Construction, Shop and Office Planning, Machine Design and Construction, Power and Lighting Problems, Insurance Problems, Advertising Problems, Taxation, Statistics, Industrial Civics, Educational Betterment Work, Industrial Service Publicity, Management.

The practical help these departments give to business is illustrated in a case not long ago where the Industrial Service Department of a bank of Boston gave a manufacturer help on four widely different problems in succession: wage scales, tax assessments in a number of towns, lists of potential foreign customers, and prices of commodities some years back.

Where banks do not loan the money themselves, they encourage the formation of institutions that do, to advance community growth. The Industrial Foundation of Louisville, Kentucky, was formed in 1916 to act for the Board of Trade in bringing new industries to town, helping present ones, and financing all worthy enterprises and individuals who needed credit. Of $875,000 paid in by local citizens as non-dividend bearing capital stock, $609,000 is now invested in 18 manufacturing concerns, with the balance in cash and Liberty bonds. Over 60 new industries have been secured or started, with a capital of nearly 20 millions, 5,792 employees, and $6,064,000 in annual payroll. Loans are for ten years or less, in the form of a first mortgage on factory and site. Management counsel is given in addition to credit. Almost a million and a half has been invested. Income is used to pay all these expenses of community industrial promotion, thus putting this work on a self-supporting basis, and taking the burden off the backs of the citizenry.

The Industrial Corporation of Baltimore is a similar organization, and also successful in building a more prosperous city. New or present industries are either financed direct, or an endorsement given after thorough investigation, which usually enables the industry to get private credit. The Industrial Corporation is thus a highly useful clearing house for industrial investments. It encourages new products and inventions, gives expert industrial counsel on many problems, aids industries to finance modern factory space, and helps make the community industrially efficient through its knowledge and efforts.

Many banks are advertising nationally because at one stroke they can help their city and themselves. A well known trust company of Baltimore says it advertises "to call attention to some of the outstanding facts which make the City of Baltimore stand out in comparison with other large cities." Its advertisements have included such subjects as the marketing territory reached economically from Baltimore, the facilities of the city as a great port and as a grain outlet, and its proximity to rich food and recreation resources on Chesapeake Bay.

A large bank and trust company of New Orleans brings out each month in its national advertising a different phase of the great Southern metropolis, which on account of its location has always been a metropolis. This bank started very shortly after New Orleans did, so the growth of both are closely intertwined.

This long service to its city, the bank's successive and illustrated accounts of New Orleans as a great foreign trade city, as the center of a vast section of the Mississippi Valley and other parts of the South, and the bank's various schemes for serving the varied needs of this domestic and foreign empire, make an impressive and interesting picture.

Constructive community and industrial promotion is being done by the banks of Utica, N. Y. They have underwritten a $200,000 fund to finance housing and new enterprises and generally increase the city's industrial development, and were recently very active in helping to organize a new and greater chamber of commerce, including a complete industrial survey. One of the banks in its national advertising is emphasizing the necessity of providing enough opportunities in Utica to keep young blood at home, and to help the prosperity of the already established older people.

Everywhere the financial institutions, charged with guiding the community's credit into the best channels, are studying industry and business, offering expert advice, financing the able and the ambitious, nationally advertising their city's advantages and their own readiness to serve it, and thus effectively justifying their existence to the humble homes and great factories which are the base of their prosperity.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

Investing in Local Securities

By PAUL TOMLINSON

ONE of the most interesting and important developments of our industrial and economic life in recent years has been the increase in the number of employees who own stock in the corporations for which they work. The corporations are giving their employees every opportunity to buy, and employees in most cases are making every effort in order to do so; some of our largest corporations number thousands of their employees among their stockholders, and there are few corporations nowadays which do not make inducements to their employees to buy stock.

WHY not? From the corporation's standpoint it is good business to have those who are on its payroll in the capacity of wage earners as partners, too, on its stock record books, for everyone knows that a man will always work harder and more efficiently for himself than for someone else. As a stockholder an employee is also an owner, and prosperity for the company means increased financial return for him; the consequence is that he will work harder to make his company prosperous, the company's interests will be his interests too, and he will not countenance practices which might prove detrimental to them. Employee ownership, so-called, has prevented strikes, increased production, improved production, added to earnings, and made the world generally a pleasanter place in which to live.

THE employee usually is allowed to buy stock at a lower price and on more favorable terms than the general public. Sometimes the company loans him the money, sometimes he pays a fixed sum each week out of his wages. Practically always, he is a favored purchaser, and his path to the acquisition of securities is made as smooth as possible.

STOCK ownership by employees has proved itself an undoubted success. The same idea extended to customers has proved successful in that field too; the public utilities have been particularly active in selling their shares to customers, with happy results for customers and corporations alike. Users of gas, water, electricity, telephones, and streetcar transportation have reduced the expense of these services by using the dividends and interest received from the cor-

Diversified Bonds for July Investment

RAILROAD bonds, municipals, public utilities, industrials, real estate bonds, and foreign securities—all these are included in the Straus offerings for July investment. Each bond offered ranks among the best in its own particular class.

Interest yields vary from about 3.90% to 7% or more. The first mortgage real estate bonds—in which we so long have specialized, yield 5 to 6%—with safety.

We suggest that you write for descriptive literature. Mention the type of bond that interests you most, and ask for

BOOKLET G-1809

S.W. STRAUS & CO.
Investment Bonds Incorporated

STRAUS BUILDING
565 Fifth Avenue
at 46th St.
NEW YORK

STRAUS BUILDING
Michigan Ave.
at Jackson Blvd.
CHICAGO

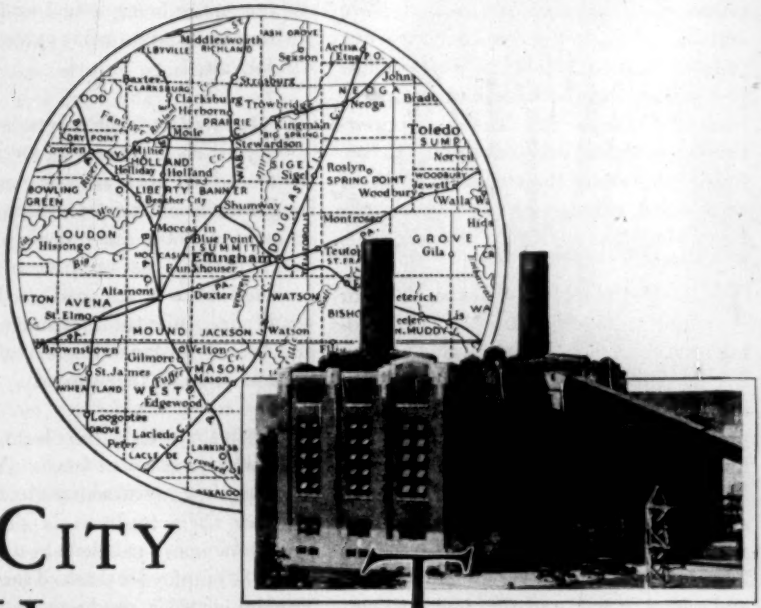
STRAUS BUILDING
79 Post Street, SAN FRANCISCO

—ESTABLISHED IN 1882—

porations to pay the cost. The utility corporations have made partners of their customers, secured their good will, and incidentally protected themselves against unfair political attacks which formerly were the bane of their existence.

A VARIATION of the idea of employee and customer ownership is that of community ownership. "Patronize local industries" is the slogan of many a chamber of commerce and commercial club, the purpose of this advice being to keep the money at home; and it is good advice from many points of view. In the first place, every citizen has a real and personal stake in the community where he resides and earns his living. A prosperous community means prosperity for its citizens; and it is impossible for individuals to find prosperity in a community which does not know prosperity itself. And one of the most effective methods of bringing prosperity to a community is by investing in local securities. Patronize local industries and patronize local securities, too.

INVESTORS constantly voice the complaint that they find it difficult to secure all the information they want about investments. Would this complaint still hold good if they occasionally turned their attention to investments available to them in their own localities? People are wont to think that all the good things are somewhere else; "they all look good when they're far away" is a slang expression known to everyone. And who has not heard that "the grass in the next field always looks greener"? As a plain matter of fact, however, this is not always so and, just as it is not necessary to go to the South Sea Islands in order to find romance, neither is it always necessary to seek far afield for good investments. When people buy real estate it is almost always some piece of



The CITY *of a* HUNDRED TOWNS

Given a large market, electricity can be supplied economically: a large market permits large-scale production and constancy of output, first essentials of efficient generation.

In the congested metropolis the market is within easy reach of the generating plant. In the small towns and over the less populous countryside the generating plant must seek out its market with a widespread network of transmission lines, through which it serves not one but a hundred towns—a "city" of power users spread over a vast area. In this fashion the Middle West Utilities Company's subsidiaries have brought ample and cheap power to widespread sections of thirty states, in some cases replacing uneconomical local plants, in other cases bringing electric service for the first time.

This widely diffused power supply enables industry to occupy non-metropolitan territories, avoiding big-city congestion and high costs and gaining lower costs and more pleasant working conditions, while contributing to the greater economic progress of the small towns.

Middle West Utilities Company

SERVING 3389 COMMUNITIES IN 30 STATES

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

property they know about and have actually seen; they know that they can judge its value much better if they know just where it is and have had an opportunity to examine it. There are opportunities in almost every community, too, for people to buy the stocks or bonds of some local enterprise, which they can know almost as well as local real estate.

IN the first place, most towns, cities, or counties have bond issues outstanding or are offering them for sale. If you live in Whitefield, and Whitefield is selling bonds, you should be able to judge pretty well of their value yourself. You know what kind of a city yours is, what kind of people live in it, what businesses are located there, and what kind of men are responsible for its government. You know the tax rate, the kind of streets and schools it has, and all other pertinent information; you know for what purpose the bonds are being issued and are in a position to know to what extent the city will benefit.

NO doubt a railroad runs through your city. You can see its rolling stock and its station; you can see the freight trains chugging through and form an opinion of the amount of freight carried. Perhaps as an investor with a personal stake in the road's welfare, you would give some thought to its problems and be able to make a constructive suggestion as to its betterment.

THERE are industries located in and about your home town. You know whether they are working at capacity or whether their business is slack. You know how many people they employ and what the employees think of the business. You know their products and whether they are good or not. You know a great

Assured Marketability

In addition to underwriting and distributing sound bonds for investment, we lay stress on the marketability of the bonds we sell.

For this reason we have just prepared a folder which explains what *marketability* really is; why bond trading is largely done outside of the Exchanges, and especially, why this organization, with its own Trading Departments linking the principal financial centers, can render prompt service on quotations, purchases or sales on listed or unlisted bonds and stocks.

We invite you to send for this "Marketability" folder.

Ask for AC-285

A.C. ALLYN AND COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Investment Securities

CHICAGO 67 W. Monroe St. | NEW YORK 30 Broad St. | BOSTON 30 Federal St. | PHILADELPHIA Packard Bldg. | MILWAUKEE 110 Mason St.

MINNEAPOLIS 415 So. 2nd Ave. | ST. LOUIS 420 Olive St. | DETROIT Dime Bank Bldg. | SAN FRANCISCO 405 Montgomery St.

deal about your local public utility; unconsciously, almost, you are aware of what percentage of the residents use electric light and gas; you know how many of the city's industries buy power from the local utility company. If the company also supplies the city with water you know that the occupants of every house in town are making purchases from them every day in the year. If there is a trolley line in town its affairs are probably common gossip. If, in other words, you find the selection of an investment a difficult undertaking give a thought to those available in your own locality, which you know about yourself, or about which your friends and business associates can readily inform you.

IT is often said that the best citizens are those who own property, are taxpayers, and who, because of their financial stake, have a more active interest in the communities where they reside. Doubtless this is true. Residents can also have a financial stake in local industries as well as in local real estate. If you are a business man in Whitefield, and a local enterprise offers stock for sale, it is probably well worth your while to consider it carefully. Perhaps the stock is being sold to provide additional capital for expansion. That means work for more people, and more work and more people very probably mean more business and more money for you. The whole community benefits. Your investment not only helps the industry to expand, but also helps the whole community, including yourself.

WHEN a local industry sells its products it may sell them all over the world, but the bulk of the proceeds comes home. How many towns and cities there are in this country which are always associated in people's minds with a product of their local industries. Think

RAPID industrial development "just outside Chicago" is contributing to the steady, substantial growth of the Public Service Company of Northern Illinois.

Serving 295 communities in the greater Chicago area with electricity or gas, this company fosters and shares in their increasing prosperity. Its adequate, reliable service is largely responsible for the establishment of 27 new industries in three of its cities alone last year. We represent companies operating in 30 states. Send for free year book.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY

230 So. La Salle St., CHICAGO

New York
Minneapolis
Louisville
St. Louis
Milwaukee
Indianapolis
Richmond

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

what benefits these products have conferred upon the residents of the localities where they are manufactured. When investors support local industries they are playing a definite and constructive part in the development and improvement of the districts where they live. Many of our largest and most prosperous businesses owe their beginnings to the support of far-sighted residents of the districts where they commenced operations. Like employee ownership and customer ownership, community ownership has in it infinite possibilities for good.

INVESTMENT bankers realize the truth of this assertion, and have always been glad to underwrite and market local securities when they are available. Many have a long record of successful achievement in this field; and underwritings of this sort are fine things not only for the investment banker, but for the industry which needs the money, and the investor who buys the securities. Banks play an important role in the development of a community, and without them there would be small opportunity for any town or city to grow and expand. Local banks, however, either by reason of their comparatively limited resources, or because they are restricted by law, must of necessity concern themselves with the smaller borrower. In many of the large cities, of course, a bank itself or through an affiliated investment securities company can engage in underwriting and marketing securities, but, generally speaking, it is the investment banker rather than the bank that underwrites and loans on a large scale.

SUPPOSE there is a certain manufacturer in Whitefield, and the growth of his business demands an addi-

FOREIGN GOVERNMENT BONDS

Merit Your Attention

The obligations of many countries which have attained budgetary equilibrium by their own efforts have been issued in accordance with every basic principle of sound finance.

These issues offer the discriminating investor a generous income return and opportunities for substantial enhancement in market value.

Suggestions Upon Request

Commercial Trust Company
Established 1894

Bank of North America
Established 1781

Bank of NORTH AMERICA & TRUST COMPANY
Member Federal Reserve System
PHILADELPHIA

Capital & Surplus 10 Million Dollars

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

tion to his building and plant. He wants to borrow the money required and, as there is a branch of one of the big investment banking houses located in Whitefield, what more natural than that he lay his requirements before them? Now it is highly probable that they know a good deal about his business already and that as he tells his story he finds sympathetic listeners. The amount of money needed is agreed upon, the kind of securities to be issued is agreed upon, the price at which they are to be sold is fixed, all the other details are settled, and the deal is made. The manufacturer gets his money, and the investment banker offers the securities for sale. What more natural than that they are offered to the people of Whitefield and vicinity? These people, too, probably know a good deal about this business and listen sympathetically when the salesmen from the banking house call upon them. If they are in a position to buy they are also in a position to keep a close check on their investments. Also, they have the satisfaction of knowing they have had a share in the development of the community where they live and where they earn their livings. The manufacturer has benefited, the investment banker has made his commission and benefited, the community itself has benefited, and the investor—all have benefited. It is said that it is not possible for everybody to win, but such a statement scarcely holds good in such a transaction as this, where the beneficiaries are not only those participating in it directly, but countless others who derive profit from it indirectly, and perhaps unconsciously.

Money Made *in the* Stock Market *will be* Permanently Safe Invested *in*

MORTGAGE SECURITY BONDS

A National Security

The past few months have recorded the world's greatest activity in the stock market. Many investors, large and small, are on the right side of the ledger, but only time will tell whether they will remain there.

Some investors can afford to speculate—others cannot.

Mortgage Security Bonds will fully meet the requirements of the investor whose foremost consideration is safety of principal and continuous yield.

These bonds are secured by first mortgages on residential and income-producing properties located in over 300 progressive American cities. The mortgages are deposited with the American Trust Company of New York, Trustee. The validity of all titles of mortgaged properties is guaranteed by the New York Title & Mortgage Company.

The bonds are the direct obligations of the Mortgage Security Corporation of America with capital and surplus of over $4,000,000.00 and resources of over $30,000,000.00.

You are invited to write for interesting booklet entitled "The Yardstick of Safety."

Mortgage Security Bonds are distributed by:

E. H. Rollins & Sons

FOUNDED 1876

NEW YORK

BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CHICAGO
DENVER SAN FRANCISCO LOS ANGELES
LONDON

Mortgage Security Corporation of America

7 WALL STREET, N. Y.

CHICAGO NORFOLK WASHINGTON
LOS ANGELES

Enhancing both principal and income with CHAIN STORE *Securities*

CHAIN store companies, which possess sound financial structures and strong managements, grow rapidly through systematic reinvesting of surplus earnings in new earning units. Few businesses can expand as safely, as steadily and as profitably.

During the last fifteen years, the *five to a dollar merchandise type* companies, in particular, have afforded unusual appreciations and income returns to owners of their shares.

Many *securities* of these chains have now reached the status of well established investments. *Others* . . chiefly of younger, fast growing organizations . . offer, we believe, attractive possibilities, since their full potentialities are not yet generally appreciated.

As specialists in the securities of merchandise chain store companies, we are prepared to make definite investment suggestions.

Write for this Booklet

—a 38 page booklet discussing the chain store business, various types of chains, some companies in particular and chain store securities in general. Sent without obligation to any address upon request. Ask for booklet CH

George H. Burr & Co.

57 William Street, New York City

CHICAGO BOSTON PHILADELPHIA ST. LOUIS

FROM the standpoint of the investor it is safe to presume that any banking house enjoying membership in the Investment Bankers Association is going to offer only sound securities for sale. Sound securities deserve support, and the kind of support that counts most is given by the investor. The investors of this country have done more to promote its prosperity than all the statesmen and law-makers combined. The investors naturally must have legal protection, but it is the investor's dollar which has made this country what it is to-day; and what applies to the country as a whole applies with equal force to its political subdivisions. On the other hand, comparatively few of these dollars would have been so wisely invested if there had not been reputable investment banking houses to act as intermediaries between borrower and investor.

ALL sorts of people are trying to persuade investment bankers to underwrite security issues for them, and the issues themselves are of all sorts—good, bad, and indifferent. The investment banker, being an expert, is able to distinguish between what is good and what is bad and, as he is jealous of his reputation and is desirous of making friends among investors, it may be taken for granted that he is going to associate himself only with legitimate, sound, and profitable undertakings. The seller of fake securities tries to make one big "killing" with no regard for the future; but the reputable investment banker hopes to earn many small profits, and to that end he must be exceedingly guarded against offering any security for sale that

may prove unprofitable to his customers, which would mean loss of customers and loss of profits.

IF an investment banker is selling local securities he is apt to be doubly careful about their soundness, for if they should go wrong the failure would be at his own front door, so to speak, and an ever-present source of embarrassment and trouble to him. This is a point that investors may well consider, and consider in their own favor. Another point is that it is possible to investigate the securities of local enterprises much more easily than those which are at a distance and are mere names. When the investigation is over and the investment made the investor can take justifiable pride in the fact that he has benefited not only himself and his dependents, but the whole community in which he lives. Last, but not least, the local bank will always do everything possible to help investors purchase good local securities.

Be Sure, Don't Guess

MR. Paul Tomlinson, Financial Editor of Harper's Magazine, has compiled a list of questions for you to have answered by the Securities Salesman that will help to

Eliminate the Loss in Investments

A safeguard that may save you from the loss of thousands of dollars.

A copy of this Questionnaire may be had for the asking — it is free.

The Financial Article appearing in every issue of *Harper's Magazine* will also help solve your investment problems

Harpers
MAGAZINE

49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

New Book
Sent FREE to Mortgage Bond Buyers

Whether you have $100, $500, $1000, or more to invest, a careful reading of our current Investment Guide will prove of great benefit to you. This book, just off the press, is now in its 147th Semi-Annual Edition, its 73rd year. It points the way to protection of principal and most liberal interest return. For nearly three-quarters of a century this house has afforded its clients all the benefits of its specialized experience in First Mortgage Real Estate Securities.

Send for Investment Guide

Our Investment Guide will lead you to complete investment satisfaction and service, wherever you live. Send today.

Ask for Booklet No. 57.

Greenebaum Sons Investment Company

La Salle and Madison Sts., Chicago, Ill.

OLDEST REAL ESTATE BOND HOUSE—FOUNDED 1855
OFFICES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES.

Greenebaum Sons Securities Corporation, New York

Digging deep for facts

BEFORE a new issue of bonds is underwritten and recommended by The National City Company a corps of accountants, engineers, economists, bankers and lawyers have dug deep into the facts underlying it.

All bonds appearing on our offering lists have withstood the acid test of investigation.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in more than 50 leading cities throughout the world

BONDS ◥ SHORT TERM NOTES ◥ ACCEPTANCES

NEW ENGLAND'S LARGEST TRUST COMPANY

OLD COLONY service embraces all departments of finance . . . Banking, Foreign, Trust, Investment, Transfer and Vaults. Make this institution your New England banking headquarters

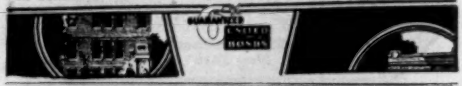
OLD COLONY
TRUST COMPANY

17 Court Street Boston, Massachusetts

An Investment That Needs No Watching

Holders of Guaranteed 6% United First Mortgage Bonds have nothing to watch—nothing to worry about. United Bonds are secured by carefully selected, income producing properties. Their value does not fluctuate and the payment of interest and principal is guaranteed. Purchases easily made by mail. Write for further information today.

UNITED STATES MORTGAGE BOND COMPANY
Howard C. Wade, President
318 U. S. Mortgage Building, Detroit, Michigan
RESOURCES MORE THAN $20,000,000
In Canada: United Bond Company Ltd., Toronto and Windsor, Ont.



FREE

THE CITIES SERVICE *Personal Budget Book*

It helps you organize your expenses and savings simply, systematically. Easy to classify all items. Sent with the compliments of Cities Service Company. Write for your copy now.

CITIES SERVICE COMPANY
60 Wall Street — New York City

"Bonds and How to Buy Them"

An interesting booklet, sent on request for No. V 1999

OTIS & CO.
Established 1899
CLEVELAND

Investment Information

A LIST of informative booklets issued by reputable investment houses is given below and may be obtained upon request from them or from Harper's Magazine.

CHOOSING YOUR INVESTMENT BANKER: A worthwhile booklet for investors. Offered by Halsey, Stuart & Co., 209 So. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

FOREIGN DOLLAR BONDS: A booklet containing valuable suggestions for bond buyers and presenting the record of foreign loans in American markets. Offered by National City Company, 55 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE?: This much-asked question is answered and a solution given in a booklet which bears that title. Offered by the Old Colony Trust Co., Boston, Mass.

GUARANTY SERVICE: A booklet that describes briefly the work of the various departments of the Company and, at the same time, outlines the facilities available to customers through these departments. Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 140 Broadway, New York City.

WHY A NATIONAL UNION FOR SAFETY: A booklet describing National Union Mortgage Bonds and showing how securities are safeguarded through insurance of principal and interest by outside surety companies. Offered by the National Union Mortgage Company, 111 E. Redwood Street, Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPLES OF INVESTMENT: A booklet describing a well varied program of security buying is offered by Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

WHAT CONSTITUTES MARKETABILITY: A booklet giving the important features of this element in selecting securities is offered by A. C. Allyn & Company, 67 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

WATER, THE INDISPENSABLE UTILITY: An interesting booklet, giving a detailed description of a water company's plant and operations, with special reference to the investment qualities of securities of water companies. Offered by G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 44 Wall St., New York City.

UTILITY SECURITIES COMPANY, 72 West Adams Street, Chicago, Ill., apply the slogan "Investments that Endure" to the various securities offered by the great public utility interests which the Utility Securities Company serves. Detailed circulars regarding various issues will be mailed upon request.

300,000 PEOPLE OWN SECURITIES IN THIS $660,000,000 ORGANIZATION: An illustrated booklet telling about the Cities Service organization, and its fiscal agents. Offered by Henry L. Doherty & Company, 60 Wall Street, New York City.

UNITED BONDS: A name given to the real estate bonds secured by high-grade properties in Detroit, and issued by the United States Mortgage Bond Company, Detroit, Mich. Interesting booklets on request.

(Continued on following page)

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

PEARL NECKLACES

and Pearls for
Improving Necklaces

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

THOMAS B. WELLS
Editor

LEE F. HARTMAN
Associate Editor

F. L. ALLEN
Assistant Editor

Harper's Magazine

THE CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 1928

Frontispiece	SEARS GALLAGHER	
Is Western Civilization in Peril?	CHARLES A. BEARD	265
Mary. *A Story*	KATHERINE MANSFIELD	274
Marriage and Love Affairs	G. V. HAMILTON AND KENNETH MACGOWAN	277
Katytown in the Eighties	ZONA GALE	288
Night of Miracle. *A Poem*	STERLING NORTH	294
Foundations, Universities, and Research	HAROLD J. LASKI	295
"Satan Am a Snake." *A Story*	WILBUR DANIEL STEELE	304
The Olympic Games	JOHN R. TUNIS	314
Tenth Sunday After Christmas. *A Story*	McCREADY HUSTON	324
Dogwood. *A Poem*	MARY ELIZABETH ROBINSON	332
The New Radicalism	RAYMOND GRAM SWING	333
Music at Midnight	MURIEL DRAPER	339
The Perfect Crime. *A Story*	BEN RAY REDMAN	350
Temperature and the Fate of Nations	ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON	361
Forewarned. *A Poem*	RUTH FITCH BARTLETT	368
Take Your Children to Europe	CORNELIA STRATTON PARKER	369
The Sense of the Future	KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD	378
The Lion's Mouth "Poet and Publisher," by David McCord — "There Are No Post Cards in Patagonia," by Philip Wagner. Drawings by A. B. Walker.		384
Editor's Easy Chair "Going to Europe."	EDWARD S. MARTIN	389
Personal and Otherwise		393
Among the New Books	HARRY HANSEN	*Among Front Advertising Pages*
Where to Shop Section		*Among Front Advertising Pages*
In the Financial World	[illegible] TOMLINSON	*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Community and Industrial Opportunities		*Among Back Advertising Pages*
Travel News and Steamship Sailing Dates		*Among Back Advertising Pages*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE: Published Monthly; 40 cents a copy, $4.00 a year. Serial No. 939. Issue for August, 1928. Harper & Brothers Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N. H. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 49 East 33rd Street, New York.

Harper & Brothers, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Douglas Parmentier, President, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Thomas B. Wells, Vice-President and Secretary, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Henry Hoyns, Vice-President, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.; Edward J. Cullen, Treasurer, 49 East 33rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Concord, N. H., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Printed in the United States of America

Four weeks' advance notice, and the old address as well as the new, are necessary for change of subscriber's address.

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

THIS is the time of the year when "an armful of books" gets into our everyday speech because many persons, bent on an outing, do not consider the equipment for travel complete without that armful. So I become a sort of book clerk, supplementing the efforts of those who recommend your books by adding my voice. Fortunately American book publication goes on the year around and, although there are apt to be some dull moments—such as might be experienced even in the coffee business, or in the bond sales business, there are no inactive periods. The summer is the time when the best books of the spring are read and digested and, although reviewers are preoccupied with new books, readers need have no such limitations. A good book is imperishable and does not need to be kept on ice.

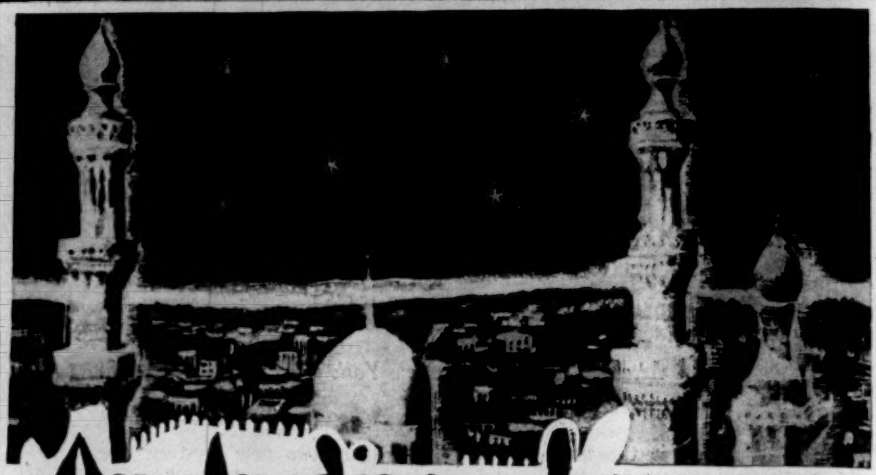
This is an excellent time to sample Joseph Hergesheimer's new book, *Quiet Cities*, in which he has tried to evoke the past of nine American settlements, each very different from the others. His opening chapter is an epitome of his literary method, a sort of revelation of his craftsmanship, and must be read by all who are interested in his writings. Mr. Hergesheimer is sentimental but not to the extent of regretting the present; he enjoys living to-day, just as he enjoys evoking memories of former activities, rather than former grandeur. For he knows that the good old days were often cruel days, and that those who lived in them did not consider themselves as part of a decoration.

There are two new mystery stories by leaders in that method: *The Feathered Serpent* by Edgar Wallace and *Cobweb Castle* by J. S. Fletcher. There is another Stephen Leacock, *Short Circuits*, for the Leacock fans. In biography we have *Bryan* by J. C. Long, and *Hearst* by John K. Winkler; in reminiscences, *Marching Along* by John Philip Sousa. *Trivial Breath* is the title of Elinor Wylie's new book of poems, and *The Gobbler of God* is the ballad that Percy Mackaye has developed out of the superstitions and quaint phraseology of the Kentucky mountain country. *The Lyric South*, an anthology of recent poetry from the South, has been edited by Addison Hibbard, professor of English in the University of North Carolina. The topical poetry of Dorothy Parker has been gathered in a new book, *Sunset Gun;* which reminds me that *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing* by Samuel Hoffenstein, reviewed several months ago, is a most entertaining item to have handy on a trip.

China is getting into the book news: Putnam Weale has written a novel called *China's Crucifixion*, and Alice Tisdale Hobart publishes *Within the Walls of Nanking*, the story of what happened in the isolated white settlement on Socony Hill when the Nationalists entered the city and looted the European houses. This book is filled with interesting information about China.

Two companion volumes that should appeal to readers who profess Scandinavian loyalties are *Norway's Best Stories* and *Sweden's Best Stories*, which belong to the Scandinavian classics now being introduced by the American-Scandinavian Foundation, and are published by W. W. Norton & Co.

Take along a Book on your Vacation



An Indian Journey

By Waldemar Bonsels

Waldemar Bonsels, having spent over a year in India has written a book which gets close to the heart of that country, at the same time pervaded with the mystery and terror which exotic jungles exert upon Western minds. *Profusely illustrated by Harry Brown $4.00*

"Quivering Shadows Against Eternal Mystery—"

"This is the way we see Emily Jane Bronte in this biography! A very beautiful book."
—*New York Times*

"Emily's life was one of the most terrible tragedies on earth . . Very difficult it is to write of the inner things of life, to write of love that is come too late, that is born of a discovery which stinks of betrayal, for Charlotte got past Emily's reserve by something very much akin to treachery. She pried into a life that had defended itself against intrusion for twenty long years."—pages 242-243.

THE LIFE AND PRIVATE HISTORY OF EMILY JANE BRONTË

By Romer Wilson

With ten illustrations. $4.00

MEN ATWHILES ARE SOBER

By Stephen Raushenbush

"A stinging, brilliant novel about the tortuous futility of uncontrollable desire."—
$2.50 *N. Y. Times.*

ARMED WITH MADNESS

By Mary Butts

"Reading her books is a delicious exercise, as if one experienced mind as an actual mechanism, within his own person."—*Elizabeth Madox Roberts.*
$2.50

THE SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

A beautiful edition of the famous classic. With many illustrations. $4.00

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI—66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.
PUBLISHERS OF CREATIVE ART
A Magazine of Fine and Applied Art

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Take along a Book on your Vacation

ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER

By CAPTAIN CANOT

Edited, with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AFRICAN SLAVER is a true story of slaving on the Guinea Coast, of slave smuggling in the Caribbean, and of piracy, mutinies, and sea fights in the Middle Passage.

It deals with a time at which the slave trade had already been outlawed, when slavers received the same swift punishment as pirates. Under the whip of danger, the picturesqueness and cruelty which had always characterized the trade were incredibly magnified, and the Guinea coast became the theatre of such adventures as the world has rarely seen.

Young soldiers and sailors, robbed of a profession by the ending of the Napoleonic wars, enlisted by hundreds in this desperate profession. Their love of danger helped to make it possible. In return, it satisfied their thirst for the unknown; it led them, over new horizons, toward battles, disease, strange lands, strange women, long cruises over forbidden waters, rivers of champagne, rum, brandy, and at the end of the voyage, a last magnificent carouse on the *paseo* of Havana.

Captain Theodore Canot was a leader among these men. He was French by birth and American by adoption, but his real character was that of an Italian *condittiero*, born four centuries out of his time. Like his great prototype, he was suave, ambitious, politic, and unforgiving. He had many vices and few weaknesses. His feelings, usually repressed, burst forth in terrible rages, and the natives called him Mr. Gunpowder.

From piracy to slaving, from a French prison to the quarterdeck of an American brig, from Manhattan to the highlands of Futa Jallon, he went seeking money and danger. Finally, at the end of his dark career, sitting like Trader Horn before a scribe, he told his exploits to the journalist Brantz Mayer, who, in a bombastic and picturesque style, has preserved the memory of this admiral of fortune.

BOOK DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIGUEL COVARRUBIAS

$4.00 Everywhere

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI—66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

PUBLISHERS OF CREATIVE ART

A Magazine of Fine and Applied Art

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

The editor is Hanna Astrup Larsen. The collections are most representative, and the introduction to each volume gives the reader an opportunity to become acquainted with the literary movements of the two countries. Numerous Nobel prize winners are represented, such as Selma Lagerlöf and Knut Hamsun. Jonas Lie, Johan Bojer, Sigrid Undset, August Strindberg, and Verner von Heidenstam are among the authors included in the two books. These books should appeal to the reader who wants diversity and who finds the short story better adapted to his time than a continued novel.

HARRY HOUDINI
Whose life story, "Houdini" by Harold Kellock, has just been published

"A DOG-PUNCHER ON THE YUKON"

Arthur T. Walden's new book on the Klondike, *A Dog-Puncher on the Yukon*, arrives with the authority of a new message. It is now thirty years since the great gold rush, when most of the unemployed and many men of good jobs hiked for the Alaskan El Dorado. For ten years or more the Klondike was in everybody's mouth; the imagination was fed on tales of privations and "strikes." Rex Beach capitalized its melodrama, Jack London drew on it for tales of daring men—and dogs; then the War came, and it was forgotten. With Charles Chaplin it came back into our lives. Mr. Walden's book revives all the old tales, and suggests many new ones. He led the life of a dog-puncher when all the north was shovelling gravel and washing dirt in the pan. A dog-puncher is a man who moves freight with dog teams. The anecdotes dealing with his work with the dogs give a new twist to the Klondike story; and as he touched not only the mountain passes but traveled on rivers as well, we get every side of life in the Klondike during those tempestuous years. Walden was busy in the north before the gold strike, when Dawson had only one log cabin and Circle City was the principal rendezvous for miners employed in the Birch Creek mines. Those were the difficult days—steamboats had not yet found their way up the rivers, and the luxury of a railroad was undreamed of. The first diggings were at Forty Mile, which was there even before the Birch Creek mines were opened. Gold was discovered on the Klondike above Dawson in 1896. "In comparing the richness of the Birch Creek mines with the Klondike, it is interesting to know that a prospect at Birch Creek which had yielded twenty-five cents to the pan was considered above the average, while on the Klondike they found as much as five hundred and six hundred dollars to the pan," writes Walden. As the strike developed Walden carried the news back to the men in Circle City, and soon most of them were on their way up to the new diggings. The story of the discovery of gold is spectacular; but the tale of how rations were brought up and how other prospectors reached the gold fields over the crowded trails, on scows, on foot, or with dog-teams, is in itself a narrative of high adventure. Walden had a part in all of it. Students of psychology will find much to ponder in his narrative of a winter spent with one man in extreme cold and under the most difficult conditions. Left alone in the tundra, their lives became humdrum affairs. "Two men cannot be left absolutely alone for any great length of time without one eventually wanting to kill the other," writes Walden. Fortunately both were veterans and knew what was the matter, so "by mutual consent the axe and gun were left outside the cabin. In time matters got so bad that neither man would make use of the other's fire, but would wait till it burned down before replenishing it from his own woodpile and cooking his own individual food." The tension continued for six

Memberships are *Free* in The LITERARY GUILD!

Join NOW While the Saving is Greatest!

THE Literary Guild offers *readers* a unique opportunity to join a movement of first importance to the future of American letters. Playgoers of discrimination have their *Theatre Guild*, an organization which has raised the standard of good drama materially in America. Now — through the efforts of a group of educational and literary leaders — you can belong to a similar society, engaged in selecting the best books published and sponsoring those no cultured American will care to miss.

The many advantages of membership, the prestige of being associated with such a work, the actual cash saving on the price of new books, and all the other privileges enjoyed by members create the impression that the Guild is limited to *wealthy patrons only*. THIS IS NOT THE CASE!

Membership in *The Literary Guild* is absolutely *free*. You pay only the subscription price of $18 for twelve of the leading books published each year in America. You can not read even a small fraction of all the books that pour from the presses of our leading publishers. You can not even hope to read *all* of the outstanding works. You can not afford to waste both time and money upon mediocre books which will be forgotten in a day. But there is a way for you to read and own the leading books that you will hear discussed everywhere, *one each month in the year.*

The Guild Plan Solves Your Greatest *Reading* Problem

The Literary Guild is close to the heart of the book world. Its editors are writers, educators, literary specialists. By arrangement with the leading publishing houses, they know exactly what major manuscripts will be published. From these they choose the most important ones each month to *read*. A final selection is then made of the ONE book that represents the most significant and worth-while literary achievement of the month. Carl Van Doren is Editor-in-Chief of this advisory board.

You can now enjoy the distinction of being the first in your community to read the books that the nation will be discussing a few weeks later. The monthly Guild selection is delivered to your door on the publication day, charges prepaid.

Besides the cultural advantages of being always in touch with the most entertaining and important new books as they are published, receiving your books the same day stores receive them, you pay much less for the entire twelve books bought on the Guild plan.

Instead of the regular trade binding, which you will see everywhere, all Guild books are specially bound and stamped with the name of the organization. Books in the Guild binding on your shelves or table top stamp you as a person of cultivated taste in literature, a reader actively interested in this movement to promote the best in current books. The subscription price for the Guild books must soon be advanced. Those who join later will still realize a cash saving but that saving is much greater *now!* Send for information at once.

Your satisfaction is assured. Mail the coupon at once for a detailed description of the Guild and the many advantages of membership to you. Your request for information does not involve the slightest obligation.

LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA
55 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 45–H **New York City**

THE LITERARY GUILD OF AMERICA,
55 Fifth Ave., Dept. 45-H,
New York City.

I would like to know more about the Guild. You may send me a copy of WINGS, *free* and without obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

months. . . . This seems to me to be ideal hot-weather reading. (Houghton, Mifflin Co.)

THE STORY OF HOUDINI

The life-story of Harry Houdini has so much anecdotal interest that it will entertain not merely those who belonged to his immense audience but all who are captivated by the art of the magician. *Houdini* is the work of Harold Kellock, written in collaboration with Beatrice Houdini, who married the magician thirty years ago and was his unfailing supporter as he built up his career. From a small music-hall entertainer Houdini became an international headliner with the "big time." He was a great showman, but he was also a tireless worker, and his success in getting out of handcuffs and cells in impregnable jails was due to many days of hard and painful labor. The title of "Handcuff King" was no misnomer. Houdini opened every handcuff presented to him, sometimes under the most adverse conditions. Early in his life he performed "seances" for gullible auditors who hoped to bring back the dead but, realizing that this took advantage of simple people who came in good faith to his meetings, he gave it up and later exposed it. In addition to his capacity for hard work Houdini had tremendous genius for showmanship. He knew publicity and practiced the art. When the Kaiser and Kaiserin were the guests of King George and Queen Mary at a London theater Houdini bought a box for his wife and sent her to the place in an expensive car, an affair that cost $800. When a bronze statue of Sarah Bernhardt was presented to her by New York actors and then charged to her by its makers, Houdini immediately sent his check for $350 to settle the bill, receiving thereby $56,340 worth of newspaper publicity. He passed through brick walls, let himself out of locked safes, swam out of closed boxes under water, and slipped out of strait-jackets while dangling upside down thirty feet above the sidewalk. The author of this book describes these tricks but does not tell us how they were done. *Houdini* is published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

WILLIAM GERHARDI
Author of "Eva's Apples"

"THE SON OF MAN"

Emil Ludwig has just added to his growing list of biographies a life of Jesus called *The Son of Man* (Boni & Liveright). It differs from most studies of Jesus by its attempt to explain Jesus as a prophet and a member of his race, rather than as the redeemer of the Christian faith. Consequently the spiritual message with which Giovanni Papini and many others have been occupied is not contained here; Ludwig repeats the words of Jesus only when necessary, and does not go into detailed explanation of his sayings and teachings. There is rather an attempt to show how conditions shaped themselves to bring about the various acts of Jesus, and to offer a psychological explanation for many of the situations. The students of theology, as a consequence, will not deal gently with Emil Ludwig. He has tried to show conditions in Palestine during the Roman era, with the poverty and dissatisfaction with taxes, and the attempts of the Jewish rebels to rid themselves of the foreign overlord. Mr. Ludwig then depicts Jesus as a boy, growing up in Nazareth, drawing on his imagination for pictures of his days at home and in the town. The later Jesus is to him first a gentle preacher to the poor who has a message of charity and gentleness; but after he has been misunderstood by his own people and opposed by the

hierarchy he becomes an aggressive opponent of oppression and priestcraft, which leads to his downfall. Moreover, he shows Jesus as at times a bewildered visionary who is impelled toward his aggressive conduct in Jerusalem by force of circumstances, and who rather reluctantly becomes the embodiment of the Messianic hope. Inasmuch as the later writings or teachings of the church do not concern Ludwig, he stops short of the resurrection, closing his story at the empty tomb, and suggesting how the resurrection belief may have developed. His attitude is sympathetic and his treatment of the whole story is respectful; it is clear that he thinks many of the acts of Jesus have been embellished; moreover, Christianity as a religion does not concern him. The lack of a spiritual message and the fact that this book is based not on original research but rather on original conjectures causes the work to lose much force; it becomes, therefore, Emil Ludwig's idea of the life of Jesus, rather than a life that can be the basis of new inquiry by students of theology.

TRADER HORN ONCE MORE

Trader Horn, who will go down in history as one of the literary curiosities of our age, now appears before the American public for the second time with a book of his quaint story-telling, prepared for publication by Ethelreda Lewis, introduced by William McFee, and published by Simon and Schuster. Its title—well, the best way to ask for it is to say "the second volume of *Trader Horn*." The matter of title is a bit difficult. The body of the book is a story of the Vikings developed by Alfred Aloysius Horn in his doss-house days, and commented on by him in his talks with Mrs. Lewis. But to me the most fascinating chapter is Mrs. Lewis's story of the old man himself, and the detailed report of how she really "made" Trader Horn. She stands revealed as a woman of great ability and tact, a first-rate journalist, an editor with imagination. Let us give her the recognition she deserves. Without her the inimitable tale of Trader Horn would have been completely lost and he would have lived out an ignominious old age, died in the doss house, and been buried in a pauper's grave. *Harold the Webbed, or the Young Vikings* is the tale set down by Trader Horn himself. But you will not read the book for that story. The publishers have wisely subordinated it to the phenomenon of Trader Horn himself. His human comment, his

At Your Fingertips *Instantly Available*

the *Exact Word* for Every Purpose

How often, desiring to express some particular thought, we are at a loss for the word. Even the best educated occasionally halt and stumble in speaking or writing because they cannot call to mind the word needed — and have no means of finding it.

But there *is* an "Open Sesame," a book which makes available for your immediate use every word in the living English language—

MARCH'S THESAURUS DICTIONARY

By means of its unique, patented arrangement it instantly finds for you the word for every thought or shade of meaning — and defines it — establishing a clear picture of it in your mind.

This new Amplified Edition also contains thousands of facts on history, geography and literature, chapters on Grammar, Punctuation, Wrong Uses of Words, Biblical Facts, the important words of the leading arts and sciences — all material of immeasurable value in speaking, writing and reading.

" — a real Treasure Chest of 'English Undefiled'. We commend it unreservedly," says Review of Reviews.

Take advantage NOW of this opportunity to

Examine It in Your Own Home — At Our Risk

Judge it by actual use for 10 days — see for yourself what complete mastery of the language its 1462 pages give you.

It is bound in handsome Buckram — a worthy addition to any library — 7¼ x 10¼ x 2¾" and surprisingly handy because of the light-weight, opaque paper used.

Just send the coupon. You take no risk, since if you are not satisfied you have but to return the book, and it has not cost you a cent.

HISTORICAL PUBLISHING CO.

Dept. H-8, 1334 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me (postpaid in U. S. and Canada) a copy of the new Amplified Edition of March's Thesaurus Dictionary. I will pay the postman $3.00, plus 12c. C. O. D. fee, and if I decide to keep the book will pay you $2.00 per month for 3 months. Canada, duty extra; foreign, $10.00 cash with order.

If for any reason I do not wish to keep it, I will return it in good condition within 10 days and you are to refund my $3.12.

Name.....

Address.....

Take along a Book on your Vacation

Now Comes the New Shorthand

FOR years there has been a crying need for a new system of shorthand — for a really modern system, a scientific system — one that could be written more RAPIDLY than the conventional sign systems, that would be more ACCURATE — and that could be learned EASILY and QUICKLY.

Now at last it is here — the new shorthand. The business world has hailed it with enthusiasm. Already it is saving time and increasing efficiency in offices everywhere. Busy executives are using it themselves. So are professional men and women, lawyers, writers, clergymen, public speakers, engineers, doctors, reporters, students. Experienced stenographers as well as beginners are adopting it.

Speedwriting
The NATURAL SHORTHAND

You use only the ordinary letters of the alphabet — the same A B C's you have always used. Speedwriting is simply a scientific condensation of the English language, based on your natural habits of speech.

Quickly learned at home

No need to memorize a "foreign language" of dots and dashes, hooks and curves. Once you understand the simple, scientific principle of Speedwriting, you can start using it almost at once. Amazing speed is quickly developed.

Speedwriting was originated by Miss Emma B. Dearborn, famous authority on shorthand. She has taught practically all systems for eighteen years in such institutions as Columbia University, Rochester Business Institute, Simmons College and the University of California.

Send for Free Book

Let us tell you more about Speedwriting — how employers are requesting their experienced stenographers to learn it — how they are employing beginners who have studied it — how presidents of firms, sales managers and other important executives have learned Speedwriting themselves in order to jot down their valuable thoughts when no stenographer is at hand — how all kinds of professional men, college students and office workers are increasing their efficiency through Speedwriting. The booklet here offered will give you detailed information and explain fully just what Speedwriting can do for YOU. SEND FOR IT NOW!

Brief English Systems, Inc.
Dept. H55, 200 Madison Avenue, New York City

Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation I should like to receive a copy of your interesting Booklet on Speedwriting, The Natural Shorthand.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....*State*.....

preoccupations with the Americans—who have given him his fortune—the meandering of his stream of memory, idling back and forth over ancient fields, will be found preserved in this book, as it was in the unusual volume published a little over one year ago.

WILLIAM GERHARDI'S NEW NOVEL

William Gerhardi's novel, *Eva's Apples*, known in England, by the way, as *Jazz and Jasper*, is a satirical treatment of sophisticated life in England, and especially of two well-known characters, a newspaper proprietor and a novelist, identified by the publishers as Lord Beaverbrook and Arnold Bennett. The book is dedicated to H. G. Wells, whose Utopian speculations also seem to come in for attention. *Eva's Apples* is Gerhardi on a wild burst of speed, having the time of his life with the London that has become familiar to us through the books of Bennett, Arlen, and, to a slight extent, Galsworthy. As for the love passages, these are such a hilarious burlesque of the pajama school that they had best be left to the reader's own inquiry. In the most serious situations the author still seems to be laughing with the reader at the world and at the conglomerate extravaganza that he has created. The satire is not always successful, but it is peppy enough to keep the reader interested and exhilarated (Duffield).

THE WEEK-END LIBRARY

"The Week-End Library," issued for the first time last summer by Doubleday, combines half a dozen books in one volume of thin paper and thus commends itself to those who "take along a book." If space is an issue on your vacation, here's the answer. The book contains William McFee's novel, "Command," complete; "The Axe-Helve," an essay by David Grayson; "The Force of Circumstance" by W. Somerset Maugham; "The Lagoon" by Joseph Conrad; "The Old Flame" by A. P. Herbert; "The Gioconda Smile" by Aldous Huxley; seven episodes from *Dunt Esk* by Milt Gross, to add spice; "The First Blood Sweep," a story from *Fiery Particles*, by C. E. Montague; "Without the Option" by P. G. Wodehouse, and finally a book of verse, "What the Queen Said," by Stoddard King. Almost like a benefit vaudeville, with all the stars giving a slice of their time, and all for the price of—but this isn't an advertisement, this is merely a helping hand for the undecided reader.

Take along a Book on your Vacation

CHANGING SCHOOLS IN RUSSIA

Students of education and child life will find *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* a remarkable document. Translated from the Russian of N. Ognyov and published by Payson and Clarke, it purports to be the record of the experiences of a fifteen-year-old boy in a school that has just adopted the Dalton plan. Russia believes in "Americanization." The Dalton plan was developed at Dalton, Mass., by Miss Helen Parkhurst of the Children's University School in New York. It permits every child to work at his task for a week or a month, and then to turn to something else. Students move at will from one room to another and consult the teachers, thus getting individual advice. This freedom from restraint would appeal to modern Russia, which still smarts under the memories of the abuses under the tsar. But applying this to these temperamental children for the first time was not the same thing as instituting it in the United States. The diary describes the development of the children under their new freedom. The reader gets glimpses of the socio-political point of view of the growing boys and girls, of their strong sense of individual responsibility and their place in the Soviet scheme. This is interrupted by the usual manifestations of adolescence, the groping toward sex expression, the bewilderment of the child mind at social and physical changes. We see the children at play and at work, and their response to their studies; but most important is their attitude toward their teachers. It is evident that the teachers are on trial; even the supervisors of the institute of inspectors, who act in the name of the central administration of the schools, judge the teachers upon the testimony of the pupils. These sidelights on education in Russia make this book a most useful document. To those who have never visualized the participation of the child in the administration of the school these revelations must be little short of sensational.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

Several of our correspondents' letters this month will have to be answered by guesswork. This is because the writers had no idea of the title, author, or publisher of the books. They sent in only a brief description of the book which they have seen or heard of. James Brister, Allentown, Pa., saw a book on the jacket of which was an ape silhouetted against a moon or sun. He now wants to read the book and can recall nothing more about it.

One good idea—one interesting experience—can start your career as a writer.

Writing for Publication

MANY people who *should* be writing never even try it because they just can't picture themselves making "big money." They become awe-struck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and therefore give little thought to the fact that $25, $50 and $100 or more can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on home or business management, fads, travels, sports, recipes, etc. — things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

If you would learn to write Start Writing

Almost every month you hear of some new author of whom it is said: "He used to be a newspaper man." Training in newspaper methods has come to be a passport to literary opportunity.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism — continuous writing — the training that has produced so many successful authors.

Here you have a course of home study, prepared and taught by active New York newspaper editors, which gives you real writing experience of the kind gained by metropolitan newspaper workers to add to your natural ability.

Newspaper men teach you

Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy-Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. A group of men with 182 years of newspaper experience behind them are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy some one else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style — undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate. You learn to write by writing — acquiring the same experience to which so many well-known writers of short stories, novels, magazine articles, etc., attribute their success.

How you start

To insure prospective student-members against wasting their time and money, we have prepared a unique Writing Aptitude Test. This tells you whether you possess the fundamental qualities necessary to successful writing — acute observation, dramatic instinct, creative imagination, etc. You'll enjoy taking this test. The coupon will bring it to you without obligation. Fill in and mail it now. Newspaper Institute of America, 25 West 45th Street, New York.

Newspaper Institute of America
25 West 45th St., New York.
James McAlpin Pyle, Pres.
Send me your free *Writing Aptitude Test* and further information on writing for profit as promised in *Harpers* — August.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....

Address .....
(All correspondence confidential. No salesmen will call on you. 17H368)

Take along a Book on your Vacation

Eva's Apples

William Gerhardi

"Wit and manners, satire, fantasy and humor . . . even poetry." — Times.

"A novelist of genius . . . wild and brilliant originality." — Arnold Bennett.

"Its characters come alive . . . downright lovable." — Heywood Broun's recommendation in Book-of-the-Month Club News.

"Amusing . . . brilliant, and quite, quite mad!" — Herald Tribune.

"Heady and deceptive like absinthe." — London Spectator.

$2.50

DUFFIELD & COMPANY

The "Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Universally accepted and used in courts, colleges, schools, and among government officials. 452,000 entries including 408,000 vocabulary terms, 32,000 geographical subjects, 12,000 biographical entries. Over 6,000 illustrations and 100 valuable tables.

GET THE BEST

Send for new richly illustrated pamphlet containing sample pages of the New International. FREE if you mention this magazine.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO. Springfield, Mass.

Doubtless he has reference to *The Gorilla*, a new book on hunting the ape-man in Africa, by Ben Burbridge, The Century Co., 353 Fourth Ave., New York City, $3.50. Another writer, Dr. William Nabb, Federalsburg, Md., saw an advertisement of a book on graphs and charts. This is all he remembers about it. Perhaps he means *Charts and Graphs* by Karl G. Karsten, Prentice, Hall Co., 70 Fifth Ave., New York City, $6.00. . . . Pronunciations of names and titles also seem to be in demand by recent correspondents. Willa Cather's last name has caused much discussion among the friends of Mrs. William H. Grimm, Centralia, Wash. It is pronounced with a short *a* as in *cat*. There is also a controversy over the *u* sound in Pulitzer. This is pronounced the same as the *u* in *puppy*. For complete information on both the Nobel and Pulitzer Prizes, which was also requested by this writer, we suggest that she send to *The World*, Pulitzer Bldg., New York City, for a *World Almanac;* cloth binding, $1.00, or paper covers, 50 cents. This contains a full account of dates, titles, authors, etc., as awarded in both contests. . . . "Who wrote and how does one say *Safari*, the new elephant book?" are the questions asked by Paul Ellison, Indianapolis, Ind. Martin Johnson is the author; George P. Putnam's Sons, 2 West 45th St., New York City, is the publisher, and the price is $5.00. The accent is on the second syllable of this name, which is pronounced as in the word *far*. . . . Books about England for one who is unable to go there this year, but hopes to make the trip some day, are asked for by Norman Haverill, Atlanta, Ga. He will find of interest: *Here Is England* by Marion Balderston, $3.00, *As It Is in England* by Albert B. Osborne, $2.50, *Cathedral Cities of England and Wales*, $2.50, all published by Robert M. McBride Co., 7 West 16th St., New York City; *In Search of England* by H. V. Morton, $3.00, Dodd, Mead & Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City; *About England*, M. V. Hughes, $2.50, Wm. Morrow & Co., 303 Fifth Ave., New York City. . . . Miss Dorothy Selden has found E. M. Newman's book, *Seeing Italy*, such a beautifully illustrated and charming volume that she wants to know if he has written any others. This author has a new

UNUSUAL LITERARY ITEMS

20% DISCOUNT SALE

Schulte's Semi-Annual Cash Discount Sale. Over one half million books offered at a discount of 20% for cash from low marked prices. Following are a few bargains with discount already deducted. These prices only when cash accompanies order. Mark Twain's Fireside Conversation in 1601, Limited edition, $2.00. Parmelee's New Gymnosophy, introduction by Havelock Ellis, illustrated, $4.80. Cabell's Cream of the Jest, Pape illustrations, First Edition, $6.00. Stile's History of Bundling (Unusual Colonial Custom), $2.00. Bayle's Old Taverns of New York, illustrated, $2.00. Mademoiselle Maupin, illustrated, $1.00. Crawley's Mystic Rose, 2 volumes, $8.00. Esoterica Americana, Rockwell Kent illustrations, $7.20. Thousands of other bargains. New Catalogue free.
SCHULTE'S BOOKSTORE (New York's Largest Second-Hand Bookstore), 80 Fourth Avenue, NEW YORK CITY.

USE OUR SUMMER SERVICE

Books sent to you promptly by mail. Send for our illustrated summer catalogue. *Free deliveries anywhere in the United States.*
THE POST BOX BOOK SERVICE,
36 East 48th St., NEW YORK CITY.

BOOK PLATES, COPPER PLATE STYLE

Wood cuts in colors. $3.00 to $5.00 per hundred. Send 10c for samples.
FRANK BITTNER,
81 Irving Place, NEW YORK.

RENT

All new popular books (Fiction and Non-Fiction). Sent Parcel Post anywhere. Book Lists. Rates upon request. MORRISON LIBRARY, 179 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY. Since 1913.

THE M-B RESEARCH EXCHANGE

Detailed research on any subject.
Club papers, Debating material, etc., individually prepared.
P. O. BOX 817, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARE YOU MENTALLY ISOLATED?

"Contacts," literary correspondence club, connects you with versatile, unconventional minds. Books loaned free to members. No formalities. Membership fee $2.00 year. Particulars free.
Write: CONTACTS, Box 233-A,
BRIDGEVILLE, Pa.

CURIOSA & ESOTERICA

If you are interested in limited editions, unexpurgated items, privately printed books, curiosa and esoterica, illustrated reprints, etc., we shall be glad to send you our catalogue.
EASTERN BOOK BUREAU,
311 Fifth Ave., Dept. H5, NEW YORK CITY.

BOOKS ON STRANGE SUBJECTS

Occultism, Mysticism, Astrology, Theosophy, Auras and Colors, The Fourth Dimension, etc. Masonic Books, Monitors, Supplies and Novelties.
Write for free Catalog "H."
MACOY PUBLISHING AND MASONIC SUPPLY CO., 35 West 32nd St., (Est. 1849), NEW YORK CITY.

If you are interested in

Unusual Literary Items

You will find the announcements in this Section contain a wealth of information.

HELEN NORWOOD HALSEY

Authors' Representative. I am a Writer, Editor, Critic, Author, Reviewer of many years' experience. Book manuscripts, short stories, articles, poems edited, typed, criticized, written, marketed. My fees are reasonable. Let me see the scripts you cannot sell. Perhaps I can help you. Beginners advised. Fiction book manuscripts and short stories given special attention.
MADISON, New Jersey.

MATHILDE WEIL

LITERARY ADVISER. Books, short stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Special department for plays and motion pictures.
THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC.
135 East Fifty-eighth Street, NEW YORK.

THE SERVICE BUREAU FOR WRITERS *Manuscripts Criticized, Revised, Typed.* Special attention to book manuscripts. Advice as to markets. 25 years as writer, editor, publisher. 30 textbooks for writers. Catalogue. JAMES KNAPP REEVE (Founder and former editor of The Editor), Dept. B, FRANKLIN, Ohio.

WRITERS

Get your share of the $300,000 in contests in next issue of the Writer's Contest Bulletin Service. Yearly service $2.00. Send your order now. J. E. RENARD, 324 Columbus Ave., N. Y. C. Also catalogue of writers' books.

NEW BOOKS, RARE BOOKS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

Good Autograph Letters and Rare Books Purchased.
McDEVITT-WILSON'S,
30 Church Street, NEW YORK CITY.

NEITHER COLLECTORS NOR READERS

can afford to miss Stephen Hunt's autumn Catalogue. Make sure of your copy.
STEPHEN HUNT,
SOUTHBOROUGH, KENT, England.

HARPER'S LITERARY MUSEUM

A Mirror of American Manners and Morals from Pocahontas to Dolly Madison.
This volume, compiled by Ola Elizabeth Winslow, after the manner of the once popular Literary Annual, presents an arresting picture of our ancestors. A fine example of bookmaking. $4.00 at bookshops.
HARPER & BROTHERS,
49 East 33d St., NEW YORK.

The Proper Private School

for your children is perhaps the most important choice you have to make. If you have difficulty in making a selection from among the large number of schools advertised in the Educational Directory in the front part of this issue, feel perfectly free to write us for information and suggestions, stating the kind of school wanted, the locality preferred, and the age of the student for whom assistance is required.

School Information Bureau, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd St., N. Y. C.

Mention of Harper's Magazine is the best introduction to our advertisers

Take along a Book on your Vacation

POETRY

for Your Vacation

the golden snare *1.50*
SYDNEY KING RUSSELL
Delicate — Terse — Sophisticated

clouded radiance *2.00*
LOUIS W. FLACCUS
Brief — Musical — Original

the dedication *2.00*
ANGELO SIKELIANOS
translated by Alma Reed
Majestic — Inspiring

the hell-god and other poems *2.00*
LOUISE MORGAN SILL
Brilliant — Powerful — Melodious

the sacred acre *1.50*
RACHEL MACK WILSON
Mystical — Dreamy — Radiant

the chaff of life *1.50*
GEORGE OTIS SCHOONHOVEN
Humorous — Genial — Modern

Many Others
Send for Catalogue

HAROLD VINAL, LTD.
PUBLISHERS **NEW YORK**

Original Lane Translation of The

Arabian Nights

Complete in One Exquisite Volume

The most scholarly version—*complete*, with the translator's famous notes on Oriental customs, is now offered in one luxurious 1280-page volume instead of the four big books of the ordinary edition.

Those who have read two or three of these stories in simplified form will be amazed by the *real stories* (124 in all) with their revelations of the marvelous life of Baghdad in the golden age of the Caliphs and of Cairo under the Memlook Sultans.

A Delight to Every Discriminating Booklover

Bound either in soft flexible Spanish Fabrikoid, maroon with black tracery ($6.00); or in full limp leather ($8.00). Bible paper, 4-color frontispiece, boxed. Either style sent on approval; pay or return in 5 days.

5% Discount for cash with order. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction. Immediate shipment, postpaid, to any address if you order promptly.

THE PICKWICK PUBLISHERS, Inc.
Dept. 15 101 Park Ave., New York

title, *Seeing Russia*, which is a companion volume to *Seeing Italy*. Both are published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., 354 Fourth Ave., New York City, at $5.00 each. . . . Another request for an author's new book came from Miss Irma Weincroft, St. Louis, Mo. Count Herman Keyserling's latest book is now to be found at the book stores. Its title is *Europe*, it is priced at $5.00, and is published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City. They are also the publishers of Keyserling's *Travel Diary of a Philosopher*, which sells for $10.00 the set of two volumes. Miss Weincroft will have to write direct to the publisher for information as to the possibility of obtaining a second volume without buying the set. . . . A list of the Star Dollar Series was asked for by George Andrews, Ridgewood, N. J. Our suggestion is that he write to the Garden City Publishing Co., Garden City, N. Y., for a catalogue. However, if he purchases one of the books in this edition he will find a list on the inside of the jacket. Some of the recent titles to be published are: *London River* by Tomlinson, *Lay Thoughts of a Dean* by Dean Inge, *Mauve Decade* by Thomas Beer, *Paul Bunyan* by James Stevens, *A Story Teller's Story* by Sherwood Anderson. . . . We quote in part a letter received from Warrington Dawson written from the U. S. Embassy at Paris. This will doubtless interest some of our readers. "I have been interested to read the reference to my books made by you in the March HARPERS. . . . The Bernard Publishing Co., of 508 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., has contracted for the republication of *The Seas* and *The Scourge*, among some fourteen or fifteen books of mine, old and new. . . . New editions include *Adventure in the Night* which Doubleday, Page published in 1924, with a preface by Joseph Conrad, and *The Gift of Paul Clermont*, published by them in 1922, the French version, *Le Sacrifice de Paul Clermont*, having been awarded in 1926 the first *Médaille de le langue française* ever awarded by the Académie Française to an American novelist. . . ."